







MODERN FAIRY TALES



BY
PHILIP FIEGE

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PREFACE



THE WRITER of this book, from his youth, had the gift, "if such it could be called," of imagination and putting it into words in the way of relating stories to children. It proved such a success, that those who heard him, "of the older ones," suggested to him to put a number of his stories into book form, and arrange them into chapters, so, if desired, a mother or father could read them to the young people, and get them so interested that they, of their own accord, would demand to hear more. After considerable persuasion, he was induced to write one story, "The Three Magic Seed." It proved such a success with his neighbors that he, during the course of a number of years, at odd times, wrote the following pages, claiming the stories as strictly original, and the illustrations likewise—sketched by an artist according to his description. To say that you will be pleased with the book is left with you. All he can say is that the stories are up-to-date, clean and wholesome, and not only will interest the young, but will profit them by the morals they teach.

THE AUTHOR.

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The Three Magic Seed



ONCE, LONG ago, there lived a prosperous farmer by the name of Jones; he was an Englishman, and came to this country, or rather he came over to the States, settled in Virginia, and built him a home in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley. At that time the country was sparsely settled, the land was cheap, and rich in beautiful woods and meadows. With thrift and energy he made his farm a model one and raised not only fine horses, sheep, cows, hogs, and fancy poultry, but his crops could not be beaten in that part of the country. As people settled around him they could but wonder at his beautiful corn and his fields of wheat; and every one who wanted first-class seed, when the time came for planting, would send to Jones for it, as he had the best.

Now, this Mr. Jones had three grown sons and one daughter. The oldest son, whose name was William, was very proud and overbearing and his brother Tom, who was two years younger, was likewise of the same disposition, and thought there was not any one as good as he was; but the youngest brother, Jacob, who had been from his birth what you might term a hunchback, but though so afflicted, he was entirely different; he was industrious, kind and obliging; helped his old father to till the land and look after all the stock. He and his father

often sat up late at night and planned what they should do next to beautify the place. His brothers, meanwhile, were off amusing themselves at frolics and dances. They did not care to work on the farm and made all manner of fun of Jacob—called him hayseed, clodhopper, and what not.

Jacob took it all in good part, he loved the work and reaped the benefit of what he planted; he loved flowers, and loved to see them grow; he was good and kind to everything he came in contact with. He had his pet pig, his favorite horse, his dogs, cats, geese and goats, that followed him around at every opportunity, but he doted mostly on his sister Annie, to whom he confided all his troubles, and she, loving him, too, would console him when his brothers ridiculed him. She would often put her arms around him and tell him she did not know what she should do without him.

Now in the course of time old man Jones was taken very ill with a fever, and his wife, who, with Annie's assistance, nursed him, was taken sick, too, and her malady proved fatal; in the course of a few weeks she died and was laid away to rest. The old man, from some cause, it might have been grief at the loss of his wife, old age, or a relapse, did not long survive her. He was buried by her side in the old family graveyard in sight of the house.

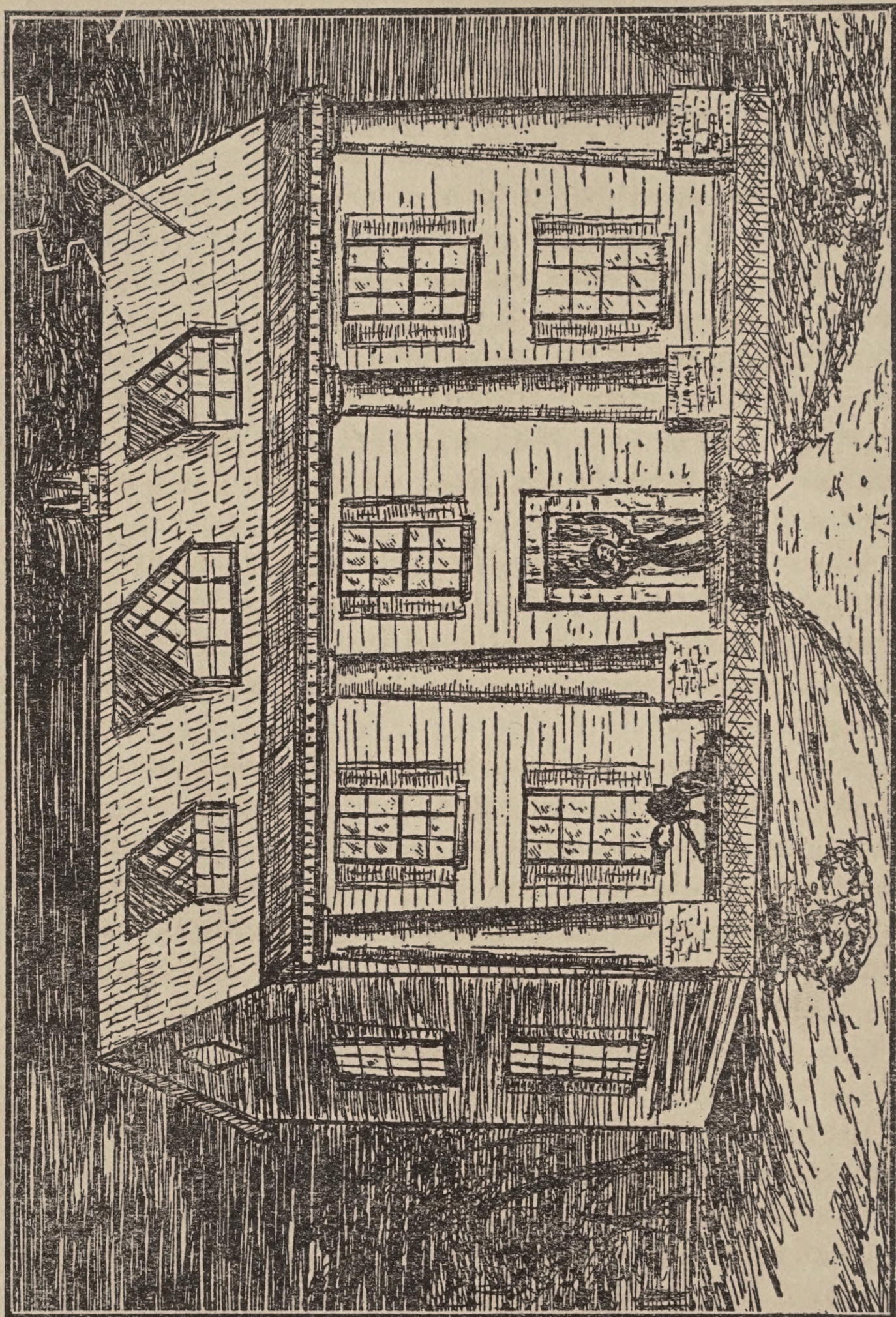
After the funeral, when the will was opened and read by the family advisor, it was found that the old homestead, with only five acres of land, was left to Jacob and Annie jointly; the balance of the farm, which consisted of about four hundred acres of the choicest land, was to be divided between William and Tom, and the cash on

hand, after paying all debts, was to be used in erecting fine houses for them.

Many people thought it was a very unjust will, but Annie and Jacob did not grumble or fret over it; they were only too glad that they did not have to leave the old home to which they were so much attached; endeared by its sweet memories of the days gone by, the pleasant years they had spent there.

About this time a great war broke out; every one was called out to enlist in the army; but Jacob's two brothers, who did not care to risk their precious lives in battle, made arrangements so that their homes would not be damaged by the combatants and quietly left for other fields, until all danger was passed; Jacob being a cripple, was of course exempt, and stayed at home. The war brought on much suffering, and Jacob and Annie had to neglect their work, as they felt it their duty to administer to the sick and wounded; consequently they became very poor, and when war was over their rich brothers came back, lived in their fine houses and ignored poor Jacob and Annie. Finally Jacob was taken ill, which made their needs become greater, and the time came when hunger stared them in the face.

One night when they were on their front porch, Jacob in an old rocker that his father used to sit in when they were children, Annie was standing by the door that opened into the porch, remarked to Jacob, "Do you know that I cannot think what we will do for bread tomorrow; we have'nt any flour or meal to make any, and we have'nt anything else to sell, except our home or the furniture, so I told Tom and Bill our circumstances; and all the answer



I received was that it served us right, we ought not to have been so liberal, and charitable in the past; that we ought to call on those we helped—"one good turn deserves another."

Now while she was speaking a heavy thunder cloud came up and a vivid flash of lightning illuminated the surroundings, followed by a severe clap of thunder, and Jacob felt himself suddenly thrown to the floor; happily, he was not hurt, but the chair he was sitting on was broken in several pieces, and one of the leg pieces was split apart.

When they recovered from the shock Jacob said to Annie, "Isn't it too bad father's old rocker should get broken"? with that, he gathered up the pieces and carried them into the house saying, "I certainly shall try and put it together again."

When he came to examine it in the light he found a hollow place in the broken leg, inside of which was a little roll or package, and when he pulled it out there rolled out three curious kind of seed, all of a different shape and size, one like a peanut, or ground pea; another flat and resembled a chestnut, and the third was round like a hazel nut.

On the paper that the seed was wrapped in was written,
. "To my youngest son, Jacob, if living, and to his heirs if dead.

"It may be some time before these seed fall into your hands:

"Be very particular with them.

"Do not let them get crushed or bruised, and if you are in want of bread, meat and milk, do with them as follows:

"First, notice the moon when it is full, wait until twelve o'clock or midnight; pick out a convenient spot of ground

in sight of the window of the room you sleep in, which, no doubt, is the one in which I slept; dig a deep hole in the ground and plant the oblong seed in it with the little end down, cover it up well, packing the earth good and tight, and wait results.

"Tell no one from whom you got the seed.

"The fruit that grows in the center of the tree and the seed that is in the center of that fruit is the only one that will bear if planted. . . .

"On the last quarter of the moon plant the next seed in the same manner, so that it can be seen from the kitchen window. . . .

"The following night plant the remaining seed likewise, so that it is in sight of the sitting-room window, and may God bless and prosper you with all the profit derived from them. . . . From your loving father . . . Peter Jones."

When they had finished reading, Annie said to Jacob, "Do you know it will be full moon to night? Let us plant the first seed as soon as the moon rises, for after such a nice rain it will take no time for it to sprout."

"Very well," said Jacob, "but wasn't it nice in father to arrange it so nicely and fix such a curious place to hide the seed; and is it not wonderful for God to have caused the lightning to break the chair so that we could find them"?

When the clock struck twelve they both went out to the barn, got a spade and after providing themselves with a lantern, selected a spot of ground such as the directions called for, dug a hole and planted the seed carefully, then went back in the house and after offering up their nightly thanksgiving, betook themselves to rest.

Next morning, bright and early, it being Sunday, the sun just rising and the sky looked clear and fresh, but the ground was wet from which the fog was rising, as there had been a fine drizzle of rain the night before; everything looked fresh, but poor Annie was wondering what they would do for bread when Jacob, who had been out to look after the fowls and pigs, came running in the door exclaiming: "Annie, Annie, come here right quick, and look at this wonderful sight." Where they had planted the seed and a tree had grown up at least six feet high with the most peculiar looking leaves and fruit, some of which resembled in shape a loaf of bread, while some looked like biscuits with stems attached.

Jacob pulled one off, broke it in half and tasted it, he found it to be the whitest and the best bread he had ever eaten.

The crust of the loaf was sweet and crisp, and they found both much better than anything they had ever before eaten, so they took some in the house, warmed it in the oven, and enjoyed a fine meal.

Now, the tree bore so much more bread than they could possibly eat that they filled a basket with some of the choice loaves and took them to the village for sale, and it was no time before they sold out and returned home for more.

The people went wild over the tree-bread, and Jacob had so many orders that he was compelled to buy a push-cart to take the bread around, and the demand became so great that he bought a fine horse and wagon to deliver the product.

All the people paid him promptly and said his bread had no equal.



When the moon had gotten to the last quarter, Jacob and Annie bethought themselves of the remaining two seeds, and when midnight came, they carefully selected a spot facing the kitchen window, dug a hole and planted the second seed, which you remember was flat. After planting the seed they offered up their thanks to God for his kindness and retired.

With the money they had made and saved during the past two weeks, they began to buy material to fix up the fences and make improvements on the place, such as painting, whitewashing the outhouses and fixing things up generally.

The next night they planted the remaining seed so that it could be seen from the sitting-room window.

Both seed sprouted and grew rapidly into beautiful trees, which soon began to bloom; and when the blooms dropped off the second tree, wonderful leaves took their places; they became so thick that they got to be huge chunks and of all kinds of shapes; some as large as the human hand and some as large as hams. Jacob, when looking at them one day, saw juice dripping out of them that looked like blood. He smelled them and perceived that they had the odor of fresh meat; so he cut off one, took it into the kitchen and called Annie; when she came he sliced up some of it to fry and found it to be equal to the finest beefsteak.

This was something new to them, the idea of bread and meat growing on trees; if the people find out what we have they will take us by storm; we shall have to use caution in speaking about it.

Jacob did not know what to do with so much meat; it was more than enough to furnish them for ten years even

if they ate meat three times a day. As a venture they gathered about fifty pounds and Jacob took it to town and gave it to those who were in need. This proved a great advertisement and before they knew it they were assailed with a host of orders, for nothing is circulated more rapidly than news of an act of charity; consequently Jacob had to buy another horse and wagon and hire a man to help to deliver the meat, the demand was so urgent.

It was the talk everywhere that Jacob Jones was proving himself as good a butcher as baker; for the fame of his bread and meat spread far and near.

To cap the climax, one day when they were on the eve of buying a cow, Annie went out to look at the third tree and noticed that, instead of leaves and buds, were little buttons on the end of hundreds of little branches or twigs, she carelessly pulled one off, and a tiny stream of white liquid spurted out of the stem; she called Jacob to bring her a glass, which she soon filled with the liquid. Jacob then returned for a pail, which he hung on a limb, and in a few minutes it was nearly full. When the flow stopped, it had supplied them with nearly a gallon; so they came to the conclusion that this must be the milk promised them.

They did not hesitate to drink some of it, and found it so much like cow's milk, that they gave up the idea of buying a cow.

Now Annie and Jacob, with their never-ending supply of bread, meat and milk, began to make a lot of money; consequently became very wealthy; but they did not get vain about it, quite the contrary, they made it their duty to help all the needy they came in contact with.

They employed several poor men to work for them and paid them good wages, who helped them to fix up the place.

They purchased a lot in the city, had a beautiful store house built on it with all modern improvements, kept it stocked with bread and meat, and engaged one of their poor friends to take charge of it as their agent.

They built up an immense business in the necessities mentioned, for necessities they surely were, as no one can live without either bread or meat.

People came from everywhere to get samples of it.

One thing puzzled most of their neighbors: they saw the greatest supply hauled there in wagons from Jacob's farm, but could not understand how so much bread could come from there without flour or wheat to make it, and so much meat without animals.

This aroused curiosity almost to madness, particularly in Jacob's brothers.

Jacob was getting rich so fast that his farm was the talk of the town, which made him very popular.

It was Mr. Jones here and Mr. Jones there; the papers were full of the charitable things Mr. Jones did; so his kinsmen condescended, as their brother and sister were getting so well known, to embrace the first opportunity to call on them.

One evening both arrived at Jacob's farm and took him and Annie by surprise.

Jacob invited them into the house and both he and Annie gave them a welcome, such as only a perfect lady and gentleman can give.

Now the brothers had an object in calling: it was not merely brotherly love; there was a great deal of curiosity



and a little greed mixed in; they wanted to find out where Jacob got his flour and how many cows he had; but when they found out that no cows were to be seen and no wheat growing nor a mill to grind the same, they were nonplussed.

While they were there Annie waited on them with milk and cake, and they asked her where she kept the cows that gave such rich milk? Annie told them that all the milk came from a cow that nature fed, likewise the meat.

They did not understand, so after a short stay, they arose to go, extending an invitation to our host and hostess to call on them and their wives. As they went out they looked all around but could not see anything that would solve the mystery for them, and not being satisfied with their visit they determined to hide in the vicinity, which they did, by concealing themselves in the bushes or shrubbery near the house.

When near evening, almost dark, they observed their brother and sister and two of their hired men go to the back of the house with ladders and saw them go up a tree and get something off it. They then saw them go to another tree, and likewise pluck something off it, but they could not tell what it was they were getting.

After a while they saw the men carry basketsfull to the house and come back with pails and tubs and go to another tree; then carry the things also full of something to the house.

They waited patiently until every one had retired for the night, then crawled out of their hiding place, and with a pocket lamp examined the trees.

Didn't their eyes open when they saw the bread fruit and the meat hanging on trees; they pulled off from each

tree some of the fruit, also one or two buttons off the milk tree to carry home with them to plant, knowing they could not move or steal the trees, as they would have to be taken up.

Their idea was to plant some trees and grow them for themselves, which they did, and with what success you will learn later.

Now Jacob and Annie knowing the secret of the seed, planted others, which grew and flourished and bore more fruit; but the seed her brothers stole and planted came up and grew to trees, but no fruit ever came on them; so they kept on stealing seed and planting them without any success.

. . . They never got the center seed. Our two friends increased in riches and popularity. Annie made lots of friends of the poor with her charity.

Jacob built a fine mansion out of the old home, improved the ground into a lovely park, with beautiful fountains and beds of flowers, in which all of his friends might come and enjoy themselves.

His brothers became awfully envious, but it did not affect Jacob and his sister; but what surprised their brothers most was, you should have seen them when they saw it in the papers! that their brother Jacob had been nominated for a member of Congress, and finally elected by an overwhelming majority.

How their sister Annie was engaged to be married to the governor's son, and that there was going to be a grand fete at Jacob's big home, to which hundreds of people were invited.

Such a display of fireworks never was seen in the whole world as was made that night.

The heavens were illuminated for miles around and such feasting and fine music were never before heard of.

Every person, poor and rich, old and young, from the surrounding villages, came to see the bride and hear the music.

Oh! it was grand, wouldn't you have liked to have been there?

Well, Jacob got married, too, after awhile, for you know a congressman doesn't stay long unmarried, particularly when he was as nice as our Jacob was.

He and Annie had lots of sons and daughters, and it was Uncle Jake, do come here"? and Aunt Annie, you are the sweetest old darling that ever was; but the time came when Uncle Jake and Aunt Annie got old and died.

First one and then the other, for you know they lived long, long, ago.

Both were interred side by side in the old graveyard, where their father and mother were buried.

Their children never suffered for bread, meat and milk, though the trees, too, all died.

Now lots of people live where Jacob and Annie lived. The railroad passes there and the people do not even remember that so good an old man and woman as Jacob and his sister once lived there.

The Battle of the Fairies



WHEN we look up at the sky on a starry night we see lots and lots of stars; you see them twinkle like so many little lights, and if I were to show you that among them there are two stars seemingly so close to each other that they looked to be no further apart than the length of your arm, when in reality they were miles and miles apart and that each star was a world nearly as large as ours, you would be surprised; but that is really a fact.

Now I am telling this to make a story of it: that there were once two worlds, and these two worlds also were inhabited by fairies.

One of the worlds was named "Heaven-world" and the other, "Satan-world."

In Heaven-world there dwelt a lot, oh! thousands of fairies, and these fairies had a king who ruled over them in such a way as to protect them so that they did not fear the inhabitants of the other world.

This army of fairies had their generals, lieutenants, majors and captains to keep them in order and discipline, and lead them in battle against the wicked fairies from Satan-world, who sometimes would attack them unawares.

Some of the officers of Heaven-world were named thus—for instance: the king over all was "King Love"; then the generals—Piety, Charity and Faith; captains: Con-

stance, Hope, Mercy, Truth, Justice, and lots of others too numerous to mention.

They were real good fairies, such as I would like you to be.

But in the other world, Satan-world, dwelt a lot of wicked fairies, ruled by their king, whose name was "Sin"!

Oh! he was a terror! At every opportunity he would deputize some of his generals and captains to lead their fairies to see if they could not destroy some of King Love's subjects.

Several of the captains were very sly; particularly, two, named Pride and Fashion.

They would make believe that they belonged to the Heaven-world and garbed with fine raiment and adorned with costly jewels; they would sometimes deceive the good fairies.

Once Pride and Fashion drew several of the good fairies, Duty and Honesty, away from their friends across the border line and surrounded them, when a host of the wicked ones, led by Vanity and Conceit, and before they the good fairies realized it, had them prisoners in the land of King Sin.

Once Envy and Malice, two captains from Satan-world, mingled with the good fairies, and I am sorry to say, destroyed ever so many.

King Love could not stand that, so he issued a proclamation that all the inhabitants of Heaven-world should assemble in a body for a grand rally to take steps towards breaking up the Satan-world.

Such a gathering there was; hundred and thousands, as far as could be seen, were fairies; here and there were

also a few from Satan-world in disguise who managed to mix with the multitude.

They were there for no other purpose than to get what news they could to take their King Sin of what was going on; for it hardly ever happened that where there was a large gathering of that kind in Heaven-world some of King Sin's spies were sure to be present, particularly one named Notariety.

He was the first to come forward to volunteer, saying he could give them all information as to the best way to accomplish what they intended to do.

King Love, however, did not like his looks, and said he'd rather wait and see what his chief councillor Wisdom would suggest; that he was informed by the fairies generally that General Wisdom was best fitted to make or offer plans.

The designated General rose and thanked King Love and the fairies for the honor conferred on him, and added that he must call their attention to his brother officer, General Obedience, who had considerable power and could be relied on; that if they would recognize him no doubt their master King Love would through him gain the victory.

In the first place, he said there were a lot of fairies among them whose record was not up to the standard; for instance, there were those named Dilatory, Careless, Bashful, Timid, Forgetfulness, Thoughtless, and a number of others, whose names he could not just now remember.

He suggested that they should not be allowed in the foremost ranks with such fairies as Courage, Push, Fearless, and others.

"Very good," said King Love, "I appoint you first commander of all my forces and you can select for you lieutenant Courage. I also appoint General Obedience to assist you, and I further instruct you to put my army in perfect order, equip it with all necessary arms and be sure to furnish the latest style of unselfish guns and plenty of good deed powder and truth balls. I feel convinced they will shoot further and more rapidly than any of King Sin's guns, and when properly handled will be sure to kill every time.

The swords you furnish must be of the best that are made in the city of honor; they must be keen, sharp and well tempered by Patience so that they will retain their strength until the last.

General Wisdom made quite a lengthy speech, in which he told them of the danger surrounding them, that this and the annoyance to which they were had been going on now for sometime, and it was high time to use force to break it up; if King Sin were allowed continually to pester them no one would be safe.

Your good and worthy King Love is very much grieved to hear that now and then some of his subjects are being captured by the enemy. This will have to stop.

He concluded by saying that every good subject that loved his king would buckle on his armor and get into the ranks to do battle for his country and continue to fight until every foe was vanquished, and peace should be established forevermore.

With shouts and demonstrations of approval the vast army of fairies dispersed to prepare for the coming struggle.

In the Satan-world great preparations were going on; King Sin sent for General Pleasure, the commander-in-chief of his forces, who came with his most prominent officers, namely, Deceit, Folly, Untruth, Immodesty, Passion, and Envy.

He told them what Heaven-world contemplated doing, and instructed them to put out snares and baits in the shape of gold, silver and fine clothes, and to send out the fairest and most perfect formed fairies in his dominion to act as scouts, to observe the good fairies, and if they met with ignorant ones, to be sure to tempt them with their finery and let Flattery talk to them, and if they should find any that had the least bit of vanity to fill them full of false promises, not to be sparing of untruth, for many could be conquered in that way.

“My children, you cannot form an idea of what a tremendous battle was going to be fought.

The Heaven-world had been for hundreds of years contemplating just such a war to overthrow the Satan-world; had tried every means known, using kindness, charity, benevolence; had sent their very best subjects among them to convert them; had offered them every inducement to come and live with them and be pure and holy.

They visited the sick among them, and helped those that were in distress.

Now and then they were successful in their efforts to rescue some that were in despair, who had given up everything as lost, but many lost their lives in trying to do this good work, for the wicked ones would revile and persecute them; for every one saved there would be other wicked ones to take their places.

King Love, through his agents, tried to spread his Christianity far and wide, but wherever he tried to get a foothold, wicked King Sin had his spies supplied with fine wines and liquors, which, if once indulged in, would make them forget every good deed ever rendered them.

The obstacle which caused our good fairies any amount of trouble was what we sometimes call the devil's brew, but generally alcohol.

King Sin depended more on the strength of this liquor than on anything else he possessed; for he could use it in so many ways as a means of destroying those he wanted under his dominion.

He would dispense it in the shape of medicine for the sick, stimulants for the weak, and many in trouble would imbibe it to forget their ills and thus seal their doom.

Another great evil that King Sin grew in the way of the good fairies was this: certain weeds that grow in his domain he would gather, carefully dry, cure and mix into them fine flavors and sweetening and press them into blocks to be chewed; some were reduced to powder form to be snuffed up the nose, some granulated to be used in a pipe to smoke.

These dainties many good fairies could not decline, but foolishly followed the example set before them, until it became a habit, and a very filthy one, which, with all King Love's power, he was unable to destroy.

Oh! King Sin was very shrewd, he would find out what the good fairies loved to eat, and if there was no other way he would tempt them to eat too much and make gluttons of themselves.

Another scheme of King Sin was to send some of his subjects into Heaven-world, whom first he had highly

educated so that they could rule the ignorant ones, by fine promises they managed to get positions into King Love's domain; such that if any laws were made, no matter whether they were just or unjust, they could compel the fairies to abide by them.

One of the evil ones who managed to get such a position was named Money, and, strange to say, he was heartily welcomed and honored, for he had lots of friends and more influence almost than King Love himself.

He would, to please his lieutenant Vanity, install all kind of things, that, do what he might, General Wisdom could not convince him were dangerous to the kingdom.

Money and King Sin's spy Notoriety, wanted to have everything to appear nicer than those of others.

Their idea was that every one in Heaven-world should put on all the style he or she could in dress, worship, and so forth, no matter whether Wisdom sanctioned it or not; consequently many subjects were slow to respond to the call of war, claiming there was plenty of time, for as long as they ruled they could hold King Sin's wicked fairies in check; but we find in that they were mistaken.

King Sin also sent out an army led by his officers Deceit, Folly, Envy and others, reinforced by Passion, Untruth and Immodesty.

He erected costly buildings for churches to worship in on Sunday, theatres and other pleasure resorts, the latter, which were stocked with his favorite elixer, alcohol, disguised in such forms as tickle the palate.

A good many who were filled with Christianity, and who tried to break up such places, were always ruled out

by the influence of Chief Money and his confederates, who would force them into submission.

“But, what is this? what is going to happen”? those in the Heaven-world who were ignorant, would ask.

Listen! to the bugle calls and the beating of the drums.

“Yes! here comes the crowd; they are coming from everywhere; look! some have come a long way.”

“Come! we must join in to help make up the army of the Lord”; you cannot stay behind, you will have to go or be a traitor to your country; so the good fairies marshalled up all those that were slow to fall in line.

SECOND PART

Away off in the distance the forces of King Love could be seen with their banner Humility floating in the breeze.

The thunder of choirs of thousands of voices could be heard, and as the voices of the commanders of the good fairies filled the air, onward they rushed.

The other side used all their best weapons and poured into the ranks of the good fairies a galling fire of luxury and dissipation and ease; some took effect; many there were who could not withstand the shock and succumbed to the charge.

But “Duty,” “Courage” and “Obedience,” who led the good fairies, cried, “Onward, Christian soldiers”!

They destroyed everything that came in their way with their guns of truth and reliability.

Many were in turn demolished by speculation and chance.



“Forward”! shouted King Sin, “down with the saints! break up their good works! fill them with mockery and strong drink! let them see our forces.”

Then could be seen the armies of King Sin exhibiting his power by public amusements, games of chance, riches, everything, to down Duty and Piety, but nothing they could do did in the least detract from the power of King Love’s army. With one wild rush Justice, in the lead, crying: “Hosanna! Hosanna to the Lord”! they overcame every obstacle, invaded every stronghold, killed every wicked fairy they came into contact with; even Money and Vanity fell by the sword of Truth and Honor.

The Satan-world was overthrown, extirpated from the universe, and Sin and his bad fairies were driven down! down! down! to destruction; like the stars you see now and then drop from the sky and disappear forever; but the star of the Heaven-world still shines and the good fairies are still living there, waiting for the time to come when they may welcome all those who wish to live with them and enjoy the pleasures of an everlasting life, where wicked fairies are not known.

The Story of Who is of the Greatest Use in or to the Man-World



R. NECKTIE one day met Mr. Shoestring, and after passing the time of day, they commenced an argument about who was most useful on the surface of the Man-World.

Mr. Necktie contended that he was, for Man would not be dressed completely without him.

Mr. Shoestring differed from him, and to end all controversy they decided to call a meeting of all their friends and hear what they had to say in regard to the matter.

Mr. Necktie made it his business to summon Mr. Hat, Mr. Vest, Mr. Coat, Mr. Pants, Mr. Overcoat. Mr. Shoestring called on Mr. Socks, Mrs. Suspender, Mr. Laceshoe, Mr. Shirt, Mr. Button and Mr. Collar, and asked them to see their neighbors, Mr. Cane, Mr. Umbrella, Mr. Matchbox and Mr. Ring, and tell them all to attend the meeting, also, get word to Mr. Watch and Mr. Fob to come and act as judges.

Several other persons were also notified, namely, Mr. Pipe, Mr. Snuffbox, Mr. Purse, Madam Memoranda-book, Miss Leadpencil, Mr. Pocketknife, little Miss Toothpick, old man Tobacco-pouch and Mr. Eyeglass, the dude at the corner who came accompanied by Miss Cardcase and Miss Handkerchief.

Mr. Scarfpin came alone.

Mr. Hosesupporter and his brother, Mr. Sock, came in last.

When all were assembled in the meeting-hall Mr. Watch announced the meeting in order.

Mr. Fob called on Miss Leadpencil to act as secretary and take down the proceedings, which she proceeded to do.

When the roll was called there were just thirty-three persons present; quite a number to give their opinion on the topic to be discussed.

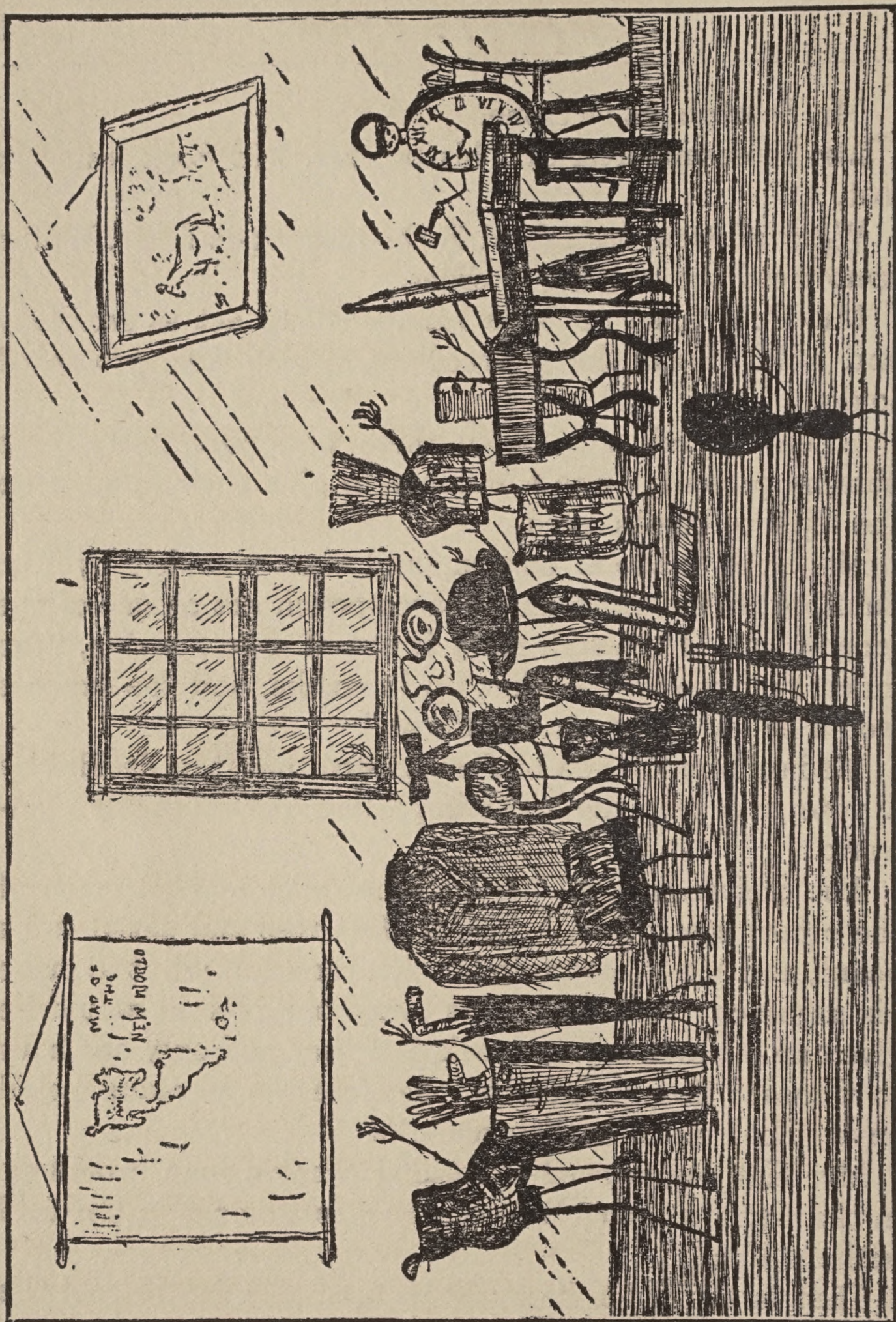
Mr. Pipe made a motion, and was seconded by Mr. Snuffbox, to let old man Tobacco-pouch act as one of the judges, but Mr. Watch ruled it out of order, saying, "too much time would be taken up in smoke, and the expense would be too heavy on Mr. Purse."

Madam Memoranda-book suggested that it be decided by a vote who was the most important person in the Man-world.

Mr. Suspender told her to keep quiet and let some of the others speak first. So Mr. Hat rose and asked to be heard, and Mr. Watch told him to proceed, but not to make his argument too lengthy, as every one present would be given an opportunity to speak, but they had only one hour to transact this business in, therefore the speakers would have to be limited in their remarks.

Mr. Hat commenced by asking what a man would do in the warm summer time on the street or out in the field without him?

That in the shade he could be used as a fan to cool the heated face and keep flies off.



Many times he had been used as a drinking-cup to dip out the cool water from the spring to quench thirst and cool fever.

In the cold winter time Man has been known to draw him deep down over his head, with the brim lowered, to keep the sleet and ice out of his eyes.

What would the police and firemen do without good hats to defend them from the elements; that he was also used to play an important part in designating to what stage of life a man belonged.

The high hat for the preacher and professor, the banker, politician and actor.

The working-man wore on occasions his Fedora and Derby, the ranchman, with his sombrero, and to all he was of great and various uses for comfort, ornament and distinction!

Mr. Coat next spoke of his usefulness, calling frequently on Mr. Vest and Mr. Overcoat to bear him out that what he spoke was true.

He claimed that he was more important than Mr. Hat, in that a man with a hat on and without a coat and vest, presented a sorry spectacle; that he might as well have his shoes off, too, for a man could well dispense with a hat and wear a cap instead, but he could hardly ever do without a coat, except in the hot summer time, gathering fruit in the country or working in the shops in the city.

In late years a certain class of persons, such as mail-carriers, car motermen, etc., can dispense with a coat, but has to call on Mr. Shirt's first cousin, Miss Blouse, to take his place.

He went on to say that frequently he was assisted to show his distinction by the Button family when he went out on

parade, either as military, police, or mail officials, down even to Deliverymen and Lackeys, every man had to have a coat, he would not be fully dressed without one.

What would a preacher look like preaching a sermon in his shirt without a coat?

Both in winter time and in summer, quite frequently, he is protected from the dirt by overcoats and dusters.

He also ventured to say that he was really valued higher than any of all the rest present; you certainly had to pay as much for him alone as Vest and Pants combined.

You might pull your hat over your eyes in winter time to keep the snow out of your face, but without a good coat you would certainly freeze; a shirt, pants and hat would not suffice.

When Mr. Coat finished speaking, Mr. Overcoat rose and asked permission to speak a few words.

He gave his acquiescence to Mr. Coat's remarks; said that he was right, for he had been frequently in his company in cold weather; he recalled an occasion on a cold windy day on board of a ship on which Mr. Hat suddenly took a notion to leave a man, that if it had not been for his protecting the man with his cape and high collar he might have suffered from the severe gale that blew at the time.

At other times he had been so useful to man that he would not think, would not dare, to venture out in cold weather without him.

Then another thing, man had been known to hold on to one of his kind for years, before discarding him.

Frequently became so attached to him that he would not do without him.

Often he had been thrown around a shivering wretch, frequently being the means of saving life with his warmth, and to conclude, he thought he stood still higher in price, when real value was considered, and very few substitutes for him could be found.

He hoped that judgment would be rendered in his favor.

Mr. Shirt next took the floor and commenced his speech in this manner:

"Gentlemen: I stick closer to Man than any of you."

"Hold on"! said Mr. Socks. "I'am here yet; while you are at one end of the world, I am at the other."

"And so am I," said Mr. Hat.

"And I have something to say, too," cried Mr. Button and Mr. Necktie.

"Order"! shouted the chairman.

"One at a time; let Mr. Shirt proceed."

"I mean what I say," continued Mr. Shirt. "I have stuck to Man when he had no socks to his feet, or coat on his back, or hat on his head.

"I serve him in all kinds of shapes, open in front, open in back, sometimes long, sometimes short; very dressy, in finest linen, silk or cambric; often in cotton and wool.

"Of course, the Button family accompany me time and again, but often without giving any notice whatever, first one then another tear themselves away from my company, but I almost always stick to Man.

"Occasionally I get torn and ripped in doing my duty. You have no idea how Man treats me sometimes. I get smeared with grease, colored with paint, daubed with mud, but I don't complain, so long as I am useful to Man.

"Sometimes I am tore into strips for bandages to wrap around parts of Man.

"I'll relate one of many incidents in which I protected Man, when all of you kept quiet: It was at a big fire; Man was asleep with me alone. The room was filled with smoke, Man had no time to dally and looked for you all to gain your protection, which no doubt you would have given if you could.

"He had to keep me around him, and jump for his life. I tell you I went through smoke and fire, but his life was saved.

"I embrace him all the time, during all the year, and when Man dies, I shall no doubt be buried with him.

"Often I get soiled and dirty, but Man thinks so much of me that I have to go through a cleansing process as often, nearly, as Miss Handkerchief.

"Time and again when the Buttons were with me, Miss Handkerchief and Mr. Collar embraced me around the neck.

"Mr. Coat and Mr. Vest, you who are with me very often, I ask you now, don't you think that I am of most importance to the Man-world?

"I leave it to the judges and the rest of you." With that Mr. Shirt took his seat.

Mr. Collar then took the stand and said, he was on the side of Mr. Shirt, and Mr. Necktie voiced approbation of his sentiments, as did also Mr. Button.

Mr. Shirt felt very proud and stiff.

His face looked glossy with satisfaction until Mr. Pants arose to speak.

He did not side with Mr. Shirt. He believed in holding Mr. Shirt in, as it would never do for Mr. Shirt to air himself too much when on Man and expose himself entirely, particularly in the United States; it made no difference in China.

Where was Mr. Shirt in the Prize-ring? and where was Mr. Shirt in the Iron-works around the Furnaces? and what use had Man for Mr. Shirt in diving? these were the times when Mr. Pants stuck to his post.

Mr. Pants also acknowledged being in the company of the Button family, and now and then Mr. Suspender went with him.

He claimed, too, that he was used in different shapes, for at one time he protected Man just above the knees, but at present he was used really longer than necessary, for part of him quite frequently was turned up below.

He also thought that Man at one time discarded him entirely, but only when he wanted to take a bath.

By some of the Clergy he was hidden completely by the fat Mrs. Gown.

When he finished, after informing all present that he by no means aspired to the honor of being the principal figure on Man, but they should not forget that man carried about with him almost always that which was of most importance.

Mr. Socks declined to take the floor, but Mr. Hose-supporter made a short speech in Mr. Socks' favor, saying that himself, Mr. Socks and Mr. Laceshoe formed the foundation of the Man-world, but he knew that they alone could not fill the requirements of the world, for in the warm summer time Man has been known to discard us

all three, as well as Hat, Coat, Vest, Overcoat, and a good many more of us present.

The meeting now began to lag. Mr. Watch and Mr. Fob had to call out several times, "Next," but no one responded.

Mr. Umbrella nudged Mr. Cane, and the latter winked at Miss Handkerchief and Miss Cardcase; they in turn motioned to Mr. Pipe and Mr. Snuffbox.

Finally all arose, saying they were satisfied to hear the decision of the judges, when old man Tobacco-Pouch held up his hands and called everyone's attention to the fact that one of their company was missing.

"Who is it? Where is he"? everyone exclaimed, "Call him! Call him."

When lo and behold! little Mr. Purse, small, but fat as he could be, pushed his way forward; it looked as if he came from out of big Mr. Pants.

He did not even glance at Mr. Eyeglass, who was near him, for he was too insignificant in his eyes.

He managed to get to the front so that he could be well heard, and said:

"Gentlemen: I may not be a speaker; I know I am not gifted with good looks, for I believe I look weather-beaten by being handled so much, for you all know what trust Man puts in me and what I am filled with.

"If you do not, just ask Miss Memonranda-book; she will tell you what important part I play to keep the Man-world from going to destruction.

"If it was'nt for me not one of you would be here to take care of Man; leaves would have to take your place, as in the beginning of the world! Listen! If Man desires any

of you he consults me first, and if I say 'Yes,' you have got to come; if I say 'No,' you stay away.

"I go anywhere about Man, first in one place then in another.

"When I refuse to benefit Man he doesn't know what to do.

"He then sometimes orders your worthy chairman, Mr. Watch, to hide himself until I get ready to call him out of pawn; as for Mr. Cane, Mr. Umbrella, and some more of you, he has been known to dispose of you to satisfy a craving desire for drink; without me he cannot do a thing.

"The Man-world would be in a terrible fix if it was't for what I dispense.

"His loving me so much has proved his ruin more than once. If I am handled right what blessings I bestow.

"Can any of you say more"?

"Time's up," called Mr. Watch; "Miss Leadpencil make a note of it for Miss Memoranda-book."

"We call for a decision," all exclaimed.

"Well, everything as far back as I can remember," said Mr. Watch, "and I have no doubt you believe me, has gone to prove that our brother, Mr. Purse, speaks the truth.

"Thousands of years back, before I was known, and a good many of you, as the records show, he has played an important part with Man.

"Soloman, the Good Book tells us, had wisdom given him from above, and he was never without him.

"Even the Disciples carried him with them.

"Only one, my dear friends, never needed him.

"Now bear in mind, when you leave this world to take up your abode in the place prepared for you. . . . Mr. Purse will be left behind."

The Story of How it Pays to be Good



BILL AND TOM POTTS were two naughty boys; not merely naughty, but cruel and mischievous, and what made the matter worse, was that they were always together, plotting mischief that neither could accomplish alone. They would attack smaller boys and tease them, frequently rob them of their play-things; always impose upon them.

They had no compassion for the feelings of others, as the cruel tricks they played on them proved. They were cowards, too; the tricks were played in so sly and sneaking a manner that they were hardly ever caught in the act.

One day, while an old woman who kept an apple stand at the corner of the street in which they resided, left her place of business for a few moments to go into a store nearby to get some money changed, they seized the opportunity to squirt some coal oil into the pail of lemonade she had for sale and loosened the prop of her stand in such a way that when the next person came to get a glass of the invigorating drink, and detected the oily taste, remonstrated with the old woman, and while doing so, he happened to come in contact with the stand, which upset and all the apples rolled over into the street.

At another time they fastened a cord across several door ways just high enough to cause a person coming hurridly out of the house to fall; then they would hallo,

fire! fire! and hide themselves to watch the people come pell-mell out of their homes to fall flat on the street.

At other times they would fasten tin pails to dogs tails and turn them loose to see them run.

They would tie cats' tails together and hang them over suspended clothes line, to see them fight and scratch; would catch their neighbors cocks and clip all their feathers off, just leaving a few sticking out of their tails.

Put dead snakes under their sister's pillows to frighten her almost to death.

Once they tied a billy goat to the front door of the parsonage late at night, and when the parson was awakened by the incessant butting of the goat against the door and opened it, the goat made for him and butted him half way up the stairway, when luckily neighbors came with sticks and clubs and drove the animal out.

Oh! they were bad boys; they would play truant when sent to school, and go fishing; and when they did attend, they would create all kinds of disturbance, such as turning bees, wasps, and all kind of insects loose in the school room.

Once they put a number of lizards in their schoolmaster's desk; put crooked pins, pitch and resin in the seats so that when the scholars sat down they stuck fast. They did not confine themselves altogether to this kind of misdeeds, but were cruel even to birds and insects.

For instance, they would catch butterflies and pull their wings out. Stick pins through bugs and grasshoppers and delight to see them struggle to get free.

Oh! they were very bad boys; impudent to their mother when she complained of their leaving their clothes lying



about, and when she told them to do something for her, they would run off and purposely pretend to have forgotten it.

They got so bad that the neighbors complained and threatened to have them arrested for their misdeeds; but their sister, who was very kind and good to every one, begged them not to do so.

One day, when they least expected it, they happened to meet their match.

Some distance from the neighborhood they infested, out in the country, in a dense body of woods, there lived an old woman in a hut built of logs.

She was all alone; no companions, but two immense black cats, which had big fiery red eyes and big bushy tails. They were really almost as large as tigers; had great long sharp claws, and whenever any one would come to see the old woman, they would habitually sit one on each side of her, ready to spring at the visitor and scratch his eyes out, if he tried to molest their mistress.

Now this old woman was considered an old witch who pretended to have the gift of foretelling the future.

She really did tell some remarkable things.

Once she told a man who was penniless and without a home; "a fire had just destroyed everything he possessed," where to dig in his garden for treasure; and he unearthed an iron chest filled with gold and silver and precious stones; and when he wanted to give the old woman some of the treasure for telling him where to find it, she positively refused to take any, and told him to be good to his family, make good use of it and he would prosper, which he did.

At another time she told a lady who persisted in asking just how long she had to live; the old woman gave the exact time, and the lady died precisely at the date specified.

Again she told a man who had been sick a long, long time, to get a certain root that grew near the creek and chew it for eleven days and he would be cured. He followed her instruction and got well.

Lots of other remarkable things which came true she told people who visited her.

So every one stood in awe of her.

Occasionally she could be seen in the village dressed in a short red woolen skirt with a green shawl around her shoulders and on her head a tall peaked hat; on one arm a large willow basket in which to carry home food for herself and cats; she also used a large long stick to support her in walking.

She was never known to beg, paid for everything she bought in pure gold; so some people thought she must be rich.

She was a strange old woman that no one could get acquainted with, for she never once told any one her name.

But one thing was certain: if any poor person living within ten miles of her home ever got into destitute circumstances and prayed to the Lord to help him, by some means he was helped.

Many there were who arose in the morning to find a lump of shining gold on their door step; the owner of which they were never able to find, and when the old woman was questioned, she told them they had better sell it, as there were lots more where that came from.

Bill and Tom knew all this, but scoffed at all they heard.

One day they concluded to visit the old woman and tease her, so just about sun down, not telling their mother where they were going, they called on the old woman.

She was sitting outside of her door with her two cats reclining at her feet; when Bill and Tom stopped in front of her and gazed at her, she inquired: "What do you wish, young men? I know you are not here for any good."

"Not much," said Bill, "unless looking at you does any one good; for you are uglier than your old cats."

"Say, old witch, can you ride a broomstick like the witches of old? we want to go inside of your old hut and see where you roost," said Tom.

While they were making fun of the old woman the cats began spitting, and if the old woman had not checked them, would have leaped on the two bad boys.

She held up her hands and said: "Listen, young men, you have now gotten to the end of your pranks, and when I get through with you, both of you will be different boys"; saying which she waved her hands, and immediately a fine mist arose, like a cloud around them; then all at once two immense turtles crawled into sight, driven by an awful looking demon of a man; he had a black face and fiery red eyes and two horns on his head, and his body was covered all over with green fish scales that emitted sparks whenever he moved.

He took Bill and Tom by the nape of their necks and before they knew it landed them on top of the turtles, on each of which he planted a foot.

Then suddenly the ground opened before them and away they went.



Bill and Tom were so frightened that they could not even cry out; move, they could not, as they were held fast as if they were in a vise.

Onward they sped it seemed into the bowels of the Earth.

As they went along immense serpents crawled hissing out of their way; in whatever direction they looked they could see black demons with fiery eyes staring at them.

Suddenly they stopped; every bit of their clothing was torn off and they were thrown headlong into a big smooth china bowl so large and smooth that, try as they would, they could not reach the top edge.

Suddenly there was a flash and a brilliant light shone which changed to a greenish tint and lit up the surroundings, and whom should they see but the old woman sitting on a chair far above them.

She cast her eyes downward at them and said: "Now young men, we will teach you a lesson you won't forget soon." Then she waved a wand she held in her hand and an immense wasp as big as a horse flew over into the place in which they were, and, with his eyes as big as saucers, stared at them.

We have got you now, young tormentors! little you thought when you stuck pins through our little mates on earth that the same could be done to you.

Now, if we felt like it we could sting you to death, it said, and with that it flapped its immense wings, knocking Bill and Tom down; and before they could get up each one received a severe prick from its stinger, which caused them to scream with pain.

They tried in every way to get out of the way of the monster, but he had them going round and round the



big bowl, until they dropped with fatigue and pain when the wasp left them.

Oh! they were sore all over, so they begged the old woman to save them; but she only laughed.

“How do you like it, boys? why don’t you stick a pin through the wasp”? Just then over the edge of the bowl came a butterfly so large that he appeared to the boys the size of a sailboat; and when he hopped down into the immense receptacle a black powder flew off him that literally covered Bill and Tom until they were as black as soot.

Oh! didn’t they feel nice! . . . sore all over! . . . and covered with soot; but that was not all; after accomplishing what he wanted to do the Giant Butterfly asked, “why don’t you pull my wings out”? with that he gave them a flap which sent them entirely across the bowl about twenty feet.

He then spread his immense wings and flew away.

The next one to visit them was a Giant Grasshopper over ten feet long, with great big round eyes and an immense mouth, from which he ejected a black sticky liquid like tar.

He soon espied Bill and Tom, who were now crying and screaming from terror, and commenced to squirt the stuff over them, until they were fairly deluged with it.

Oh! didn’t they look nice, naked, black, and sticky all over.

As the Grasshopper left them, there could be seen birds of all descriptions, flying over them just raining down feathers on them; immense roosters all around, perching on the edge of the big bowl, crowing at them, saying, “How



do you like it boys? come and pull our feathers out if you can"; and didn't Bill and Tom look pretty black and sticky, with tar and feathers all over them?

They felt awfully bad, and oh! they were getting fearfully hungry and thirsty, too, and nothing on them but feathers; they sat huddled up in the center of the bowl waiting to see what would happen to them next.

Finally the old woman waved her wand and a big iron basket was seen coming down from above with the same black demon in it, who immediately clutched a boy in each of his big hands that had claws on them instead of finger-nails. He lifted them into the basket and they heard the old woman say: "Now feed them and put them to work."

No sooner had she spoken the words than the iron basket went up, then moved forward, and it grew suddenly dark.

They felt themselves being propelled by some unseen power.

At last the basket came to a stop and the black demon gave each a shovel and they found themselves in front of a big iron furnace, which was filled with coal and fire.

Everywhere could be seen black naked demons, with long shovels and pokers, putting coal in the fires.

As far as you could see there were rows and rows of furnaces, some red hot from the tremendous fires raging within.

The demon who accompanied the boys, now gave each a black loaf of bread and a piece of meat that looked like snake meat and told them to eat it, and if they were thirsty they could drink the water which they saw spurting out of the walls in several places, and to be quick about it, as they

would have to shovel coal into the furnaces all night long, until they were relieved by other bad boys.

Now Bill and Tom did not relish black bread and snake meat, but they would either have to eat it or starve to death, and they were so hungry they had to eat something; they had hardly finished their meal when a crowd of demons brought Tom a long shovel and Bill a long poker, and they had to go to work; whenever they stopped the demons threw red hot coals at them.

They had to work all night long, until they were so tired and hot that they actually dropped right down on the ground and could'nt get up, and their eyes closed in sleep.

While they were sleeping, and all the demons had left, who should come to where they were but their dear sister, and right behind her was the old woman, and oh! how their sister did beg the old woman to have mercy on them and let them come home again.

Her entreaties finally prevailed and the old woman told her that as she was such a good girl she would partly relieve her brothers of the spell; then she waved her wand and the big turtles came waddling up to where they were, and they put the two boys on the back of one and themselves on the back of the other.

The turtles crawled down a long passage until they came to a big round room, in the center of which was a fountain.

The old woman then woke the boys and told them to wash themselves at the fountain and get all the black off them, which they did; but they could not get the stain off their fingers, do what they would.

The old woman then told them that if it had not been for their kind sister who came to her hut to bring her

some good things and inquired for them, they would have never seen daylight again; and if that they would promise to be good boys in future, and be kind to everybody and everything, she would let them go home with their sister and give them back their clothes, but that the black would not come off their fingers until they fulfilled their promise, and that if they violated their word and continued their wicked ways, for every wicked thing they did they would get blacker and blacker, until they would be black all over, and the demons would come and take them back to shovel coal in the furnaces.

So, after Bill and Tom had bathed, they put on their clothes, which suddenly dropped at their feet from above, and being led by the old woman and their sister, they passed through another long dark passage and once more found themselves out in front of the old woman's hut.

It did not take them long to get away from there; but the first thing they did was to embrace their dear sister and thank her for rescuing them from the demons.

From that time on they were changed boys.

When they got home they told their mother everything that had happened to them, and promised her that they would be good boys from now on; and their mother found later that their promises had been sincere, for they really became good.

They truly kept their word, and always did what their mother wanted them to do.

They attended school regularly, learned their lessons well, and never again played naughty tricks. As time wore on, all the black left their hands; first one finger, than another became clean, and finally all were cleansed, and

they began to improve in looks to such an extent that everyone remarked how handsome Bill and Tom Potts were getting; and all the girls fell in love with them, because they were so obliging to everyone.

I tell you children, they never forgot the experience they went through.

One day, a year or two after their terrible punishment, the old woman was found dead by some people who called to see her, and in the middle of the hut they found a big tin box filled with gold, silver and precious stones, with a note bequething same to Bill and Tom on condition they would take care of her two big black cats and treat them kindly; and to their sister she left a diamond necklace to be given to her the day she married.

So the boys each took a cat and got their sister, whom they paid liberally, to look after them.

Many a romp they had with the big black cats, which got to be really affectionate; and so we will leave them enjoying themselves, for this is the end of my story which is written to prove to you that it pays a great deal better to be good to everyone and everything, than to be naughty and bad.

Bell and Nell

(A New York Fairy Story)

FIRST PART



HERE were, once upon a time, two fairies, and they were two mischievous, frolicsome and fun-loving fairies; for I must tell you that in the fairy story I tell, there are all kinds of fairies; some are wicked, some are good, and others quiet and sedate.

There were also some like the two I am going to tell you about.

Now these fairies, you must know, could transform themselves into anything or any person they wished to at will, and that in the twinkling of an eye.

Now listen: these two fairies my story is about, had made up their minds at one time to get on a lark and have some fun out of the people that inhabit this earth.

So they looked about them for some material to work upon, and it did not take them very long either to find it, for the world is so large, and so many people are living in it, that it was an easy thing to commence their pranks at once.

Now their first opportunity occurred in the big city of New York on one of the principal streets.

An old man was staggering along the street, first on one side of the pavement then on the other, using the whole sidewalk; his perambulating resembled very much a ship



navigating without a rudder or an automobile without a steering appurtenance.

He had just come out of a saloon in which he had been imbibing pretty freely of strong drink, and it was just beginning to have an effect; he was on his way home.

Said Bell to Nell, those were the names of the two fairies, "let us see if we cannot cure that old fellow of that bad habit or have some fun out of him at his expense."

"All right," answered Nell, "let us change to animals at once and tantalize him some."

So Bell quickly changed into a dog, ran after the old man and began barking at his heels, actually caught hold of his trouser's legs, pulled first on one of them then on the other, finally got between his legs and caused the old fellow to get still more tangled up, and down he went on his hands and knees.

Nell, who had meanwhile changed into a goat, began to butt him, so that every time he tried to get up, down he fell again.

They kept this up until a crowd gathered around them to witness the fun; his predicament was so comical they could not help laughing.

At last a big policeman came up to see what was going on here and enforce the law and restore order; he commenced by making a grab at the old man to pull him up, and at the same time attempted to kick Bell, when Nell, who could not resist the temptation, made a butt at him in his rear and down came the guardian of the law, right on top of the old man.

"Of course his coat tails flew up," and Bell made a grab at one of them and tore it off, with also a piece of his panta-



loons behind; the latter came off very easily, because it was worn quite thin from frequently sitting down to rest while on duty.

Now an old Irish woman who happened to be in the crowd, and who had a market basket full of provisions on her head, thought she could straighten things up a bit, and with one hand she seized the policeman's club to use it on the goat; the policeman, who just then was in the act of rising, backed up against the old woman, and the sudden jar caused her to loosen her hold on her basket, which tilted over, scattering the contents of a bag of flour, covering him all over with it, so that he resembled a miller just out of the mill.

The old woman began to fuss, the crowd jeered, the policeman swore, the old man groaned, the dog barked, making a comedy free for all.

It certainly was amusing for the time being.

Finally Nell got tired of butting the policeman, veneered around and got between the old woman's lower limbs, so that she fell over on the goat's back, and, to save herself from falling, caught hold of Nell's horns; the animal ran, carrying her along to a puddle of water and lime, "where some men were mixing up mortar," and dropped her in; Bell, who was enjoying the sport, ran behind Nell, barking gleefully; and both finally vanished around the street corner.

It was some time before the policeman could get rid of the flour on his clothes, and the old Irish woman had quite a time getting rid of the mortar and regaining her basket of groceries.

The drunken man, who was the cause of it all, sobered up some, and managed to get away from the spot, as

quickly as he could, but not before the policeman caught him.

Whether he was made to pay the damage or not, I really never found out, but I suppose he did, for the old woman followed him, and demanded pay for the flour that was wasted.

SECOND PART

The second act of the fairies proved almost as comical as the first, and I will now endeavor to give you a history of it.

Near the suburbs of the city a certain man, a dealer in birds, kept a variety of them for sale in cages.

He had mocking birds, canary birds and also quite a number of parrots.

The parrot, you understand, is a kind of bird that people can teach to speak some things—short sentences, for instance, such as “How do you do”? “Never say die,” “Do tell,” and lots of other words.

Bell and Nell concluded to transform themselves into parrots, and as this bird dealer had two parrots in separate cages hanging outside of his door, they deliberately opened the cage doors and let the birds out and immediately took their places, no one seeing them do so.

A short time afterwards, down the street came an old maid, for any one could judge she was an old maid by the way she was dressed and the way she walked.

Just as she came to where our birds were, Bell squeaked out shrilly, “Buy me! buy me! please buy me”!

The old girl could not resist that, she stopped, looked at the birds, who kept on saying “Buy me! buy me! you pretty

dear! you sweet thing.” She hesitated, looked all around, but “You sweet thing,” “You pretty dear,” decided her. She thought it would be quite a novelty to take one of these birds home to keep her company, as she had a cat, a poodle dog, and several other pets, but none of them could talk; and then she thought it would be so nice to teach the parrot to say Bible words, “when the minister of the church she was a member of,” came to visit her.

So she called the proprietor of the store, and after much dickering, finally came into the possession of Bell.

Bell, to please the buyer, kept on saying “Home sweet home”! “You dear sweet thing!” repeating it several times.

Now when the old lady arrived home, nothing would do but to invite the preacher to an evening tea and show him her new purchase.

Bell was beginning to get very lonesome without her playmate Nell, so she did her prettiest when the preacher came.

She spoke all manner of things, such as, “You’re a darling,” “No one to love”! “I’m lonely to night love without you”! “Please buy me”! “Let’s get married”! “Why don’t you kiss her”! “What’s home without a mother”! “Don’t he look sweet”!

The preacher was quite taken with Bell, called her pretty polly and remarked “what a lovely bird”; finally hinted, saying, “how he would like to own such a wonderful bird.”

The old lady was delighted and told him where she purchased Bell, and informed him that the man also had another one to sell quite as good as this one, so the preacher couldn’t wait; the very next day he called at the bird dealers and bought Nell and carried her to his home.



Now I forgot to tell you that the preacher was an old bachelor, and, notwithstanding that he was a learned divine, he had two failings: one was that he thought himself a very handsome man; some people would call that being a little vain.

The other was that now and then he would indulge in a little stimulant in the shape of apple brandy, which he kept hid in the drawer of his desk.

Now as for his being good looking, I will give you a description of him as nearly as I can.

In the first place he was very tall, about six feet four inches, and having very long legs would make extraordinary strides in walking, so that if he should happen to be walking with one of the gentler sex she would have to run to keep up with him.

His hair was a fiery red, what little he had; the top of his head was bald.

To cover that discrepancy he had a wig made to order and wore it continually, so that very few of even his most intimate friends knew he was bald.

His nose was a long straight one and the tip of it was forever of a rich crimson.

He tried every way in the world to disguise its color, and sometimes would succeed very well with cosmetics, but when he at times delivered a discourse, "in which he waxed warm," the nose would shine and disclose its crimson hue.

There is one more thing I will mention: he did really have a nice side beard, if one fancies that. It was long and wavy and he kept it in beautiful order; it helped much in giving him a clerical appearance, for if it had been taken off his



cadaverous cheek-bones would have protruded more than ever; he must have known this, for he took very good care of it.

You ought to have seen him strutting along the street, an umbrella in one hand and the bird cage with Nell in it in the other.

Once he came near stepping into a baby carriage that a nurse was pushing along the sidewalk, but Nell, the poll parrot, squeaked "Hold the fort, I'm coming." Just in time to call him to a halt long enough to excuse himself.

Finally he reached his home, walked right into his study, rang the call-bell and sent for his housekeeper, who appeared, and he ordered her to be very quick and bring him a hammer and some nails so that he could hang up the bird cage at once; also, to fetch some cheese and crackers for the bird to eat, and some milk in a saucer.

Now, his housekeeper was a big fat old negro woman that used to nurse him when he was a child.

Her weight was about one hundred and eighty pounds, and she was very short and chunky and black as soot.

She almost always complained of rheumatism, or "rummattics," as she called it.

She blurted out after she got through catching her breath, for she pretended to be quite out of breath from coming up the steps from below; she had just been in the act of making up bread; her sleeves were rolled up and her black arms were still covered with flour, even if her hands were free from it, for she had just wiped them on her apron.

"Moly Hoses! Mars Reuben! whar in de world did you git dat dar forsakenest little critter from in dat dar cage"? she exclaimed.

"I knows dat am wot you allus calls cruelty to de animals, to shut up dat poor bird in a prison box and spec me to feed it dar.

"How is you gwine to be able to say your grace at de table, when you is got de freedum to go whar you please, and dat dar poor innocent critter am all shut up in dat stuffy cage wid not a particle o' sunshine to bless it? git what? hammer and nails? Now you knows dar aint nuffin but a hatchet in de house dat I split de lightwood wid; git dat? all right! an' nails, too? what you want but one nail; who ebber herd ob two nails to hang dat ting on? Cheese and crackers? Good-sakes a-live! when was dar a piece of cheese in dis house? De las piece dat was in de house you lowd it would gin you de miss pepshun if you done eat it; an' I was glad you didn't eat it, as I don't know what miss pepshun or any oder miss would want to do in dis here house which I'se been regerlating so long.

"Git it anyhow? Fore de law, Mars Reuben, dar is skippers in dat cheese as long as nitting needles.

"Crackers? all right, I'se got dem, but what substance dar am in dat kind ob bread, I ain't nebber seed yet.

"Milk? Now, Mars Reuben, you knows dat is pure conglomerous; who ebber heerd a bird drink cow milk?

"Now if it was a kitten dat would be de stuff to feed it wid, letting lone de cheese and crackers.

"What do birds drink"?

Just then Nell, the parrot, who had been looking all around the room, looked straight at Susan and squeaked, "Apple brandy"!

Susan's eyes came near popping out of her head, as the darkey would say, "her mouth riz wide open," "Hallay-

luyah"! "Good Lord! sabe dis here poor nigger! de debil am talking! Mars Reuben, I'se gwine to die! sabe me! sabe me! it am de debil wid his forked tail done bin and got in dat dar bird.

"I knows it; for I done heard it say 'Brandy,' and I knows dat am de debil's brew; better take dat bird right straight back whar you done got it from; dar ain't no good gwine to come out o' it; dar is gwine to be a deff in de fambly, I knows it; I feel it in my bones, as I ain't been feeling none of de bestis nohow for de las two days."

"Susan, don't be so foolish; do as I tell you," persisted the parson.

"All right, Mars Reuben, but I ain't gwine to touch it nohow; I'll git dem tings for it, but notin' less den water I'se gwine to git for it to drink, and if dat won't do I knows I ain't gwine to hunt round dem saloons to buy brandy nohow; no sah! de lor sabe me." With that she shuffled out of the room and you could have heard her go bumpety bump down the steps.

Mars Reuben, meanwhile put the cage on his desk, hung up his hat, removed his coat, then took hold of the cage, held it up, saying, "Well, what will be the next thing I shall buy? Polly! Polly! do you want a cracker? I wish that old woman would hasten; I am going to teach this bird how to say a lot of things, let me see," the man said, "I would have to repeat things over and over again before the bird will speak them.

"Now let's see how this will do.

"Sister, do you love me? Sister, do you love me? Sister, do you love me"?

"Amen," "Amen," "go to bed," said Nell, the parrot.

Then he repeated, "Sister, do you love me," again, three times, and the bird again said, "Amen," "go to bed," with the addition of "give us a rest," "Pull down your vest," "Long time tween drinks."

So the parson gave it up, saying, "I'll try him in the morning." "Give us a rest," "you'r a honey," said Nell.

Presently Susan brought the food, and the preacher arranged it so that Nell could eat it; then the bell rang, calling him to his evening repast; just before he left he unlocked his desk, reached into the furthestmost part of it and drew out a flask and decanter, poured out a little brandy and was about to put it to his lips when Nell in her cage spoke out, "There's nothing too good for the Irish."

He came near dropping the glass, but remembered it was only the bird.

Hastily replacing the flask and decanter, he hurried out of the room.

The next day a committee from the church waited on him to ask his advice in a certain matter of improvements they were going to put on the building.

Brother Reuben asked them into his study; and, of course, they had to admire his new purchase; and he, to please them, tried every way to make Nell speak, but he couldn't get the bird to talk, and it being the custom to have prayer before going into business, he was asked to open with a short prayer; as they all knelt down and he was about to commence, the parrot startled them with these words: "Let's liquor up," "Let's liquor up," "Apple brandy for me," "Apply brandy for me."

The deacons were so surprised that they did not understand a word Brother Reuben said, and when he finished,

Nell said, "Amen," "Amen," "Let's go to bed," "Long time fore drinks."

The deacons advised Brother Reuben to get that bird exchanged for another, for whoever had taught that bird to talk could'nt have been filled with the grace of God, and it might get him into trouble by speaking words not well to be heard in company.

When Nell started again, "Go it old toper, there's nothing too good for the Irish," "Long time tween drinks," "Let's liquor up," "Apple brandy for me."

"Oh! I intend to teach that parrot other words if the Lord will permit," said Brother Reuben; I will soon break up that slang.

"I was giving him his first lesson just before you came." "I do love a sister"; "I do love a sister"; "Brandy in the desk," "Brandy in the desk," "Let's liquor up," "Long time tween drinks," said the parrot.

The deacons looked at one another and smiled, the preacher's face turned so red that the end of his nose began to bloom quite scarlet. He coughed, he cleared his throat "A-he'm!" but the parrot kept on "Brandy for me," "Brandy for me," "Lets get married," "I love you so," "Brandy for me," "There's nothing too good for the Irish." The preacher could'nt stand it any longer; he reached up, took down the cage, rang the bell for Susan. She came at last, waddling up the steps, blowing like a porpoise; "What am de matter, Mars Reuben"? Before she could say any more he handed her the bird-cage. "No sah! no sah! I ain't gwine to hab noddin' to do wid dat imp ob de debbil; I ain't gwine to tech it, fore de Lord I ain't."

“Mars Reuben don’t ax me to; for I knows dat de debbil am in dat dar bird,” and with her hands over her face, she broke out crying and shouting: “De Lord libberd Danial out ob de fiery furnice, and out ob de jaws ob de lion’s den; and de Lord libberd brudder Jonah, from de whales belly; and de Lord done routed de listians from de chillun ob Isrial; Dear Lord, please libber me, from dis I is axed to do.” To shorten the story, the preacher had to order Susan back, excuse himself to the brethren for a few minutes, and carry the bird out himself, the bird still talking all the while: “Brandy in the desk,” “Brandy in the desk,” “Apple brandy for me,” “Apple brandy for me,” “There’s nothing too good for the Irish.”

When the preacher left the room the deacons broke into a merry laugh.

One said, “He has got his hobby now”; another said, “I wonder if what the bird said is true”; another remarked, “I would’nt be surprised, to judge by the look of his nose.”

There was quite a sensation.

Some proposed to take a peep into the desk; but abandoned it, for the desk was locked.

“I wonder what he will do with the bird”?

“I judge he will carry it back and get it exchanged.”

“I wonder what caused him to purchase it”? and quite a number of questions were asked, and all sorts of conjectures were made.

At last our Reverend Sir returned, smiling, for he had concluded fully what to do with Nell.

He was going to carry it over to Sister Lucinda at the very first opportunity and get her to keep the bird for him.

So after the committee left in the afternoon, he put his design into execution; he dressed very carefully, and with his umbrella in one hand and bird-cage in the other, he betook himself to the street which led to the residence of the old maid, or "Sister Lucinda," as we shall call her.

It was quite a distance he had to walk and it was dusk when he arrived at her house and was on the point of ringing the door bell, when his ears were assailed with sounds of hilarity and mirth from the interior; he rang the bell, a maid came to the door, who, on recognizing the preacher, invited him in.

On entering he placed his hat, umbrella and bird-cage in the hall.

He was met by Sister Lucinda, looking very much flushed; Bell, her parrot, had been amusing quite a large company in the parlor, all members of a sewing circle, of which Sister Lucinda was president.

They were about to have a meeting; but Bell took part in the opening, and set all of them laughing by the remarks she made; such, for instance, as "What a happy time we're having," "Pas me the snuff"; "If I only had a beau," "Let's take a bath," "Where was Moses when the light went out." etc. Under this fusillade of nonsense of course the meeting could not come to order.

Now, as Brother Reuben had arrived so unexpectedly, he had to be presented, for most of the company were members of his congregation.

Sister Lucinda ushered him into the parlor and such a handshaking there was; it was "Oh! Brother Reuben"; "Dear Brother Reuben"; "so glad you came; so glad to see you; what a lovely surprise," and so and so. It was very

much after the order of what Methodist's would call a love feast.

Above all you could hear Bell, inside the parlor and Nell in the hall echoing each other by squeaking: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and "Hold the fort for I am coming."

After everything had quieted down somewhat and Brother Reuben managed to engage the attention of Sister Lucinda again, he asked her quietly if she would do him a favor; that she must not say no under any consideration; that there was not one of his acquaintances he admired as much as he did her and therefore he would speak to her first.

Sister Lucinda's heart began to jump and throb, and you could have heard it go pitty-ta-pat, for she felt confident that he was about to propose.

"Oh"! she said, "Dear Brother Reuben, please don't hesitate, just speak out, anything that is in my power, with God's permission, I will certainly do for you, and take it as a great honor that you should come to me first.

"I am so glad you think so much of me, and you will see that I will not abuse the confidence you repose in me.

"Now what is it you want me to do"? and she tried to look so sweet, bashful and modest.

So encouraged, he told her about the parrot he bought, and that Susan his housekeeper would not tend it, that he had no one to take care of it for him, that he thought of her and would take it as a personal favor if she would consent to take charge of it for him; as she had one already, a pair would be company for each other.

"And is that all? Brother Reuben"? she said it very slow.

With the greatest of pleasure she would accept the charge; "But when are you going to send the bird?"

"I have it in the hall! excuse me a moment and I will get it."

He immediately went out into the hall and soon reappeared with the caged bird.

"Here it is," giving it to Sister Lucinda.

She took the cage, turned to the company and said,

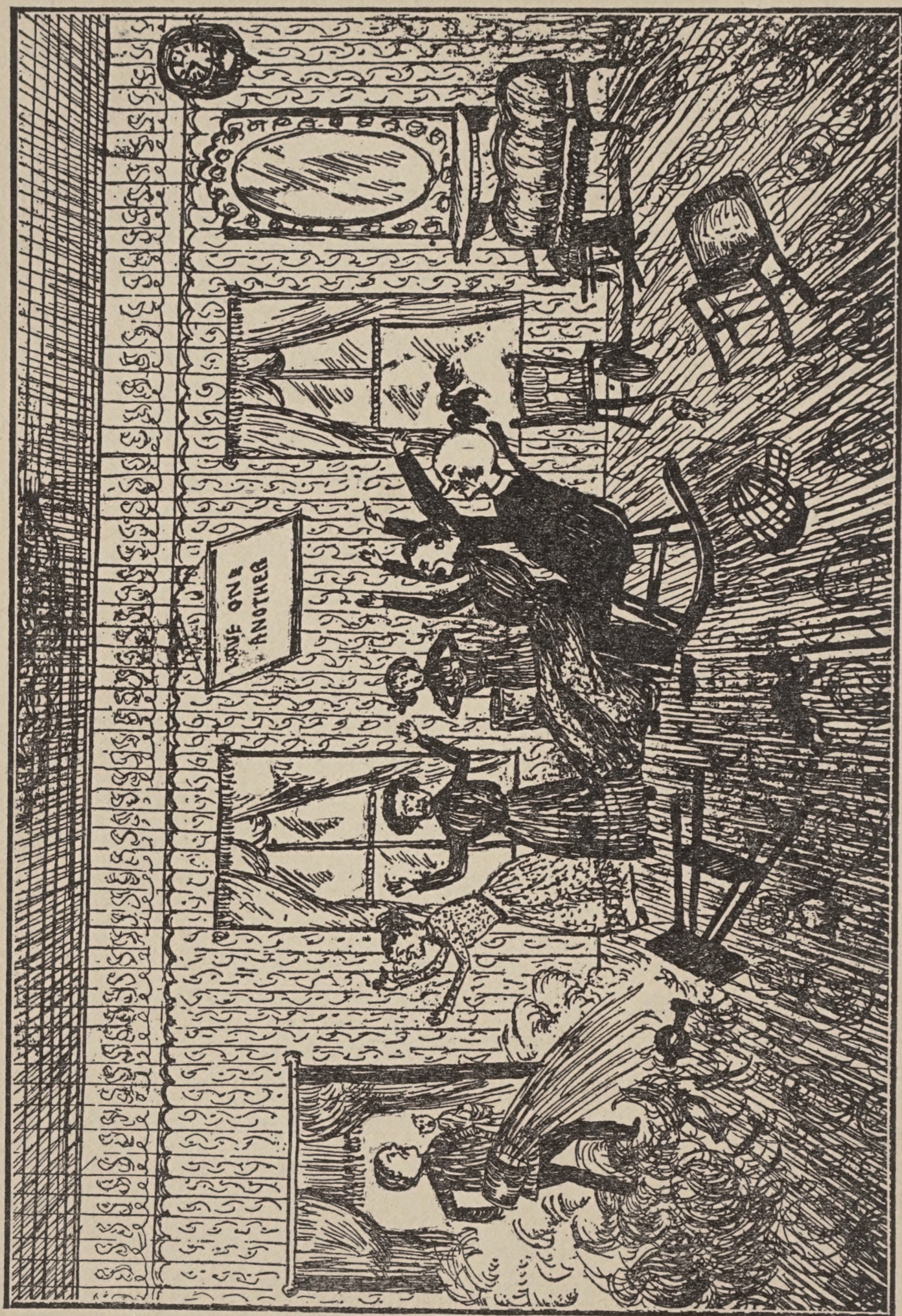
"Look, ladies! here is the mate to that mischievous bird of mine; Brother Reuben wants me to take care of it for him. Suppose I put both together and see how they will like it."

"Oh do! oh do"! they all exclaimed. So Sister Lucinda opened the door of the cage that Bell was in and started to open the other in which was Nell; when Bell, seeing the door open, flew out into the room, and as everyone started after Bell, Nell took advantage of the opportunity and hopped out of her cage, whereupon part of the company set to chasing her.

Now Bell and Nell had things to their liking; they hopped first on one piece of furniture and then on another.

The ladies gave chase, and such a hubbub is rarely seen; each got in the other's way.

Brother Reuben, in trying to shut the window, made too long a stride, hung his foot in one of the rugs and trying to keep from falling, upset a stand loaded with bric-a-brac; one of the ladies in attempting to catch one of our birds, which was on top of a large mirror, caused the mirror to fall with a crash on top of another lady.



One lady upset the big parlor lamp and the oil ran all over the carpet and caught a fire.

Sister Lucinda fainted and fell into the preacher's lap, who had taken momentary refuge in the big rocker.

Every one screamed, and during all this our birds added to the confusion by squeaking as loud as they could, "Hold the fort for I am coming"; "Apple brandy for me"; "Let's get married"; "Let's liquor up"; "There's nothing too good for the Irish," and so forth.

Brother Reuben, while his attention was being taken with Sister Lucinda, suddenly found his wig come off and one of the birds had tight hold of it in its claws.

The room filled with smoke; every one screamed, some fainted, some hallooed fire; one old maid had tight hold of one of Brother Reuben's long legs imploring him to save her; everything was confusion, and in the midst of it outsiders rushed in with pails of water, which they dashed right and left all over the room, over everything, seeing the room was on fire; but finally the windows were opened and Bell and Nell took their departure with the parting shot: "There's nothing too good for the Irish," and quickly changed themselves into two small boys, who could be seen looking in from the outside, and laughing to their heart's content at the confusion they had caused.

The excitement gradually ceased after the departure of our fairies.

Of course Brother Reuben and Sister Lucinda had to do without parrots; perhaps they got married and forgot all about the birds.

One thing was certain, the meeting was long remembered by those who were present.



THIRD PART

This time we see our two fairies on the way to the races at the county fair.

They were watching for an opportunity to do more mischief and to be in a good position to see everyone that came along the road to the fair grounds.

They again changed themselves into birds and flew up on a limb of a big oak tree, in which they could hide and still see the people passing.

By and by along came an old countryman riding on an old bony horse.

Not very far from where our fairies were on the other side of the road was an old inn or tavern, and on side of this old inn, nearest to the fairies, were a couple of horse-racks or hitching posts to which people, who stopped at the inn for refreshments, tied their horses.

Now this old countryman, as* he intended stopping awhile, tied his old horse to one of these posts, near which several other horses were already tied.

Bell and Nell being now quite ready to begin operations proposed to change themselves, the one into a horse and the other into a man, the owner of Bell, the horse. No sooner decided on than the transformation took place.

Bell disguised herself so as to be the exact counterpart of the old bony horse, and Nell personated a man all dressed up in a fine suit of clothes, and wearing a high hat.

He led Bell over to the horse-rack, tied her there, and took the old countryman's horse, unbeknown to him, and led him into the woods, where, by rubbing and putting

a spell on him, she got the old horse to look so nice that the owner would never have recognized him.

She then brought him back and tied him also to the horse rack.

It was Nell, you must remember, who was a man now, and dressed up, looked as any other man would look in his Sunday best.

He walked into the tavern; a number of men were in there talking about the races.

One of them, the old countryman, had just made the remark that if he had a horse that was a good trotter he wouldn't mind competing for the five hundred dollar prize offered by the fair promoters.

One of the men said, "Old man, it's no use wasting your breath, you haven't got the horse, so shut up, for there will be some horses on the race course today that will make your eyes water to see them go.

"You and I, and all of us here, are not in it."

"I beg your pardon," said Nell, who happened to hear the remark.

"You haven't seen my horse yet; come out here and let me show him to you.

So they, with one accord, went out to view Nell's horse.

The old countryman said, "Yes, if I had that animal I would certainly try even if I lost."

Nell asked him which was his horse?

He pointed to Bell, "This is my old nag; but she has seen her best days.

"I would like to trade her off for something better, and wouldn't mind paying some boot if it came within reach

of my pocket-book, for if there is anything I do like it is a fine horse that can go without a lash or whip."

"Old man, how would you like to trade with me"? said Nell, "you can see my horse is the same color as yours, for the balance, you will soon find out if you try him."

"How much boot do you want"? said the farmer, for he had an eye to business at once, and Nell's horse looked very nice.

"Not any, provided, if, instead of racing the horse you will get from me, you will either bet or ride your old nag.

"Now here is the proposition, you can suit yourself either way.

"We will swap horses, then off to the races; when we get there you or I, either one of us, will put up our money.

"If you put up the money, I will ride, or if I put up the money, you will have to be the jockey. Now what do you say"?

All the men burst out laughing; Ha! ha! ha! Hey! hey! hey! "Old man he is making fun of you, don't you see"? "Not a bit; I can't see any fun in it," said the old countryman.

"Well, don't you see," they exclaimed, "if you put up the money, you are bound to loose, for that old stack of bones can't make a mile an hour after eating a bushel of oats, and if he puts up the money, everybody will poke fun at you; you will be as the clown in the circus—everybody's fool.

"Well!" said the farmer, "if by being a fool one day I can make an even trade with this gentleman, he will certainly be the loser, not I."

"All right stranger, I will do as you say; if you will put up the money I will ride the old nag and make her go her best.



"But remember, if I put up the money," said Nell, "and you beat the race, come out ahead, I will get the prize money, not you.

"But if you put up the money, I wont mind riding her to the finish, and if I come out ahead, you will be the gainer by five hundred dollars, which is the stake advertized."

"Never mind about the stake or the five hundred dollars; I aint got any money to loose; I'd rather do the riding," answered the farmer.

So, everything being satisfactory, they all mounted their horses, the old countryman taking possession of Bell, or what he supposed to be his old nag.

He was the last one to mount, having examined her as was his custom, he put his hand on her mouth to open it, but as he touched her, Bell opened it as wide as possible so that he could see all the way down her throat; she then struck out her tongue, the whole length, and when the farmer had had a good look, she closed her mouth with a snap, and said, "How do you like it, old hay-seed; does my breath smell bad?"

"What's that? Who spoke? I will be 'goll fetched,' if that old nag o' mine aint done gone to talking.

"Well, she must be possessed of the devil. I am certainly glad that this is the last time I have to ride you; my old woman gives me enough chin music at home without my old horse's keeping it up on the road.

"Gee-lang, you tarnel critter, when he was on her back, gee-lang, keep up with your betters; you will never win the race at this rate," as he spurred her along, to catch up with the rest, who had gotten quite a little distance ahead.

But Bell slowed up on purpose so the old man, who

didn't want to loose the trade, kept on storming at her, but it was of no avail; finally he dimounted and went to some bushes that grew by the roadside, got out his jack-knife and cut him a long switch, holding Bell by the bridle all the time.

"Now, goll darn ye! we'll see who will move the fastest, you or I; but he no sooner had gotten on her back, then Bell gave a certain jerk with her head, which made the old man loose his grasp of the bridle rein, and before he could make use of the whip, she sped down the road like the wind.

It nearly took his breath away, he was so astonished; she went so fast that he had to put his arms around her neck and hold on like grim death.

In a few seconds she caught up with the others, sped past them like a hurricane; all they could hear was the pickardy, pickardy, pickardy of the horse's feet, and the "haw-haw you brute," until he was out of sight.

The men, who were with Nell, did not know what to make of it, they were so taken by surprise.

"I didn't think that old stack of bones could go like that! That old horse has gone mad."

"The devil's in the brute"; were the remarks made.

Nell didn't say anything, only smiled; she knew the horse better than they did.

When they arrived at the gates they found quite a crowd collected around our countryman. Every one was guying him. "Put her up old man? She'll beat the record. What's her pedigree? What name are you going to enter her in?" and all kinds of questions were put to him, nearly distracting him.

He got out his red bandana handkerchief and was mopping the perspiration from his face and was really glad when friends came up, to whom he could pour out his complaints. He vociferated that he didn't know what to make of that critter; she never acted that way before.

The very old scratch had got into her, for before he got a switch she wouldn't go worth a cent, and when he did get one, and before he could use it and get hold of the reins, she went off like a gun with a double load in her; and he'd be goll-blasted if he'd ride her any more, that nearly every bone in his body felt like they were shook out of their sockets.

When Nell, whom we will call a man, heard this remark, he stepped up and told the old man he would have to put up the money then and that he, Nell, would ride her.

The countryman protested he didn't have the money to enter her name on the list.

Every one burst out laughing and thought Nell was joking; others ridiculed the idea of that bony old horse contesting for the prize; the man at the box, when he was told of it, said that he wasn't going to have any mock riding on his race-track.

Then a pompous individual stepped up to Nell and informed him that if he had any money to loose he would go him fifty to one; or, in other words, he would bet him as many fifty dollars as Nell would bet single dollars; that he, Nell, would be the last one in on the home stretch.

Now as Nell wasn't going to back out, he told the great horseman that he would take him up.

He pulled out a wallet, counted out fifty dollars and gave it to the countryman, instructing him to put it up, which he at once tried to do.



Now this grand race-horseman, who was a regular gambler, was looking out for just such snaps; he owned several horses, and fine ones at that, which were already listed; he thought it wouldn't be any trouble at all to win the fifty dollars from Nell by putting up fifty times as much as a lure.

He persuaded the man at the box office to enter the name of our countryman's horse, which he said was Sally, after his wife.

All the horses were now entered and the race was about to commence.

Nell took Bell around to the starting point, where there were already eight or ten horses ready for the race.

All were looking glossy and beautiful from the careful grooming they had received for the occasion.

Their riders, regular jockeys in red, blue, yellow and white shirts and caps, stood by their horses, who were prancing around, really couldn't stand still a moment, so anxious were they for to start.

Bell, when Nell brought her around, hung down her head and made out that she was hungry, tried to nibble the grass.

At the look of her a roar of laughter went up from the crowd.

One or two looked at her with disgust, but Nell didn't mind them; he waited until all had mounted their horses, and when the signal was given to go, he quietly got on his horse and told Bell to go, which she certainly did, as only a fairy horse could.

She soon distanced four, five, six horses in the first round and was catching up with the others.

The people hallooed, "Go it Sally! Look! Look! Sally has passed another one! and another one!

Our pompous horseman began to look blue. His jaws fell, for his horses were left behind, and there were but two more just a little ahead of Sally.

Look! look! one of the horses falls and his rider goes over his head; now there was only one more.

They yelled, cheered, roared, hallooed, laughed, when Bell stuck her tail streight up in the air and whinnied; Nell made a jump and stood up, then quickly turned in the saddle with his back to the horse's head, just then she passed the last horse, and Nell put his finger to his nose, and made the sign of ridicule to the horse following, which was doing his level best.

Everybody yelled. One, two, three more lengths, and Bell had won.

The gong struck. The other horses were six, twenty, and fifty yards behind.

Then there was a hubbub; every one wanted to become acquainted with Nell.

But Nell did not care for notoriety, he only walked over to the old countryman and gave him an order to collect the stakes and prize-money, and told him he was now welcome to the horse he traded for, which, if you remember, was his horse all the time; then Nell took Bell and they were seen going through the gates and down the road; lastly, they entered a body of woods and disappeared.

FOURTH PART

Bell and Nell, with all their mischievousness, were really not wicked fairies.

When they were not up to mischief they would do things that were really kind, and the beauty of it was, that the parties to whom they did the kindness never found out or realized who did it.

Christmas time was approaching. Lots of people, especially the rich, were making great preparations for the coming event.

Already the stores were putting on extra decorations of holly and evergreens.

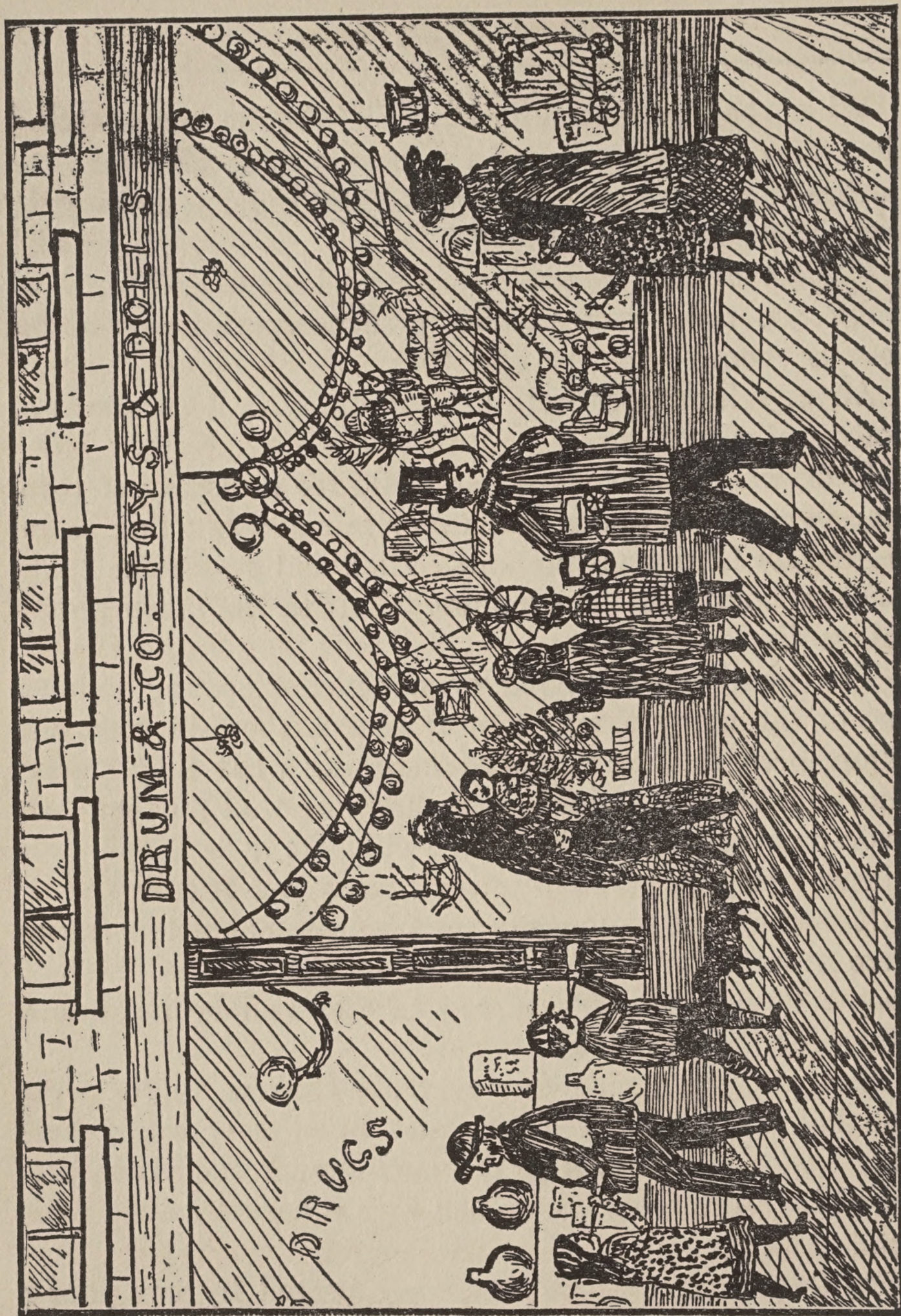
Everywhere you looked you could see a display of toys, fancy goods, fireworks and every imaginable thing to be desired for Christmas presents. Rich and poor alike could be seen looking in the windows, admiring the many pretty things displayed there.

The poor, with longing eyes, never expecting to own one of the many things shown; others, those in good circumstances, looking and contemplating what they should select for their especial benefit, knowing that all they had to do was to mention what they would like to have and their wishes would be granted by their many rich friends.

It was several evenings before Christmas: our two fairies were around amusing themselves looking at the different people buying presents to carry home and be the Santa Claus for their children.

Here went one man, his overcoat pockets stuffed with doll babies and firecrackers, with bundles of candy and nuts under one arm, a goat wagon under the other, followed by a great big fat woman with a basket loaded with good things.

As they crossed the street, they passed by two young ladies who had their arm full of bundles.



Then presently there came along a whole troop of boys with big tin horns making an unearthly noise blowing them.

Here came along a blue coated policeman slinging his club, then a finely dressed man in a greatcoat and high hat, then some more women with baskets, and so on.

Now and then there was a mishap, when some one ran against some one else and dropped his bundle, causing quite a commotion.

Sometimes a friend would meet a friend and shake hands and talk a moment, but had to hurry along, and so the panorama kept moving; the streets could not be blocked by persons stopping to converse at this busy time.

"Our fairies saw all this." Says Bell to Nell: "Our time is nearly up on this earth; come! let's play Santa Claus"? "All right"; says Nell, "what shall we do?"

"Let's go down to those two houses on that avenue. You can see that large fine residence with the marble porch and the beautiful lawn, and that little cottage with the vines running up in front.

"We will take a peep into the windows of each and see what they are doing inside; then we can make our preparations."

Now I want to tell you that in the big fine house there lived quite a number of persons.

Judge Parham, his wife and six children, with governesses, maids, butler, cooks and other servants, besides the man who took care of the horses, and several others.

In the little house across the way there were only three, a poor widow and her two children, a boy and a girl.

Mrs. Burnett at one time was well to do when her husband was living; he was in the army and was supposed

to have lost his life in a battle in the Phillipines, for they never heard from him after he left home.

Mrs. Burnett was left in straitened circumstances.

The little cottage, and a small pension paid quarterly, was all she had, but being very economical, the family managed to subsist.

In former times she lived in the large house now occupied by the great Judge Parham, but on account of some flaw in the title and the deed being lost, the property was claimed, after her husband's supposed death, by other parties, and she had to give it up, retaining only the little cottage, in which they lived; that was her own individual property left her by an old aunt some years previous.

Now I want you to know that the judge and his people thought themselves a great deal better than their poor neighbors, the Burnetts.

As was their custom at Christmas time, they were going to have a big feast and Christmas tree, to which all of their friends were to be invited.

One little daughter of the judge, whose name was Bertha, was the only one who had the consideration to think of the poor widow and her children across the way.

She mentioned the matter of invitation to her mother, saying "how nice it would be to have them over and see their pleasure"; but her mother said it would never do, they would be quite out of place, that her sisters and brothers would not agree to her plan; that her papa would not like it either; so little Bertha had to give it up.

She was very sorry, too, for she liked Mrs. Burnett's two little children, Rosa and Alfred, and when the opportunity presented itself she ran over and told them.

Mrs. Burnett told her not to mind it, for they could not go anyhow, as their clothes were not nice enough to wear in such fine company, perhaps Santa Claus would come to see them, too.

Nevertheless, Bertha said she was going to bring them some of her pretty things to play with.

But where were our two fairies all this time? You would never think.

They were right in mischief all the time. They soon found out who was who, and what was what; and how do you think they found it out? Here is what they did: when night came on, they changed themselves into two little mice; during the day they transformed themselves into two lovely white French poodle dogs and in the latter shape they made bold to enter either house, Nell going into the Burnetts, and Bell into the Parhams.

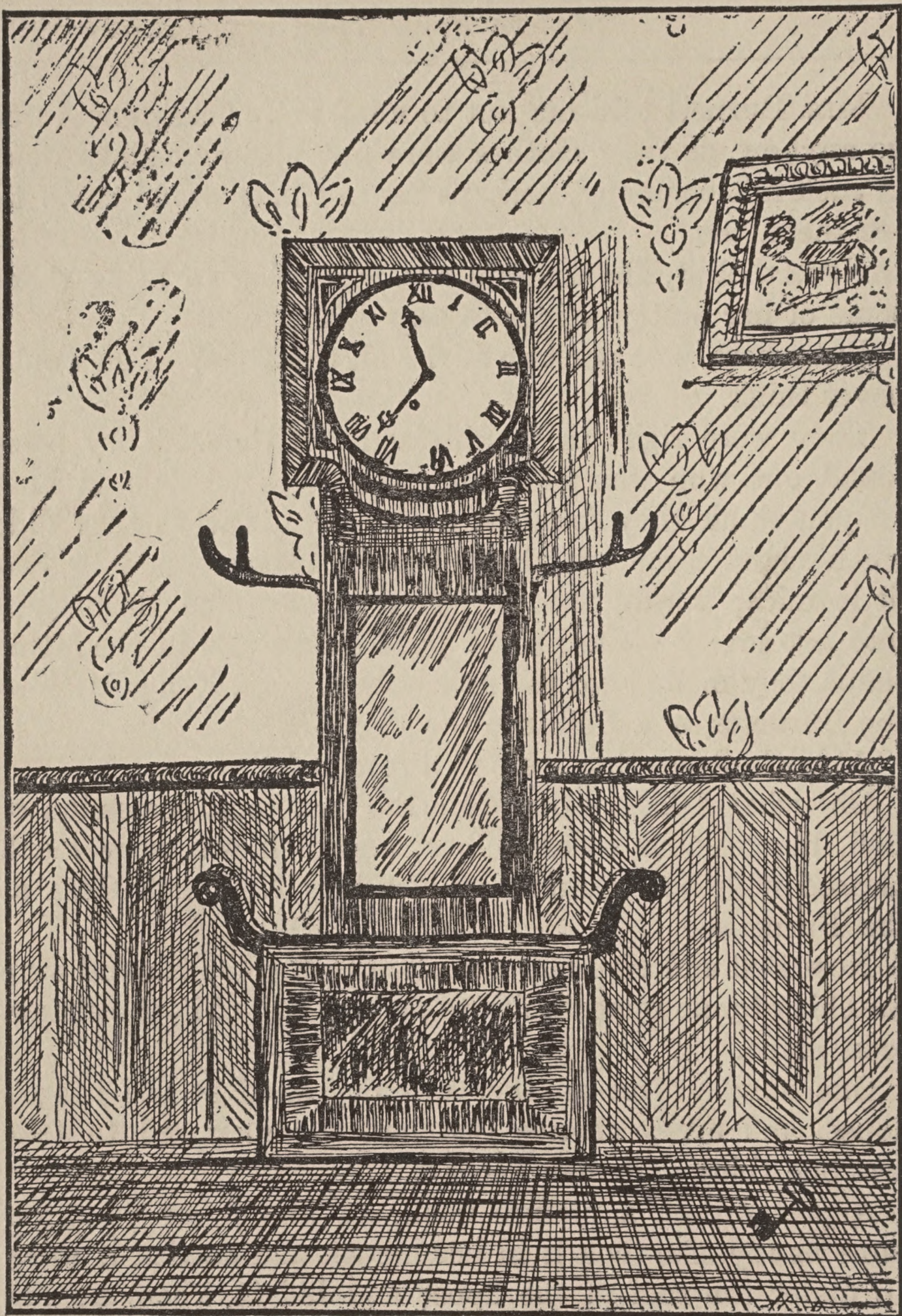
At both places they were well received.

Oh! what a lovely dog. Bertha just took possession of Bell, hugged and caressed her; and Bell was very much pleased with her mistress, as also was Nell with Rosa at the Burnetts.

Now Bell and Nell had a mission to accomplish and were watching for an opportunity to make a lark of it, the chance soon came.

One bundle after another was deposited at the judge's house, and every chance Bell had she managed to take first one thing and then another.

A pretty doll, a picture book, an album, or whatever came handy, she took it in her mouth and carried it away up under the roof of the house and hid it where no one would be apt to find it.



Finally some of the things were missed. The judge and his wife and the older ones of the family could not account for the disappearance of the things.

One blamed the other, consequently they watched each other, and still the things were spirited away. Now a book, then a gold watch, a bracelet or a neck chain, but nothing that was intended for Bertha was disturbed; consequently in time their suspicions were directed to Bertha and her friends, and no one ever thought Bell had anything to do with it.

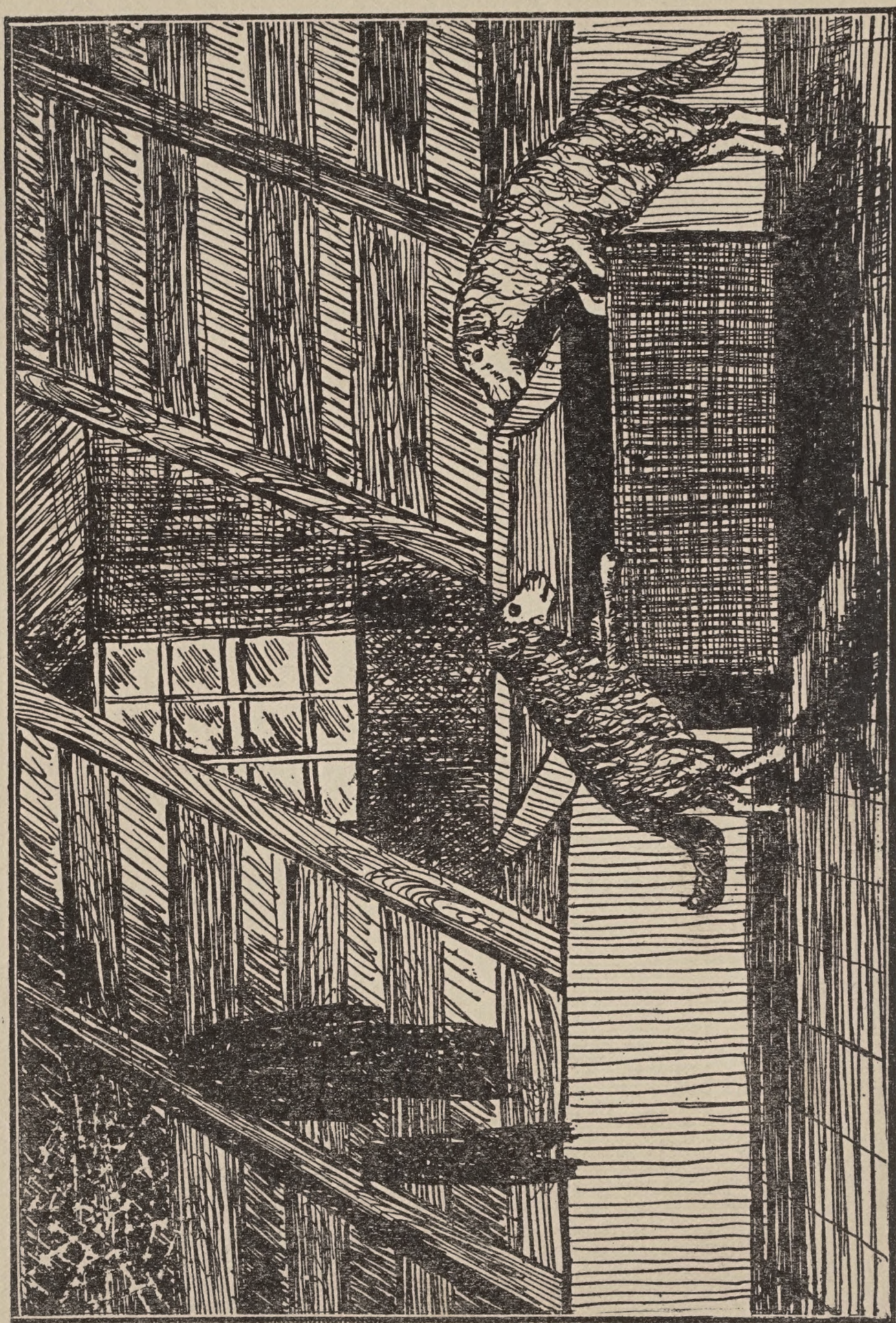
But Bell, as a dog, was very sly; if the things were locked up, she would wait until night; then, as a mouse, would get into the pocket where the keys were kept, steal the key and unlock the drawer, then change again to a dog, pull open the drawer, get the desired article and relock the drawer, and, as a mouse, replace the key.

When night came on and every one was asleep, our two fairies would meet, and, as little mice, do a lot of damage, cut little holes in some things they could not move; all over the house things were mutilated with the intention of spoiling the big feast; and with all their mischievousness they kept looking for a certain paper, Bell at the judge's and Nell at the Burnetts.

Every time they met one would ask the other, "Have you found it yet"?

But lo! and behold! one night Bell found a funny little key in a small crack in the bottom of a great big clock, which was standing in the hallway at the judge's house.

It was one of those big old-fashioned clocks that reached from the floor to the ceiling, and no one had ever bothered to move it since the Burnetts left the house.



The clock had big wings on each side that answered for a hat and cloak rack, and it was fastened to the wall.

A large mirror was incased below the dial.

At the bottom of the clock was a large box with arms which answered for a seat.

The interior of the box held the weights, being on each side, a musical arrangement was in the center, which, when wound up, would play several tunes.

In this box Bell found a tiny key, which was in the shape of a cross.

Bell took the key over to Nell, who had some information in regard to a transaction in which the key played an important part.

Nell, who, as a dog and a mouse, rummaged all over the Burnett's house, looked in every hole and corner of the cottage, from the basement to the roof, found nothing to interest her but one thing.

In an old leather-covered trunk, which had been cast aside as a receptacle for old rags and other rubbish, and which she was allowed to use for a bed when she got tired and wanted to rest and sleep.

In nosing around the bottom of the trunk she spied a peculiar keyhole in one corner; it aroused her curiosity, and she couldn't rest until she found a key to unlock it. So she at every chance found first one key then another and tried them in the keyhole, but not one she tried would fit; in despair she concluded to ask Bell to assist her to get some keys from the judge's house; jut then Bell came in and told her what she had found.

Oh! they couldn't wait a minute; helter skelter they went in haste to where the old trunk was, tried the key in the

lock, and wonderful! it fitted, but when Nell tried to turn the key it refused to move.

Bell tried with the same success, so they tried together; one caught hold of one of the arms of the cross and the other caught tight hold of the other, one pulling one way and the other the reverse; the key finally turned in the lock, the bottom of the trunk flew up, and the dogs both quickly jumped out, then looked in.

And what do you suppose they saw? A sealed envelope, you would say; "No." A sheet of paper with writing on it? "No." Guess again?—but you can keep on guessing, you would never think or guess what the false bottom of the trunk contained.

Not to keep you in suspense I am going to tell you what it was.

Nothing but a common palm-leaf fan.

"Yes," one of those common fans that can be bought for a few pennies.

Old and yellow, and dusty from age.

Bell and Nell felt very foolish when they saw that was all; they examined the bottom well, took out the fan, looked it all over closely, then put it back in the trunk, but forgot to close the bottom again.

The next day was Christmas eve. Mrs. Burnett had to go down the street to make a few purchases.

She did not have much money to spare, for it took a good deal of her pension money to buy medicine and nourishing food for herself; she had been quite sick for some time and was just getting able to do a little work; therefore, she had to be very economical in what she bought.

The weather had turned quite cold and a drizzling rain had set in which looked as if it would keep up for some time.

The air was raw and chilly.

On her way she was considering whether she could afford to buy Rosa a cloak and her son an overcoat, when some one jostled her; she was so muffled up in a warm comforter that she did not pay much attention to it at the time.

The gentleman, however, apologized and went on, and the sound of his voice disturbed her very much; but she soon forgot it, her thoughts were of her children, of what she should buy them with her limited means.

Meanwhile during the absence of her mother, Rosa happened to go up in the loft to look for some rags or pieces to help make her a baby quilt, when wonders, she looked into the old trunk and saw the double bottom and the old fan.

She thought it was awfully funny that she had never noticed this before; nevertheless, she took out the old fan with the intention of showing it to her mother on her return.

Over at the Parhams big preparations were going on; every now and then some wagon stopped to deliver Christmas things.

Bell and Nell were not idle either, they were having a good time, as you will hear later.

At last the much wished-for time came, the day, the hour, everything seemed to be ready, and about eight o'clock the guests began to arrive; at twelve o'clock they all with one accord assembled in the big reception room to make merry over the Christmas tree.



Suddenly, without warning, the large mirror, fastened on one side of the room, fell with a crash and broke into a thousand pieces.

Every one was thunder struck. The jar it caused shook the room so that two thirds of the crystal ornaments that were hanging on the tree fell and were broken.

The servants were hastily summoned to clear up the rubbish and restore the room to order, and the guests betook themselves to the library to view the presents.

To the surprise of everybody each present they took up to look at was damaged.

Some had pieces broken off, some were dented, some had holes in them, parts of others were missing; not a single present was faultless, except those intended for Bertha.

Everyone was astounded; some remarked that it looked as if there had been a sale of fire damaged goods somewhere.

The judge began to lose his temper, for a valuable meerschaum pipe someone had sent him for a present, had a piece knocked off.

His wife's new sealskin cloak that he had bought for nearly a hundred dollars had a big round hole eaten out of the back.

A fine violin that cost a lot of money and was intended for his son, when taken out of the case had a piece gnawed out the back.

All this created quite an uproar; someone proposed music for a change; then, would you believe it? when one of the ladies began to play on the piano, string after string snapped; everything went wrong.

Pretty soon they all went into the dining room for refreshments, and when all were seated, the judge proposed a toast, saying, "Dear friends, I hope you will not censure us for what has happened here to-night.

"We really cannot imagine what has caused all this trouble.

"It's a mystery, nevertheless, let us make merry, all the things broken and ruined we are perfectly able to replace, as long as I own this house.

"There will be nothing to prevent our having a good time.

"Fill up your glasses with the sparkling wine and let us drink, hoping we shall meet again another Christmas with the assurance that this trouble will not happen again."

At the conclusion of his remarks, all put their glasses to their lips; some gulped down, some tried to vomit, some spluttered and coughed; you never saw such a sickly looking crowd in your life.

How quinine and castor oil and alum managed to get into the wine, no one ever found out.

The judge was the sickest of all; he had filled a big tumbler full and the oil had gotten all over his big mustache and beard and white vest.

Everyone called for water, soap, towels—anything to get rid of the disagreeable taste.

Some grabbed fruit off the table, bit into it, and were rewarded with a taste of cayenne pepper, which set their mouths afire.

Things began to get hot as the pepper burned.

Water! water! the cry was water! The big cut-glass pitcher on the table was soon emptied.

Oh! my! the water was so salty!

At this juncture the servants came with the report that the water was shut off, something was the matter with the pipe.

Gradually the lights grew dim, and the smell of gas invaded the room; everyone began running about from room to room looking for water in the dark.

The judge stormed at the servants, his wife at her maids, the children cried; finally lamps were brought and lit.

Such a mess you never saw.

During the darkness and confusion Bell and Nell had not been idle; here was a sofa with the seat torn up; the turkey and meats on the table were not cut with a knife; it looked as if dogs had been at work on them.

The dressing was found on every chair seat, the fine dishes did not present a beautiful appearance; they looked as if some one had poked into them with a big stick; and during all this confusion the music-box in the hall clock played tune after tune, such as "Home sweet Home," "Come ye that love the Lord, let all your joys be known."

After things quieted down somewhat the guests called for their carriages and went home; they had enough of that feast.

The judge and his wife were very much mortified, but did not know whom to blame.

No one knew who did the tricks; only Bell and Nell, who were still at work as mice, gnawing away at the picture cords and lace curtains, doing damage everywhere they could.

Next morning all the gates were open, the horses were walking about the streets.

The judge could not find his trousers.

One of his boots had a lot of jelly in it, and the other a fried chicken; when he began to pull them on he also began to swear.

His wife, who woke up just then, exclaimed, "What's the matter dear"? just then the bed gave way, and she with the bed fell ker-plunk on the floor, and the judge had to extricate her from the bedclothes while trying to kick off the jelly-filled boot.

Just then the oldest daughter came to the door to inform her mother that the water-pipe had sprung a leak, and that the lower floor would make a good swimming pool.

The judge, after rummaging around a while for another pair of trousers, got dressed.

He did not notice the long rip in the seat of the nether garment and the tear in the sleeve of his coat; others did, though, for as he started down the back stairs his neighbor next door wanted to know when he got home last night and who he got into a row with?

It was sometime before everything was brought back to order in the judge's household.

Our fairies knew how to spoil their pleasure.

And how about the Burnetts, you will ask? Well, when Mrs. Burnett got home from shopping they had supper.

Next morning Rosa told her mother about the secret bottom to the old trunk and how nothing but a fan was found in it; and woul'nt it have been nice if instead of the fan there had been the lost deed? what a fine Christmas we could have had, and so forth.

Mrs. Burnett shook her head and said: "Rosa, dear, a fine house and fine clothes do not always make you happy;

but if the missing ones could come back, how much happiness that would bring."

While she was talking, Bell and Nell, who were in the room set up a barking, for someone knocked at the door; both children ran to the door and who should be there but the one-armed soldier who jostled Mrs. Burnett on the street the night before.

"Can you give a poor old soldier something to eat? my dear children," he exclaimed; but before he could say anything more their mother lay weeping on his shoulder.

It was their long lost father whom they all thought dead.

Oh! what a joyful time they had; and when Mrs. Burnett told him how they were dispossessed of their fine home, all on account of the deed being lost and how they had to live to make ends meet, Mr. Burnett was very much surprised, and said: "Why didn't you look in our old trunk? I put the deed there in the handle of an old palm-leaf fan and placed between the two bottoms; the key I left in the old clock in the hall in the big house.

I wrote you all about it

"I never received a line," explained Mrs. Burnett, "and we mourned you for dead."

Then Mr. Burnett told of how long he had been sick in a hospital, and of how his arm came to be off, and a lot more.

"But how are we going to get the key from over the judge's"?

Rosa ran to get the fan, but could not find it.

She hunted all over the house; then her mother, brother and father all joined in the search, but no fan could be found.

Oh! it was too bad!

Then Rosa thought of the two dogs, Bell and Nell.

It was Christmas morning, the sun was shining, everything looked bright and Rosa, without loss of time, went to look for the dogs.

She quietly slipped over to the judge's, and just as she had thought, they were in the yard gamboling and racing each other, Bell having the fan in her mouth and Nell trying to get it from her.

Rosa called and called, but in vain; finally Bertha came out of the house and she and Rosa chased them all over the lawn, until they were completely out of breath.

At last the fairies had compassion on Rosa and brought her the fan.

Just then the judge made his appearance, and he wasn't in the best of humor, and gruffly demanded of Bertha whether she couldn't find any other playmates but poor common people's children?

He then asked Rosa what business she had over here, and she, with some spirit, replied to his insult that she was only after her own property, and had more right here than he had, as this fan she had would soon convince him, and that if they were poor, that did not make them any more common than he was; that poverty was no crime, but there never yet was any excuse for rudeness and insult, and that if she ever got rich, she would know how to treat people decently; with that she went home, our two fairies following her.

Oh! what rejoicing there was when Ros's father extracted the deed from the hollow handle of the fan; and how bad the judge and his people felt when they were notified to

vacate the fine house that the Burnetts might occupy it!

Our two fairies, as the old year drew to a close, knew that their time was up and they had to go back to their fairyland.

To compensate Rosa for the trouble they caused her in getting the fan they changed from dogs into two beautiful birds and flew homewards, leaving two other dogs in their place.

The dogs remained and lived with Rosa in their fine home. Bertha, when grown, frequently came to see Rosa and Alfred, who would take them out in his automobile.

Jennie's Dream



It was Mrs. Knowland, Jennie's mother, who one day said to her daughter, "I do declare, Jennie! it is too bad! this is the third place you have been to and were dismissed; and all the reason I can get, is that you don't suit; and I need your financial help so much.

"We are getting worse off every day; you being the oldest, I certainly thought I could count on some, and that with Fred's help, and what I can earn by my sewing we could manage to live and let Mary go to school a little longer.

"As for the mortgage on the place, that can wait; Mr. Brown won't push that so long as we pay the interest."

Mrs. Knowland was left a widow when her youngest child, Henry, was six years old; her husband, who was a brick mason, came to an untimely death by falling from a scaffold.

He left her with a home mortgaged and payments unfinished at the time of his death.

They were a happy family of six, when the fatal accident occurred.

Of the children there were four, as mentioned before; Jennie the oldest, sixteen; then Fred, just fourteen; he had started to work at a factory.

Henry and Mary, aged ten and eight years, respectively.

Jennie was a good girl, but had a habit of carelessness, which somehow she found hard to overcome.

With a sob she told her mother not to worry, she would try for another place; that it had looked from the start as if she would be unable to please Mrs. Cox, who was very exacting; perhaps in the next place she might get she would be more able to please; with that she went out into the little garden in the rear of the house and sat down in a shady nook, when drowsiness overcame her, and she fell asleep.

SECOND PART

THE KITCHEN REVOLT

"Oh! I'm so nervous standing on the edge of the table," said the Lamp, "why couldn't that girl put me on my accustomed place on the shelf before she went away.

"I am so afraid that I shall get knocked off, and broken.

"I do wish that someone may come who will take better care of us."

"Yes," said the Sideboard, "look at my dirty face, she did not even brush me off.

"And left me wrong side up," said the Broom.

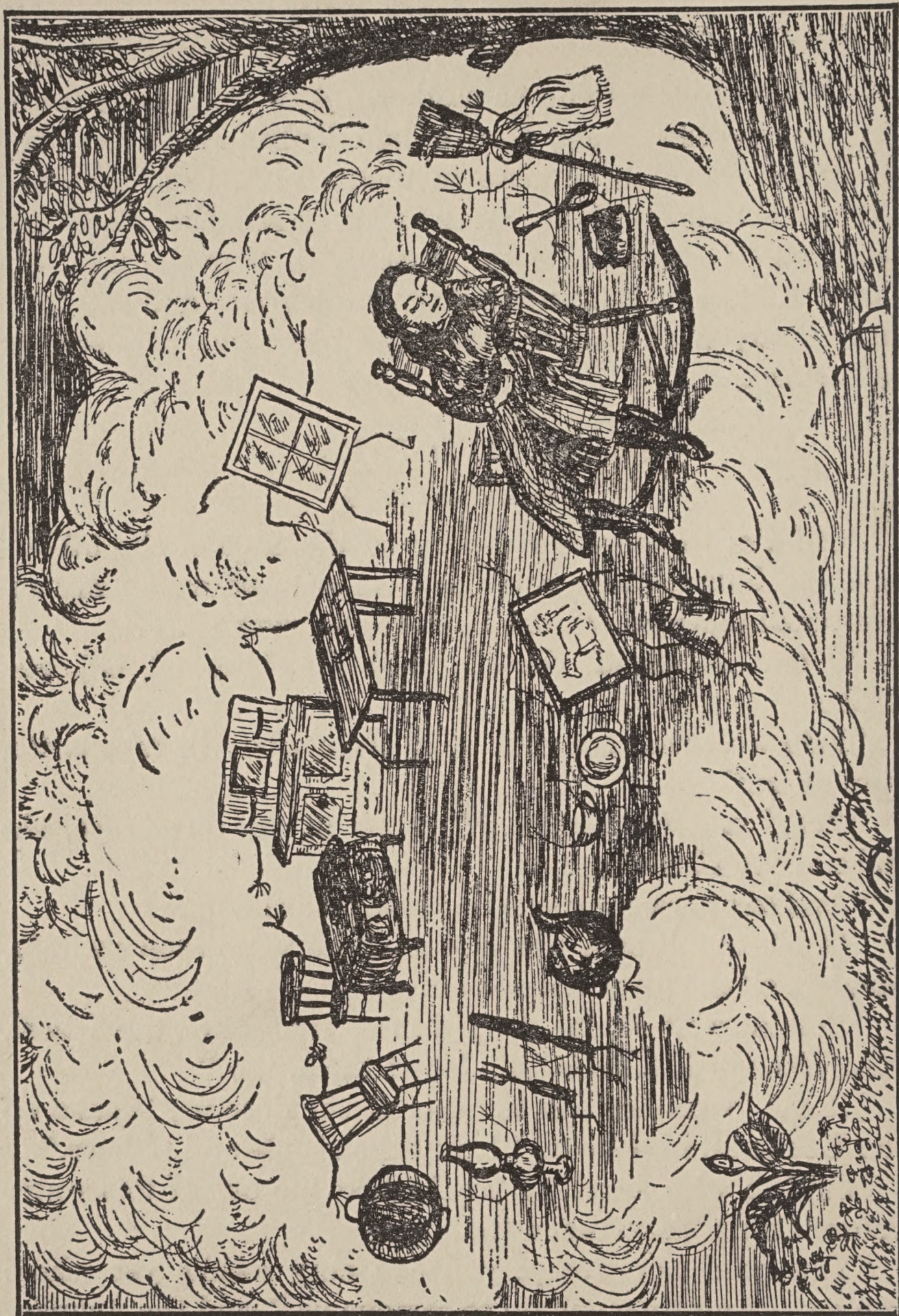
"Don't talk," said the Waiter, "she forgot me entirely, and left all the dirty dishes on me."

"You have'nt all the dirty dishes," remarked the Towel, "the dishpan is filled with a lot of them, too."

"If she keeps her bed as clean as she does us," spoke up the Kettle and Dishpan, "I pity the sheets and pillows."

"Say! I wish someone would take me out of this water before I melt"! exclaimed the soap.

"You need not worry; you can stay awhile yet where you are. Any time will do to remove us," said the Ashpan.



"Listen to the Kettle, he don't sing at all, he is too empty like myself," remarked the stove.

"My! how dirty I am"! shouted the Mirror.

"I am, too," said the Washstand, "I need cleaning too, so you need not make a fuss.

"No one can see you all from the outside unless the door opens."

"I know I am dirty enough," said the window.

"I'll tell you what we will do," suggested the Table, "we will organize a surprise party and give our last girl a demonstration. I'll lead the procession."

"All right"! they all exclaimed, and with the table leading, then the chairs, next the window and broom, with the dirty towel, as a flag, washstand, mirror, dishpan, lamp, forks and knives and spoons, plates and dishes, ashpan, kettle and stove.

In the rear came the sideboard, towel rack, washtubs, flatirons on top of the ironing-board.

All halted when they came to Jennie, still fast asleep in the garden.

Such a racket they made; the lamp spilled the oil all over her dress, the ashpan dumped ashes on her, the dish pan hurled the dishes at her, which bobbed around her head, the broom waved the towel at her, encouraging the demonstration, and such a hubbub as the stove, chairs, table and safe caused, dancing around her, and now and then giving her a punch.

The teakettle, dishpan and waiter set up such an unearthly din by banging against each other, trying to get to her that at last she awoke with a start.

"Oh! what an awful dream! Now, I see where I made a big mistake, I see that I did not do my duty.

"I must have been lazy, if I should get another trial I would certainly try and do better.

"The dream certainly was vivid, great goodness! how that table walked on its legs, and everything seemed to have legs! I certainly would not like to dream it over again.

PART THREE

"Jennie, come here quick," she heard her mother call, "here is a note from Mrs. Cox saying you must come back right away, that she would try you a while longer, that perhaps after you get more used to her ideas you may be able to give her satisfaction—and do, my child, be very careful to keep everything tidy and nice in the kitchen, and do not neglect doing your duty, for I feel confident Mrs. Cox will treat you well."

So Jennie went back and a different girl she proved; she never forgot her dream, for everything seemed to speak to her; she became so neat and tidy that she turned out a model housekeeper.

And now, my children, be careful that your sleep will not be disturbed by dreams censuring you for the things you neglected while awake. It certainly helped Jennie.

Polly's Cat



YOU WILL be surprised at the story I am going to tell you now.

You will ask is it a fairy story?

No! Yes! it is both.

Is it a true story? It may be and still it may not, you can judge of that for yourself.

It is about a wonderful cat; "Polly's Cat."

First, I am going to tell you who Polly was.

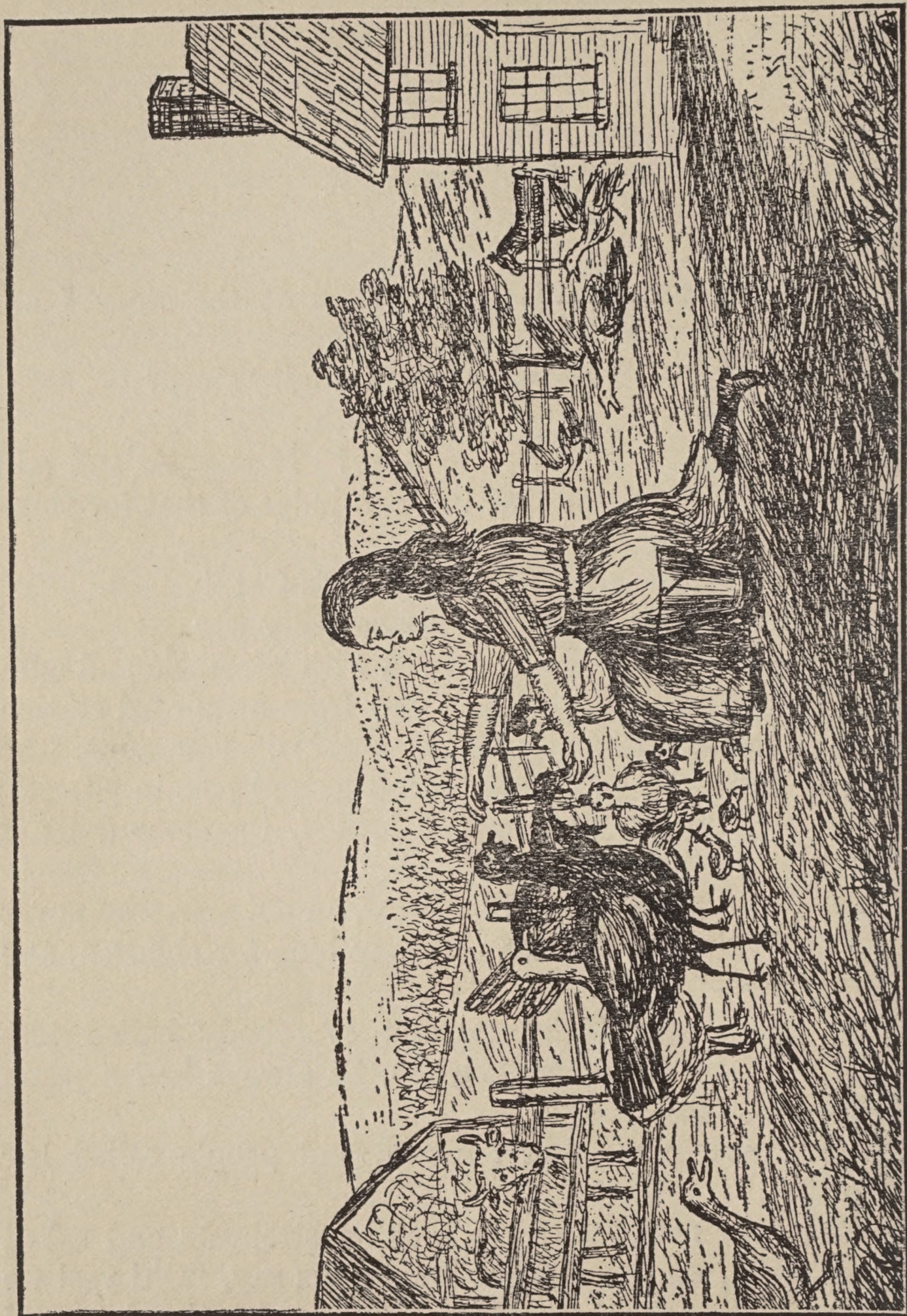
Polly was a little girl who lived with her uncle and aunt far out in the country, a long way from a railroad station or river; right in among the mountains. Her aunt, who was an old maid, hated cats and dogs and pets in general; really she did not possess any herself, therefore did not like others to have any.

Polly's uncle was an old bachelor, an old man who never had married, and did not care anything for children, and less for cats.

His name was Gumbolt, and everybody called him "Grumm," for he never laughed, he always had a grum look on his face.

Her aunt's name was Saphira, and people called her "Snapfire."

When the neighbors were met by strangers and asked about them, they would almost always say, "Oh! yes! we know who lives in that old brick house with the slate roof



and dormer windows among those trees, its old 'Grum and Snapfire.' "

"Are those their right names?" would be asked.

"Oh! no! we call them so because they are not at all sociable, they snap us up when we call on them, and let us understand that our company is not desired, that we had better stay at home and attend to our business."

"Do they live all by themselves?"

"Well, yes; all with the exception of a little girl, a sister's child, who is an orphan, but they don't care much for her; just tolerate her, make her work for her keep, and hardly ever let her visit any one."

"I know she has a hard time between them, not much pleasure certainly." So now you know who Polly is.

Polly was a good little girl, never gave her uncle and aunt a cross word; it didn't make any difference to her how surly her aunt looked, nor how crabishly her uncle spoke, she took it all with a good grace and never became fretful or angry.

She made pets of the chickens, the cow, pigs and geese, even the big turkey gobbler would eat out of her hands.

One day, it was an awful cold day in January, the ground was covered with snow; she had just finished washing the breakfast dishes.

It was Sunday morning, her uncle had lighted his pipe and was sitting behind the stove smoking; her aunt, who had just come in from the other rooms where she had been making up the beds, said: "Good sakes!" its cold enough to freeze icicles! Polly, go out to the woodshed and bring in some wood, and be careful to brush the snow off it before you bring it in, and hurry about it, too, you

lazy, good-for-nothing thing! you've been long enough washing those dishes to wear my patience! do you know what time it is? people are passing by going to church; a crazy set of fools to be plodding through the snow to hear an old foggy preach.

"I never could understand how it is that one man can work on the brains of so many, to dispose them to hear him jabber, something he makes up to entertain them; I for one shan't be taken in by no such humbug."

"Aunty! they say that he speaks God's word, and it is not every one that can do that, can you?"

"Shut up! what do you know about it? next thing you will go to preaching, and I have no doubt there would be plenty of fools that would listen to you, too."

Polly took a basket and went out to the woodshed to bring in some wood; when she got there and had her basket nearly filled, she, all at once, heard a low mew-ow.

She looked all around, but could not see from where the sound came.

Suddenly she heard it again; it came from behind the wood.

So she tiptoed around the woodpile and looked again, and right there among the wood on the ground was a great big black cat with a little bit of a kitten, also jet black with little blue eyes.

"Poor thing," Polly said, "I believe you are hungry and nearly frozen, I wonder what cruel person dropped you here, for I know if Uncle Gumbolt was to see you he would make short work of you; I must do something to keep him from finding you." With that she quickly filled her basket with wood, ran into the house, deposited it in the

kitchen, then ran up into the attic, got an old coat, stole back into the kitchen and took some scraps of meat, hurried out to the woodshed and made a comfortable bed behind the wood for the cat and kitten, and left the food for them, telling them to be sure and be very quiet if they did not want to die.

It was her intention to steal a chance to carry them up into the attic, where she could keep them without being found out.

Secretly that night she did do so, without her uncle and aunt being any wiser, and for two weeks she kept them hidden.

To feed them she had to save little scraps of meat and bread, now and then she left her milk untasted so that she could give it to her secret pets.

Oh! what a nice time she had when she went up to the attic to bed, how she snuggled them up to her and stroked their soft fur.

But, sad to say, one morning when she rose and dressed and took a peep at her pets, what do you think? the old mother cat was dead.

How she died and what caused her death, Polly was unable to tell, perhaps it was poison, for she remembered her aunt remarking one day, "I shall certainly fix for those mice and rats; a trap is too expensive, I shall use Paris green, that will fix them."

It was not certain, however, that it was Paris green that killed the old cat, but dead she was; stiff dead; but the kitten was all right.

Polly took the poor little thing up and carried it to her bed and wrapped it up to keep it warm, and took the old

cat by the tail and carried it out to the back yard; it was her intention to dig a grave for her. Unfortunately her Uncle Grum happened to come by, and seeing the cat remarked, "I wonder who it was that dropped that blamed cat on my place?"

"Here Polly!" he called, "take that crittur, dig a hole and bury it."

So Polly had her way after all.

Polly's kitten did not die, for she kept it and tendered it carefully, fed it with milk and bread, and kept it in the attic until the whole of January, February and March had passed.

She taught it all kinds of tricks, such as sitting on its hind legs and patting her fore feet, begging, lying down and playing dead, stand on its head, jumping through a hoop, skipping a rope, climbing and sliding down a pole, walking on a tight rope and lots of other funny things.

The kitten had grown wonderfully, both in size and sense.

One day Polly's uncle and aunt told her they were going to take a trip to town and would not be back until the following day, that a big circus had arrived there, and everyone far and near was going to see it.

Polly begged them to take her along, but they would not listen to her, informed her that she would have to stay at home and attend to the cow, pigs and chickens.

Polly cried, but after a bit consoled herself with the thought that she would have a good time with her kitten while they were away.

The kitten, which had now grown to a good sized cat, was such a beautiful animal, in color a jet, glossy black

with great big yellow eyes and a long bushy tail, and so well trained by Polly that whatever she was told to do by her mistress she would do.

When Polly saw her uncle and aunt drive away out of sight she went up stairs and called her Blacky, for that was what she named her kitten, she came running to her, and she took her in her arms and said: "Good old Black, I am going to give you a treat and let you see the green grass and the blue sky and sunshine!"

Oh! what a nice time she had racing and romping around with her.

They strolled out into the field, then into the road, until it was nearly noon, and after taking out her lunch they sat down beneath a tree near the roadside to enjoy it, the cat especially, for this was the first time she had ever eaten outside of the attic room.

Polly, after so much exercise in the open air, became drowsy, and before she knew it, had fallen asleep with Blacky curled up in her lap.

While they were sleeping a covered wagon came along driven by two big horses.

On a high seat in front sat a man with the reins in his hand driving the team.

He stopped the horses in front of Polly and looked at her, then turned and spoke to someone in the wagon, who answered him.

Then he got down and entered the back of the wagon, and a woman who was inside gave him a shawl.

He silently crept over to Polly and put it over her head, then lifted her up and quickly carried her to the wagon and put her in.



Blacky followed his mistress to the wagon, and before the man could shut the door, jumped in, too.

Now Polly, who had been asleep, and who had been so suddenly awakened, was too surprised to cry out, and when she did begin to cry, the woman told her to keep quiet, that they knew all about her, how hard she had to work and how badly she had been treated, that they were traveling far away and wanted to take her with them and adopt her as their own daughter, and dress her in beautiful clothes and give her a gold watch and chain and a string of pearls to wear around her neck, and lots of other pretty things.

Polly asked her if she would let her keep her cat, too, and the woman said, "What do you want with a cat?"

"Cause she is cute and can do so many tricks."

"Well! we'll see, just keep quiet, my dear, and if anyone asks you who you are, tell them you belong to us, that's me and my husband, for we have no little child and want to keep you for our own."

Polly enjoyed the ride in the big traveling van; and so they traveled on and on until it was quite dark, when they entered a big city.

On looking out of the little window in the wagon she could see a lot of lights and people walking on the streets, something she had never seen before; so she just sat down contented with Blacky in her lap, until the wagon came to a stop and the man opened the door and said, "All right!"

They all then got out, the woman put a wrap around Polly, and they ascended a flight of steps to a fine house, and entered a finely furnished beautiful room, brilliantly

illuminated with the dazzling lights of a handsome chandelier.

After a while the man came in and they went into another room in which a table was set with every nice thing to eat; bread, meat, milk, even oranges, apples, nuts and candy.

You will ask, did Polly enjoy herself?

It was such a treat, she felt as if she were in a fairyland.

Blacky hovered around her, and while they were eating, sat on her hind legs and begged.

When the man saw her he said, "Hello! what's this? Look here, Moll, this cat is trained, did you train her, little girl? by-the-way, what is your name?"

"Polly," she answered.

"Well Polly, you are something, can she do anything else?"

"Oh! yes sir! she can do lots of things."

"If that's so, my dear, your fortune is made;" with that he cut off a piece of choice meat and gave it to Blacky.

That night they had a good rest, and next morning they resumed their journey, and kept this up until they reached a great body of water and wharves, to which were anchored big vessels, on one of which they embarked, wagon, horses and all.

On board there were also a lot of other passengers.

Oh! what a beautiful ship it was, with its nice staterooms, a big saloon furnished with taste, large cosy seats, lovely pictures and a grand piano.

Now after they had rested, the man asked Polly to show him what her cat could do in the way of tricks; so she asked for what was needed, and made Blacky do a whole lot of stunts; and you never saw a man and woman more surprised.

They told her never to let her do those tricks in public unless they gave their consent.

The following evening there were a number of passengers assembled in the big saloon, when the woman, whose name was La Vere, brought out a beautiful dress, all spangles and gold and silver trimmings, fixed Polly's hair up nicely with a ribbon set with sparkling stones, that glistened like diamonds when the light shone on them, fastened a blue ribbon around Blacky's neck, and then dressed herself in a beautiful costume.

Mr. La Vere, who wore short green trousers, big silver buckles on his shoes, a snow white ruffled shirt and a big red belt around his waist, took a guitar and his wife a mandolin, and went into the big saloon, where a platform was erected, on which they were to give their entertainment, which consisted of vocal and instrumental music.

Mr. La Vere and his wife played some pleasing melodies and sang several songs.

Then Polly, in her glittering dress, made her cat perform some tricks.

Mr. La Vere was smart enough to have a hoop and other things ready for her, and Blacky did everything just grand.

The audience cheered, Mr. La Vere made a little speech, then took up a collection, and oh! what a lot of money he did get.

One man put in a five-dollar gold piece; everyone contributed.

Then more music was given, and Polly made Blacky do more tricks, and allowed the audience to stroke her beautiful fur, and so the entertainment closed to the entire satisfaction of everybody.



Mr. La Vere and his wife were well pleased, gave Polly a bag of candy and nuts.

One lady presented her with a whole silver dollar for her own.

The entertainment proved a grand success, everyone liked it.

Polly traveled with the La Vere's for three years until she was sixteen years old, when one evening while they were giving a performance at a village fair, not far from London, there happened a runaway.

Two powerful horses hitched to a nice carriage became frightened at something, and tore through the fair grounds upsetting booths, and stands, coming pell-mell towards where Polly was.

It was almost her turn again to exhibit her wonderful cat, when there was a terrible crash, in which there was a mixture of horses, carriage, people and debris.

By good luck and kind providence Polly was not hurt, but was thrown clear outside by the collision.

It took her a minute or two to collect her senses, then she looked around for her cat, first one place then another, finally wandered entirely out of the grounds, when she thought she heard her cat calling her, she followed the sound, and it led her to a big pair of iron gates which were ajar. Still thinking she heard her cat, she entered the gates, and found herself in a kind of park in which she walked for hours looking for her Blacky, and from pure weariness had to sit down to rest on one of a number of benches. The moon was shining brightly, and by the light she could see beautiful shrubbery, beds of flowers, roses and violets, and oh! they smelt so sweet, the air

was filled with the fragrant odor; again she thought she heard her cat meowing, so she rose and resumed her search until she came to a beautiful fountain, enclosed in a marble basin, and right on the edge of the basin she expied, as she thought, her lost cat.

She ran with all the haste she could up to the edge to reach for her cat, when she lost her balance and over she went head-foremost into the water down out of sight, and lost all consciousness.

When she came to her senses she was lying in a beautiful bed, soft as down, and a beautiful lady was standing by her bedside, who asked her how she felt; but Polly had gone through so much that she was very weak, hardly able to talk.

The kind lady, who was very rich, and owner of the fine park and grand house, nursed Polly until she was well and then told her how she came to be saved.

"My son," she said, "has a habit of walking around the park, and happened just to be near the fountain when he saw you running, as if chasing someone or thing, and before he could get up to you, you went over into the water, but he quickly jumped in and got you out and brought you to the house.

"We, of course, rendered all the assistance we could in resuscitating you.

"We have, thanks to an allwise Providence, gotten you so far, and hope you will soon be out of danger and get quite well, for Arthur, my son, is impatient to see you, but we would not permit that until you regained consciousness.

"Now, do tell us your name? for I know there must be some who are most uneasy about you."

“My name is Polly,” said our little girl, “and I have no parents, I used to live with my uncle and aunt, until lately, when some good people took me along with them, knowing that my relatives treated me very badly.

“They were real good to me, and I helped them in their show, by giving exhibitions with my trained cat, until the horses ran into us;” and then Polly described the accident; told how she ran after her cat, and fell into the water.

Polly stayed a long time in this lovely place.

Arthur and she became quite attached to one another, they were like Cinderella and the Prince, and one day we find them standing before a minister, who had a book in his hand, asking them if they would love and cherish each other as long as they lived, just as your papa and mamma had to do, when all at once, after Arthur had said yes, and Polly had said yes, and the preacher had said “What God has joined together, let no man put asunder,” and as for a moment everything was quiet, and before anyone could say a word, there was heard a meow! meow! and Polly’s cat, “Blacky,” was seen coming into the room with her tail straight up in the air, right up to Polly she came, and with one jump, landed on her shoulder, and gave her the first kiss, and oh! how glad she was to find her mistress, how she had hunted and hunted, but lost all trail at the fountain, where Polly fell in, for there she lost the scent, and how she hovered around day after day, hoping to see her mistress again, at last she came across her footprints near the grand mansion, and reached her just in time for that kiss.



Oh! what a joyful meeting; how Polly hugged first her, then her friends, and what a glorious time they had afterwards, they were all so happy.

If you could go to see them, you would never find anyone more pleased with good fortune than were Polly and her cat, and Arthur, too, it is to be hoped!

Jack Spratt



Away out in the country, far from any railroad station, on a small farm and in a house surrounded by woods, there lived a family of three, namely: Rev. Wm. Spratt, his wife, and one son, whom his father named John.

They were poor people, strictly honest and religious.

The father, being a minister of the gospel, took every precaution to rear John with the view of his becoming a preacher, and would have succeeded very well but for one thing: John, I am sorry to say, was seemingly one of the biggest block heads that ever lived.

If he was taught a certain thing he was sure to forget it the next day, and everything he attempted, he either failed in or did exactly the reverse of what was required.

One day his father, who was in a hurry to make a visit, called him to get his boots and polish them; not getting any answer he went to look for him, and lucky that he did; at the back of the house, underneath a drip, stood a rain barrel full of water; and in it, with his feet sticking out, was John; he would certainly have been drowned if his father had not pulled him out at once.

The trouble was that John, in climbing up a ladder that stood by the barrel, missed his footing, tumbled over backwards and head first into the barrel.

Naturally his mother had to take him through a drying process.

Just the day before he upset a beehive, and the bees chased and stung him until his face was full of welts.

His cries could be heard all over the place.

For two weeks he limped around with a sore foot, caused by being caught in a steel trap, which was put near the hen-house to catch chicken thieves.

His nose was flat, caused by falling over the chopping-block in the woodhouse and bumping it on the ax.

One of his fingers was tied up, mashed, from getting it caught against the doorjam.

Poor boy, he was a sorry sight to look upon; one eye nearly closed from having been pecked by the big turkey gobbler, cuts and bruises were all over him, and now wet all through from nearly drowning in the rain barrel.

While he is drying I will tell you some other mishaps which befell him.

He had always the misfortune to get into trouble of some kind.

When he was only three months old he swallowed the nipple which was on his milk bottle, and would have swallowed the bottle, too, if it had'nt been too large.

As it was, the neck got jammed in his throat, and his gurgles and scuffles alone saved him; his mother heard the noise and flew to his assistance.

When six months old, he came near burning up; when crawling around the room, he managed to get too near the old-fashioned fireplace, and the smell of burning rags brought his mother again to his rescue.

At another time he came near being smothered in the flour barrel; his curiosity led him to get on a chair and peep in, he lost his balance and over he went into the barrel.

Luckely the flour was only damaged a little on top and he was none the worse.

He was the only child of the Spratts', but the trouble he caused them was equal to that of a dozen children.

He had to have all the ailments children usually suffer with, such as thrush, croup, measles, chicken-pox, whooping-cough, and was almost always with a stomach-ache, for everything he could put his hands on went into his mouth and disappeared.

Once he had the misfortune to swallow a ball of yarn which his mother had thoughtlessly left within his reach; it happened to be quite a small ball, she had used most of it in darning socks. Into his mouth it went, out of sight; not knowing how to eject it he let it go down his throat with the exception of about a foot of the thread which hung out of his mouth, such a coughing and whooping as followed soon brought his mother to him.

She at first did not understand what the matter was, but seeing the piece of yarn, she commenced pulling it, causing the ball to unwind gradually, and so drew it all out.

Once he managed to get his father's fishing-line; there were only three hooks on it, but when it was recovered, two of the hooks were fastened securely in John's feet, the other in his hand; of course, the hooks had to be broken to get them out of the flesh; it was fortunate they were not down his throat, which would have happened had they not been fastened to the cord held by the fishing-pole which was wedged under the table.

When he was old enough to get out into the yard his main troubles began, for everything seemed to get in his way; the horse stepped on him, the cow bobbed him up

and down on her horns, the goat used him for a butting post.

Once an eagle swooped down from above and fastened his talons into him intending to carry him heavenward, but his weight was too much.

Several times he came near drowning in the spring.

As for barb-wire fences, he seemed to attract the wire,—by the way it held on to him.

Towser, the dog, more than once dragged him out of the danger of briars, snakes and water.

As for eating raw turnips, tomatoes, peaches, apples, green or ripe, even raw onions, would not daunt him, but green persimmons he could not go; they were the limit.

John, at the age of fourteen, was a fat boy, his weight was a hundred and sixty pounds.

You can imagine what sort of boy he was, big and fat, overgrown for his age, a very large mouth, little grey eyes, face full freckles, fiery red hair, frequently full of cockle-burrs.

Flat nose, red cheeks puffed out with fat, and the worst of all he was very bow legged; when he stood still in the yard, old Towser, the dog, found it no trouble to run between them in making a short cut to his destination.

But one thing our boy was gifted with was good nature, a sweet disposition always in evidence, no matter what happened to him, he took everything with good grace and was forever wishing he could be like other boys, bright and active, for when his parents sent him to school, to which he had to walk about two miles every day, it fatigued him dreadfully.

The boys made all manner of fun of him, called him nicknames, such as: Jack Spratt, Fatty, Fatty Spratt, Spatty-fat; and continually sang something like this—

Jack Spratt could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean,
So you see between them both,
They licked old Spatty Fatty clean.

They teased him unmercifully, just because they knew he was good natured and could not catch his tormentors.

In playing ball, when John was at the bat, another boy had to run for him if he accidentally managed to hit the ball, for mostly he would miss it, and the exertion of swinging the bat would turn him round and round until he sat down on the home plate exhausted.

Now and then he would manage to catch the ball with his eye, which would take on a bluish, black color, and somewhat illuminate his features.

When playing marbles he could hardly ever be seen in any other position than on his hands and knees.

His mother wondered time and again why his trousers should be worn so much at the knees; his father thought, overestimating his son's praying abilities, that perhaps it was caused from protracted prayer on bended knees, or perhaps it took him considerable time to get his thoughts into the proper channel to commune with his Maker.

His mother thought otherwise, for she felt convinced John's thoughts were more inclined towards his stomach than elsewhere, judging by the amount of food he consumed.

He never let his pockets get empty, for from them mostly the supply came to fill his inside; it made no difference

what he ate, if he could not get anything else, raw turnips and sweet potatoes would suffice.

When he entered school it took him nearly a year to learn how to say his a, b, c's, and count up to ten, and even then he would leave out some numbers or letters.

That you may understand what a dunce he was, I will tell you that on one occasion his teacher asked him what h-e-n spelled, and he couldn't tell; so she asked him what bird it was that was covered with feathers and furnished his mother with eggs? "Oh," said John, "its little chickens."

"What are they called when they are grown?" persisted the teacher.

"My mother when she calls them, always hollors, chic-chic-chic."

When chickens get real large and have a comb and tail, what are they then?"

"Roosters!" answered John.

His teacher quite lost her patience, for all the boys burst out laughing, "Silence!" she exclaimed. "Now, John, I shall try you once more: what does your mother set on the eggs to make them hatch?" "John hesitated a little while, finally blurted out, "Incubators."

Now dont you think, children, he was bright?

One day he was called out to read from his first reader about Mary and her little lamb. This is the way he read it with the book upside down: Mary had a little lamb, his wool was full of white, and every lamb the school would went, she wouldn't let it stay at home.

Everyone laughed, even the schoolteacher had to smile. John laughed also, and to make matters worse, remarked:



"I know's what you all is laughing at; its cause I knows' it by hard."

John, being such a blockhead, had such a tough time of it that he did not know what to do, he kept on saying, "Oh! if I only was like other boys."

One evening as he was jogging along on his way home from school, and his thoughts were directed towards the former place and what he should get to eat when he got there, he suddenly fell heels over head over some obstacle placed in his way. On getting up slowly to ascertain the cause of his mishap, what should he behold but a beautiful young girl, dressed like a Fairy. She wore a lovely silk dress trimmed with gold and silver. Her hair was black as a crow and hung down her back, it was fastened together at the top with a band studded with diamonds. She held in her hand a coil of gold cord, one end of which was fastened across the road to a tree. She laughed gaily at him, for being such a blunderbus, and asked: "Say! isn't your name Jack Spratt?"

"No! my name aint Jack Spratt; its John Spratt," he answered.

"Did'nt you see me when you came along? and why did you not speak to me?" said the fairy.

"No! I never saw you; and I don't thank you for making fun of me, you made me hurt my leg by fastening that rope across the road."

"Never mind, John," replied the beautiful Fairy Maiden, with that she placed her hand on his shoulder, "I am going to arrange it so that you will turn the tables on your tormentors if you will do as I tell you.

“What are you going to do? What do you want me to do? If you tell me now, I am sure to forget by to-morrow,” he said.

Poor John, he felt awfully embarrassed and awkward, and really did not know what to say.

The fairy reassured him by saying: “in the first place, I am going to give you a good memory,” with that she gave him a little bottle containing a thin transparent liquid. “I want you to put one drop of this liquid on your head once every day, that will teach you not to forget. It will, also, in the course of time change the color of your hair. This chain, which I shall present to you, I want you to wear around your neck, the little heart on it will be your talisman, whenever you get hungry or thirsty, touch it to your lips, and it will satisfy you, but if you let any other girl but me touch it until I give you permission, its virtue will be gone, the charm will be broken.

“It will also reduce your fat, and you will become normal in size, like other people. This belt, I wish you to buckle around your waist, it will cause you to become supple and active; by pressing the buckle with one hand you will be able to outrun any living being, and if you place both hands on it, you will be able to jump twenty feet at one spring and leap over any obstacle without trouble. But ugly and frecklefaced, and bowlegged you will remain until you are twenty-one years old. Now, don’t forget you may not see me again until you are a man, but I shall be watching you all the time. She then gave him the chain and belt, wound up her golden cord, jumped up, gave John a smacking kiss, and before he realized it, had darted into the woods and disappeared.

CHAPTER SECOND

As soon as John could collect his thoughts, he put the chain around his neck and touched the heart to his lips, and suddenly lost all desire for food or drink; next, he put on the belt, and while he was buckling it he could'nt keep still; he felt as if he wanted to fly. With the little bottle in his hand, he hurried home, and the more he walked the faster he went, so when he got in sight of his home he thought he would test the virtue of the belt; he placed one hand on it, and suddenly he leaped up into the air like a Kangaroo, and in three jumps landed on his back porch.

His mother seeing him arrive so suddenly did not know what to make of it, something so unusual as activity in her boy, and hurried to him to see what was the matter.

He told her he was all right and commenced to put his books away, when she told him he could get some lunch if he was hungry, for a wonder, he declined, saying, "he was'nt hungry a bit."

John, for fear he would forget, immediately uncorked the bottle, and put one drop of the mixture on his head,—and what a queer feeling came over him, just as if he had awoke from a dream.

His father, who was out on the lawn trying to catch the horse, just then called him to come and help him, as he was in a hurry to visit a sick parishoner. He had no idea of the change that had taken place in his son. Thought perhaps he could head off the horse so that he could catch him more quickly, and was surprised beyond bounds to see John coming out briskly, and before he knew it, with three

or four bounds, the boy reached the horse, and to the surprise of the animal, was on his back."

"Here he is, Pa., shall I hitch him to the buggy?" and not waiting for his father's answer, he put the harness on the horse and hitched him to the vehicle.

His father was dumbfounded.

"Thank the Lord," said he, "perhaps the Almighty has answered my prayer, and my son will yet grow to what I desire him to be."

Next day when John rose, the first thing he did was to put a drop of the liquid on his head; then he bathed, got his books, read over his lessons, then attended to the chores for his father, and was so interested in doing little things about the house, that he completely forgot all about breakfast.

His mother called to him to hurry, as he had no time to loose if he wanted to get to school in time.

But our boy did not want any breakfast; only drank a cup of tea, got his books, kissed his mother, and was off.

It took him just one-fourth his usual time to get to the school, and he arrived half an hour earlier than anyone else.

All the boys were surprised to see him there before them, and some of them concluded they would have some fun at his expense.

One of them stole up behind him and grabbed his books, another got his cap and off they ran.

"Come on Fatty," they cried, "let's see you run."

The others circled around him to detain him, when John jumped, caught two of them, one in each hand, and by main strength bumped them together, and gave them a shove

that sent them flying into the midst of the others; he then put both hands on his belt buckle, made a flying leap over their heads, and with one or two more bounds, caught the two runaways, snatched his cap and books, and before they recovered from their surprise, was back to the school-door, which he entered.

"Hello! boys; did you ever! what's come over Fatty? Did he hurt you Jim? and Joe? We had better look out; for he is certainly getting his wits. Jerusalem! how he did jump; he bounced like a rubber ball," and with that they let him alone.

When school was opened and the spelling class was called up, our boy was, as usual, found at the foot of the class; but didn't their eyes open when the very first word the teacher gave out, John moved up six places, and wonderful to relate, not one question put to him did he fail to answer incorrectly.

The sums he had to do did not take him longer than to write the answers; everything he was told to do he did perfectly. When the reading class was called, and John was asked to read one of the most difficult pieces, he read it fluently, without hesitating in the least.

His teacher remarked, that if he kept on that way, he would soon excel all the others.

The boys did not forget John during recess, and tried their best to get him into a difficulty.

Next to the school yard, in grounds adjoining, lived an old bachelor, whose apple orchard was just in sight of his house near the school yard.

A high brick wall divided the orchard from the yard. The boys thought if they could get John with one or two

more to get over the wall, the others would inform the old man and he would turn his dog loose on them.

The two who accompanied John supposed that by helping each other they could get over the wall before the dog came, and so leave John behind for the dog to play with.

Now this is what they did: they dared Jack to get over the wall with two of them to get a ball they claimed had fallen over there.

John, who was real nice, told them certainly he would help them get the ball, and over the wall he and two others went.

While they were prowling around, pretending that they were looking for the ball, the dog was seen coming faster than they expected; John pressed his buckle with both hands, and with one bound over the wall he went.

Not so with the other two; it was nip and tuck with them; the dog was having a picnic; ow-wow—"Oh! oh! help! help!" A sorry looking pair they were when at last they managed to get over the wall.

One was bleeding in several places minus one coat sleeve, the seat of his trousers completely ripped out; the other with no trousers on at all; the dog had the tattered garments on the other side playing with them and wishing he had the owner.

The boys had to wait underneath the schoolhouse until another boy went to their homes and brought them other clothes.

A nice lecture they received from their teacher. John came in for a part of it, too, but he did not mind it; he had the satisfaction to see that two of his tormentors really got what they deserved.

After school, as our boy wended his way home, walking leisurely along the main road, he happened to look back, and saw galloping towards him a horse hitched to a light pheaton.

He was no doubt running away at full speed, under no control; he could see the person in the vehicle, a young lady, waving her arms and screaming.

He instantly recognized her as the daughter of the judge of the county in which he lived.

A lovely young lady, who was regarded as the belle of the county.

She looked to him beseechingly for help as they sped by.

John thought it best to let her pass before he tried to rescue her, but the next instant he, with his hands on his buckle was after them, and it was not more than a minute before he was swinging on to the horse's head.

You may well know that a horse having a hundred and sixty pounds hanging on to his head most surely would have to come to a stop, and to a stop he instantly came.

John clutched the reins and assured the young lady that she was now out of danger and that she had better let him drive her home, as he was afraid she would not be able to manage the horse after he once ran away.

She thankfully acquiesced, and informed him she would be more than pleased to have him drive, adding that she owed him her life, for the horse might have run into a tree and broke the buggy all to pieces and killed her.

"Everyone tells me," she said, "that you are slow and cannot run, but they are certainly mistaken, you dear sweet boy!" with that she put her arms around his neck, "even if you are not handsome I am going to kiss you."

“Not on your life!” said John, “you can thank me, but not that! no kisses, please! and please don’t touch my chain.” She was about to take hold of it.

“Oh! you naughty boy, I thought you would like a kiss better than anything else.”

“Not until I am a man,” said John.

“H’m, then I wouldn’t want to kiss you, for you would be a mean old man with hair all over your face.”

In due time John got her home.

The Judge wanted to reward him, but our hero would not accept any recompense. The judge then offered to send him home in a buggy, but John refused again, saying he could get there quicker than any of his horses could carry him, and before the judge could say more, our boy was out of sight.

John’s schooldays proved very uneventful, with the exception that in about three years he knew more than his teacher, and turned tables on him by instructing him in foreign languages that he had learned secretly.

John had lots of fun during his schooldays; for while his intellect improved, some of his fat disappeared, and he became as strong as a lion.

For playing ball there were none now who could excel him, he could outrun any of them, and as for feats of strength, it would take four or five to hold him.

There was a pond not far from the schoolhouse; it really was a mill pond, and not very far from the school was the old mill to which the farmers brought their wheat and corn to have ground.

Sometimes during recess the boys would go to this pond to fish, and in the winter, when the pond was covered

with ice, they would form skating parties, having lunch at the schoolhouse.

Our John was invited to one of these parties, as he really was the best skater known thereabouts.

You will remember I told you before he was very bow legged, but that did not bother him in skating.

It was on a Saturday and a beautiful day. There was quite a crowd at the pond, lots of boys and their sweet-hearts from the surrounding country, not only young people but old folks, too. They brought their lunch with them and served it in the schoolhouse.

All around, tied to trees and hitching posts, were horses with vehicles that brought most of the people.

John, who had been busy at home the best part of the morning sawing and splitting wood, did not come until late. Everyone was in motion on the ice when he arrived.

"Hello! here comes Jack Spratt! I wonder if he will skate; I don't think he can. as he has'nt brought his skates."

"I can't see any," several exclaimed.

John really did not have any skates with him, for he had lent them to a boy who was too poor to buy a pair, thinking he would amuse himself watching the skaters.

He preferred keeping company with others who were along the shore, because they could not skate, or were too timid to risk themselves on the ice.

Everything went on smoothly, until several smart ones began to tease him, saying: "Say! Spratty! why don't you skate?"

"Haven't mine with me," answered John.

"Good excuse; you'er afraid of getting beat."



"No I am not, I loaned my skates to Brown, he's with his best girl."

"I know why you won't skate, there isn't a girl that will skate with you for fear she may mistake your legs for an arch and go through them. We know you are afraid to skate to-day, for fear you will get beat."

"Not much!" said John, "I just don't feel like skating, and I do not care to borrow a pair since loaning mine out, and as for being beat, I know I can beat any of you without trying very hard, either."

"Not on your life could you with those bow legs on yours, they would be in everybody's way and tangle up the crowd."

John, who was getting nettled at such chaffing, said: "Look here Burk! I don't want you to cast any reflection on my legs, they are bone and muscle, and if I were inclined to use them to give you a lift, you would find yourself on the other side of the pond quicker than you could skate there, but I would not soil them in contact with you."

"Oh! go on, you overgrown elephant, you'r afraid you will break in the ice, and have the suckers under it claim you as their companion."

In this way they kept taunting John, who did not wish to have a quarrel with them, when suddenly cries of distress were heard from the further end of the pond.

Someone had broken in. A girl and a boy were struggling in the icy water, everyone was horror struck; if help did not come at once they would surely be drowned.

John grasped the situation in a moment, running over to the schoolhouse, he took the door off the hinges, and with it on his head he ran as fast as he could on the ice, but could

not make fast time, for he had to hold the door with both hands, consequently could not touch his belt, but on second thought he placed the door on the ice, held on to it with one hand and with the other on his buckle, away he and the door slid over towards the sinking ones, and with one mighty shove he sent the door towards them.

They quickly clung to it. He then pulled off his comforter, tied it to his coat, called for two or three more from those around him, fastened them all together and threw one end to the struggling pair who eagerly clutched it and he pulled them on the ice, which cracked and groaned beneath their weight. By continuous laborious efforts he at last got them out of danger.

Now it happened that the girl who came so near meeting her death, was considered the prettiest girl in the whole crowd, and two hours after the rescue, when lunch had been served, she walked up to John, who was in the center of admiring friends, caught him by the arm and told him she wanted to thank him for saving her life, and insisted on his following her into the schoolroom where a dozen girls were assembled.

After making John sit down in a chair, she exclaimed! "Girls! I am going to do something now out of the ordinary, as I have no other means of showing my gratitude to Mr. Spratt for rescuing me from a watery grave I am going to kiss him, and was on the point of imprinting a kiss on our boy, who quickly flung up his hand and caught the salute on that.

"Not much you don't," said he, "I cannot accept kisses from any girl until I am of age, and that's some time yet."

"Oh! my! he's got a beau! ain't that nice! Who is she?"

Is she pretty? Where does she live?" and lots of other questions were hurled at him.

Our hero began to blush, or rather turn quite red in the face.

Even the girl he refused to kiss felt sorry for him, and remarked so that all could hear her, "It don't make any difference, Mr. Spratt knows he's not handsome, but he is certainly nice—'handsome is that handsome does,' all the same he's brave; and the girl is lucky that's his sweetheart."

CHAPTER THIRD

The time had now come when John had to quit school, and as he stood first in examination, he graduated with highest honors.

Oh! how his parents were pleased, how proud they were of him! They noticed, too, a change in his appearance, his hair had turned in color to a beautiful auburn, plenty of physical exercise, also, began to tell on him, for he became more symmetrical in form, quite good looking.

He still wore the chain and belt and applied the liquid to his head regularly, but sad to relate, the bottle was now nearly empty and he did not know where to replenish it. It bothered him very much, more than once he went and stood by the tree hoping to see the beautiful Fairy, but she did not come.

Now as his school days were over, he made up his mind to go to work, and concluded the best thing he could do would be to stay at home, improve the farm, and so assist his parents, who were getting old and needed his help.

It was hard work, though, to till the soil with only one horse which his father had to use part of the time.

They were not able to buy another one, and Dobbin was too old to stand much work.

John tried to borrow some money from the neighbors, but no one had any to lend.

About this time his mother was taken sick, and his father had the misfortune to fall from his horse and break his leg. Between attending to his parents and working all he could on the farm, he could hardly make ends meet, so he became awfully discouraged.

And worst of all his liquid gave out and he couldn't think. Everything went wrong, it was too bad. Poor John! One day he went down to the spring to get a pail of water, and he heard someone singing, the words were these:

"Oh! do not be discouraged, for a better time will come,
"I am watching over you, you faithful loving son,
"Do your duty every day, the time will not be long,
"When luck will surely find you out, so do be brave and strong."

John looked, the sound came from above.

Away up high above the tree tops he saw a wonderful contrivance.

At first it looked to him as if it were a boat suspended in the air, then again it resembled a huge umbrella.

Then something came in contact with his face, he made a clutch for it.

It proved to be a small bottle attached to a gold thread, which disappeared as soon as he held the bottle, and something dropped all around him, which at first he thought was hail, but when he looked carefully he beheld silver dollars

and half dollars scattered all over the ground, just as if someone had emptied a keg full from above.

It took him some time to gather them all up, and when he finished, he had both trouser pockets full, coat pockets full and a heaping hat full.

Quite a load to carry, but what he prized more than all the money, was the little bottle of liquid.

With the money he bought a good horse and wagon, and then went to work on the farm in earnest.

Every day he could be seen with his sleeves rolled up, a big straw hat on his head, driving the horse hitched to a plow, and wonderful! everything he planted grew at once and so fast, that his crops were ready to be gathered before others got through planting.

Being so successful, made him work all the harder. In truth he worked so hard that it began to tell on him.

The finest machinery will wear out if over worked.

His mother advised him to take a vacation, suggested a trip somewhere, but John did not feel like it, for traveling cost money, and he had none to waste; furthermore there was no place he liked better than home—"sweet home."

One evening, the sun had set, it was about dusk, he had just finished hoeing the corn and being tired sat down on a log near the edge of the field to rest.

Suddenly his ears were assailed by a whirring noise, and before he could look around the same strange looking contrivance he had once before seen settled down before him.

Out of the car or basket stepped a little old man, not over four feet tall with a long white beard that reached to his knees.



His hair was snow white, and a little round red cap on his head made a gay contrast with it. He saluted our hero, informed him that he was deputed by the Princess Marselie who lived in the land of Mars, many thousand miles from here.

He presented an invitation, signed by the Princess, for John to go with him to visit her, and spend his vacation in her company. Her desire was to him equivalent to a command and he must obey.

It was added he must go at once, just as he was dressed; that he could leave a note to his parents informing them that he would be away three weeks, and that they should get some one to look after the farm during his absence.

"All right," said John, "but you will have to wait a little while until I can change my clothes and take a bath."

"That's not necessary," the little old man replied, you get into my car, it will be time enough for you to make your toilet when we arrive at the endless stairs, at the foot of which you will find everything that is needed."

So John wrote a note, stuck it on a pole so that his father would see it, entered the basket with the little man, and hardly had gotten seated when the machine began to whirr and hum as if a thousand little wheels were attached to it, and before he knew it they were sailing along in the air so fast that John could hardly get his breath. The old man smiled, and asked, "Can you stand it, sir? or can we go faster?"

"We are hardly moving, I would like to pass the moon before morning, and we are not half way yet."

John said that going so fast hurt his mouth. Then the old man pulled out a long white beard from the bottom of

the car, and told John to press it to his face, and it would stick. John did so, and then felt all right.

"Now we can go," said the old man, and pressed a button, and my! didn't they just go! They went so fast, that they passed first one ball of fire, then another, like a flash.

"What are these?" John inquired.

"Those are the little stars that occasionally burst and fall to the earth, the people in your world call them shooting stars. They are about five hundred miles apart, we pass one nearly every two minutes. Look out! we are going to pass a comet, which will be visible in your world in about twenty-five years." And sure enough! just then it grew very brilliant, and they could see hundreds of just such contrivances as the one they were in ahead of them.

"Who and what are these?" asked John.

"Electrical airmotors from Mars. Their owners are viewing the comet, but are afraid to go lower for fear they can't get back. No one ever ventured to your earth but the Princess and I; this motor we are in is my own invention, and the Princess can handle it as well as I can.

"She can't find anyone in the Land of Mars whom she thinks is her equal in size, so she took a trip to your world, and this time sent me after you."

"But how could you find me?" said John.

"She traced the exact spot of your house on this chart, and as the needle never varies, I had no trouble in finding you, and as luck would have it you were out of doors.

"See here is your picture, I saw you through my glass long before you could see my motor."

Here he handed Jack a telescope made in Mars, also a photograph.

"How in the world did she get my picture?"

"Oh! easy enough; she saw you twice; once in the woods face to face, another time from overhead, and when we once see a person, his or her likeness is stamped on our memory, and our electrical photographer can take the picture easy enough by connecting the thinking wire of his camera to his head.

"We do not need the person, one only has to concentrate his thoughts on the person's looks—that's all."

"Wonderful," said John, "we haven't got as far advanced as that, but lots of other things we have invented which were never before dreamed of.

"Some of our astronomers even claim they can see solid matter in your place."

"H'm, that's nothing! we have seen you all for the last hundred years from the foot of our stairs; and now and then we see your balloons when they are up in the sky. The trouble is you are afraid of going too high and we are afraid of going too low, but it won't be many years before someone will accomplish the feat from below.

"We would descend to your world, but are afraid it would cause a panic, and the next thing would be a war, and we should be compelled to destroy your earth by fire and that would ruin us, as we need all our electricity to give us light, for we have not the sun as close to us as you have."

"In this way they conversed all night, and as morning approached the little old man gradually slowed down the machine, and they found themselves entering an opening into what seemed to be an immense swinging pavilion, which in appearance was moving, too.

By some means they anchored inside, where could be seen hundreds of the same machines.

They then stepped out of their basket and entered a room, furnished with all kinds of things suitable for the toilet. There hung scores of beautiful suits, woven of some kind of gold thread, and made to fit the body like a net. But, strange to say, every suit but one was too small for John, so he dressed himself in that and found it very comfortable.

The old man, who was ready now to guide our hero to the Princess, conducted him through another chamber to the foot of the great stairs, which were somewhat like an elevator or a series of elevators, that were ascending and descending continually.

They took a seat in one and found themselves going up with a rapidity beyond comprehension.

Up! up! up! they went, as if they were traveling up a huge shaft out of a coal mine.

In this way they traveled two whole hours, when all at once they shot into the open air.

Oh! what a lovely scene met his eyes, thousands upon thousands of electric lights, everywhere to illuminate the country.

There being a number of moons to be seen in Mars, which, strange to say, gave but little light, the inhabitants gave all their attention to electricity, and it seemed everything was operated by that power.

It was almost as light as day when they arrived. To all appearance they were expected, as an immense crowd had assembled to greet them at the opening from which they were to emerge, but quickly gave way as they came forth.

Our hero was so tall, compared to the Martians, that it made him conspicuous.

Bands upon bands of music were heard, but they did not stop to listen, and finally got through the crowd and entered a pavilion brilliant with light of all colors. Here they found a machine shaped like a shell, the seats of which were as soft as down. They boarded it and away they sped, on some smooth driveway, so noiseless and jarless, that they hardly felt they were moving. Now up a beautiful avenue with trees on both sides, then through a big gateway, and again up another fine driveway bordered with sweet smelling shrubs and flowers, and at last to the entrance of a magnificent palace with marble steps and porches, before this they stopped.

A bevy of beautiful maidens with gold trumpets heralded their arrival.

Then a number of little men no larger than boys, dressed in green uniform and armed with small electric silver rods, escorted our hero to the reception hall.

At one end of the spacious room there was a beautiful throne all covered with gold and silver, and sitting on it, was the same beautiful Fairy who gave John the wonderful liquid, belt and neckchain.

She beckoned to him to come forward, and said, "How do you do, John? once more we meet; how did you like your trip?" and held out her hand; which John kissed.

"Fine," he replied, "many thanks to you for giving it to me, I certainly enjoyed it so far."

"And you will enjoy it still more before you go back home," replied the Princess.

“Girls!” and she turned to a lot of maids of honor on each side of her, “give my hero a song of welcome.”

Suddenly enchanting music was heard from invisible somewhere, and they with one accord sang a song so sweet, it thrilled John so that he almost thought he must be in Heaven, and the angels were doing the singing.

When the music ceased, the Princess rose and taking the arm of our Hero, entered, “followed by the train of maidens,” a splendid dining room, in which was a long table loaded with delicacies of every conceivable description; every kind of ice, rich grapes, peaches, apricots, cakes of every kind, and bowls upon bowls of a delicious drink.

You will ask whether John enjoyed the feast? He certainly did, and not the feast alone, for during the whole time he was eating, the music continued, not loud, but low and sweet.

The Princess explained to him that here in Mars, everyone was sociable; that pride of possession was unknown, that no one suffered from want. Every man, woman and child had their duty to perform, which would only take a small part of the day, and the rest of the time they gave to pleasure.

The days being twenty-four hours long, they had plenty of leisure time in which to indulge in all sorts of amusements.

She also told him other wonderful things.

That the people did as they were told, that crime was unknown, everyone loved everyone else; even herself though a Princess, loved and cared as much for every known person in Mars, as she did for her own father and mother; that all the law they ever had was: Do unto others as you wish others to do unto you; you will find that in your Bible.

No one was ashamed to do any manner of work that others did, even "she," could knit, sew, wash, plant or do anything any other girl could do, and that was one reason she took a fancy to John, for she felt convinced that he loved to work. But said there was one sad fact she must tell him, and that was, that the people in Mars all died young compared to what they did in John's world.

The oldest man who ever lived there hardly attained his sixtieth year, but when they did die, they became Fairies and went to the Fairy-world to live for ever and ever.

When the repast was finished they all rose, and the Princess conducted John into another vast hall that had a gallery all around it.

In it were a number of big organs, that were worked by electricity, and it was from them the sweet music came.

In the center of the hall there was a large globe, ever so many feet in size, and on it there could be seen pictures of every description, lovely colored pictures showing beautiful homes, lovely flowers, country scenes, and so forth.

She explained to John that all those things were photographs taken in Mars, and were shown to any one wishing to see them. "Now John," said she, "wish for something you would like to see, and it will appear in a little while."

"I would like to see my parents and the old farm in my world," he said.

Presently the pictures began to change on the globe, suddenly John beheld a farm house, a horse at the door; then his father came to the door and his mother behind him, now his father kissed his mother then mounted his horse and rode away, his mother waving her kerchief at him.

Now the scene changed, the sun was shining over a corn-field, his father and two men were gathering corn, now his mother came up with a pitcher of milk or water, the men all stopped to take a drink from the pitcher; now he saw his mother take something off a pole, it was the note he had fastened on it himself before he left, and no doubt they had just seen it, for they all came up to hear it read; then he saw them clapping their hands, and looking up to the sky.

The scene shifted again—it was night—his father and mother were sitting by a table, on which a lamp with a shade over it was placed, shedding its light on his mother, who was knitting and his father reading a book.

Presently they knelt down side by side, and he could see they were offering up their evening prayer.

John was wonderstruck, and exclaimed, "This beats all I have ever seen in all my life!"

"Do you recognize the people?" said the Princess.

"Certainly," said John, "they are my parents."

"Now do you wonder how I can tell what you are doing when I am not near you? I have simply to wish what I want to see, and the globe will tell me, or rather show me; for when you see the scene before you that will convince you without doubt.

"We have thousands of these globes to show us all we wish to see.

"We call them our electric fortune-tellers, they tell us the truth only."

Lots of other wonderful things the Princess showed John, such as beautiful birds that would eat out of your hand.

The most gorgeous flowers of every conceivable color and odor; beautiful works of art, pictures and statuary too numerous to mention.

In this way they traversed one hall after another, each surpassed the former in beauty and grandeur.

When at last they entered the private apartments of the king and queen, to whom the Princess presented John; he was cordially received. They talked to him in Martianese, and John replied in that language, for strange to say as soon as he put on the suit of clothes he wore, he forgot his native language and understood everything that was spoken to him.

The king informed him that his daughter, the Princess, had taken a trip to his world, and had managed to fall in love with him, a strange thing, but notwithstanding as soon as John was ready they would let her go back to the earth again, and if he wished it, she could go and live with him as his bride and wife, for they realized that their lives were drawing to a close, and others would take their place, but they added, their daughter should do as she liked, in John's world, she would no doubt live to a more advanced age than in theirs.

So the queen kissed him, the king embraced him, and John bid the Princess good-night, and was then conducted to his chamber for rest.

John had such a good time in this new country, that before he knew it, the three weeks came to a close, and he was notified that everything was in readiness for his departure.

Of course he was delighted to know that the Princess would accompany him, so after bidding the king and

queen goody-by, a beautiful electric carriage made of pure silver that glistened in the sunlight like an immense jewel, drew up, in it they seated themselves, and away it sped through the same beautiful grounds, by lovely fountains, through sweet smelling flowers, and finally halted at the entrance of the shaft that led down to the endless stairs.

On their arrival, an immense crowd was on hand to bid them farewell, for the Princess was beloved by all who knew her; in whichever way you looked there could be seen banners and flowers worked into designs, in the shape of wreaths, crosses and pyramids, etc.

Music could be heard everywhere, but in sad strains as if in mourning.

Hundreds saluted, but not a smile could be seen, everyone was sad as if it were a funeral.

In reality it might be considered as one; did not the Princess leave never to return? She had given up father, mother, home, friends, riches, everything, to go with John to his humble home on earth to live with him on his farm.

But that was what she desired, she preferred happiness to everything else, she preferred love in a cottage with her choice.

Again, was not life worth more than all the riches and splendor?

At last they withdrew from her devoted friends and took their seats in one of the elevators, the signal was given and down! down! down! they went. John, who felt sorry for his bride, as she was weeping, put his arm around her, and to comfort her told her he would love her dearly, that she should never regret leaving her friends for he would love and cherish her, that it should be the aim of

his life to do everything to please her and make her happy.

As they descended she ceased crying, and told John that on their journey to the earth she would let him get a glimpse of the Fairy-world, which they could see through the telescope, so when they reached the foot of the stairs, and entered the swinging pavilion, before entering their airship, they went to one of the openings and took a look at the firmament.

The Princess gave John the telescope and told him to look, at first he saw, instead of stars, big balls of fire, but when he gazed longer, he perceived they were worlds with life on them.

He could see things moving, but could not tell what they were.

Presently as he looked, he saw a world that was inhabited, for he could see houses, people, and trees, rivers and mountains.

She informed him that that was the Planet Jupiter passing by, that from where they stood, if they waited long enough, more than one planet could be seen passing by through space.

"Look! Look! John!" she called his attention, "here comes the Fairies," and sure enough, thousands of them could be seen floating in the air all in pure white, with silver wings glistening in the sunlight.

Oh! it was a beautiful sight.

"Your people," she said, "call them Angels, they are on their way to their home in Heaven where all good people go. For God, who made this great universe, the stars, planets, and all the worlds, has his home there, and no one

can get there, until he first dies elsewhere; for first, he must be made pure in order to be fit for this new life so much spoken of in the Bible or Scriptures."

They now left the opening and she told John that if he desired, he could exchange his clothes again for the ones he wore when he first came or he could keep the ones he was dressed in, as they were very valuable.

John preferred to keep the ones in his possession. He could imagine their great value, for the net jacket and trousers, made of gold thread, were literally covered with jewels, and the buttons were pure diamonds. The Princess skirt was fringed with precious stones; for gold, silver and jewels were abundant in Mars, and the only value they had for them were as ornaments worth about as much as beads are on earth. On her head she wore a cap trimmed with them, and the jacket she had on under her fur coat was also made of spun gold thread, even the big buttons on her fur coat were solid gold, and each was worth considerable money. Really their clothes alone were worth a fortune, leaving out what the Princess carried in her hand-bag, her toothbrush, hair-brush, combs and other articles, all of pure gold and jeweled.

Before casting loose the fastenings from their electric airmotor machine, the Princess took her telescope and began looking down for some time, until John asked her what she was looking for?

"I am watching your earth, and waiting until your side of the world comes up so that we can descend.

"At present that part of the world you call China, which was towards us has passed, and now I cannot see anything but water, it must be your ocean, for you see we save more

time by waiting for the earth to turn, than we should by following it as it turns.

"Now we can make a start," so they quickly cut loose and away they floated out into space, then down! down! down! oh! so quickly that they had to put covers over their faces, and John had to envelope himself in a long cloak, that was on the floor of the car.

Down! and down! they went, until the Princess exclaimed, "Look out! we are getting to your home."

They sailed over villages, then around in a circle, and at last slowed down into one of John's fields, right in amongst the wheat, which was golden ripe waiting to be harvested.

It was about dark, everyone that had been at work during the day was at this time getting ready for their evening meal.

John's parents were sitting on the front porch in conversation. They were saying that it was time for their son to be back, for the three weeks would expire that day.

"Come mother," let's take a look around the place before supper, and see if there are any signs of him."

Both arose and walked out on the lawn—when—"Look! Look! Look! Father! what's that?"

"What's what?"

"Up yonder? up in the sky, don't you see?"

"Hello! that must be an airship."

"My goodness! it is coming down! Look dear! Come on! I do believe it's going to land in the wheatfield.

"Oh! my son. My dear! dear son! I am so glad to see you again!" were the exclamations of John's mother, when she got to him.

"My dear boy!" said his father, "we thought you were dead. Thank God! what a blessing! and whom have we the pleasure to meet with you?"

"This lady, father and mother, is the Princess Marselie, who has consented to be my wife and live with us, and be your daughter.

"I am sure you will be pleased with her and love her, for she forsook all, everyone she loved in her country to be with me."

"Why certainly! we are more than pleased, and oh! what strange and valuable clothes you have on! and where have you been? and how is it we could not find out which way you went? How is it you came from above? and are covered with gold."

That was how they talked to John and the Princess, until they reached the house.

When the lamp was lit, and the diamonds and other precious stones sparkled in the light, their amazement could not be described.

To bring this story to a close, I must tell you that John and the Princess got married, that the people wondered where she came from, and how it was that John became so rich all at once.

They sold a lot of the gems for money with which to improve the home.

They built a new house and lived very happy in their nice country home.

Our hero was considered a wonderful man, for everything he did turned out all right, and he became very prosperous and popular.

His lovely wife, too, was equally beloved, because she was so kind to everyone.

Once he asked the Princess how she would like to take a trip home?

“Very much,” she replied, “but we have no way of getting there, our air machine has lost its power, and unless my private secretary will construct another one, and pay us a visit, I am afraid I shall never hear from home again.

“The old man had not long to live and I shouldn’t be surprised in the least if he were dead by now.”

She went on to say there was no one in Mars who would risk his life, to descend as low as she had, that even if she could, she never would want to risk her life in making another trip without proper means; so she would have to give it up for good and all.

John consoled her by telling her that perhaps later, people of this earth would contrive some way to communicate with the people in Mars, as wonderful things are being done every day towards that point.

John and his wife enjoyed themselves, and everyone who became acquainted with the Princess fell in love with her, she was so sweet and good.

Remember I told you before she was taught from childhood up to love everybody; and that’s the way I want you to be taught, my children, so that you may grow up to be like John and his wife; respected and honored by everyone; and that when you die, you will become one of the angels, and be gathered in that throng, which sits around the Throne of the Kingdom of Heaven.

A Trip to the North Pole



IN THE city of New York there lived at one time, adjoining one another, two families.

The head of each family was a professional man; the one, a doctor, and the other a lawyer, and what seems strange they had their offices in another part of the city, side by side, with signs over their doors, one of which would read—"Dr. Charles Womack" and the other "Nathaniel Roberts, Attorney-at-Law;" and what seems stranger still each owned a villa at the seashore, and the lands of each adjoined there.

They had known each other ever since they were boys at school together, and both graduated at the same college, married sisters and kept up their intimate friendship until both were well on in years.

Each had one son and one daughter; both nearly grown.

Paul, the son of the doctor, had entered his eighteenth year, and Silas, frequently called "Si," was one year Paul's junior.

The sisters were several years older than their brothers, and so well reared that they were almost always found at home enjoying domestic life in preference to gadding around the country, visiting and gossiping.

In the city, where the families resided during winter, the boys now and then took them to a theatre, and frequently they had pleasant evening entertainments at home, to which they invited their intimate friends from the

Sunday-school and sewing circle of which they were members.

They were what you might term two well-bred conscientious young Christian ladies, who were as inseparable as their fathers and mothers.

During the summer, when they resided in the country, such innocent amusements, as boating, fishing, bathing and driving out in the pony carts, when Paul and Silas did not take them out in their automobile, were their chief enjoyments.

But not with the two girls nor their parents has this story much to do, an account of Paul and Silas and their adventures is what we will endeavor to give.

One day, when the school season was nearly ended, as they were on their way home, Paul remarked to Silas, "Say! Si! I have got an idea in this head of mine that I would like to carry out, and it will take some dollars to do it, but if you will work on your governor as I intend on mine, I do not think that the money question will bother us much.

"You know that in about a week our dad's will move us to their rural reservation; mine has already given orders to commence packing up, and three months is an awful long time to bask in the sunshine and smell salt water on the beach.

"Remember last year we made a steam launch which proved quite a success. I have an idea that instead of sailing on the water this summer we will sail in the air.

"I have the plan down fine; all I want is your valuable assistance if I can get it, and if we make a success of it, I know we shall have a glorious time; it will be something to astonish the natives."

“Well now, my dream has come true at last; don’t you know, Paul!” said Silas, “I dreamed the other night you and I had made two sets of wings that we could slip our arms into and fly like birds without hardly any physical exertion on our part, and that you and I flew all around our place in the country, and one old farmer who could not see well thought we were eagles, and got his gun to shoot us thinking perhaps we would carry away some of his young lambs, and when he blazed away I awoke and found myself lying on the floor; I must have rolled out of bed.”

Paul laughed as he answered Silas: “I remember the other evening, old boy, when you took supper with us, I could not help noticing the amount of plum pudding you put away, and then on top of that you drank that wine papa offered you; that accounts for your nightmare, only this time it happened to be a bird of prey instead of a quadruped; but laying all jokes aside, come over to our house tonight after tea, and come up to my room and we will talk it all over.

“Alright!” said Silas, “I will be on time. If we were out in the country I would fly over, and with a knowing smile he went on his way home, remarking to himself, “I bet it is an airship he is contemplating building, but he will have to make it large enough to put in two pairs of wings, and I will have to hurry and finish the other pair; I lost so much time trying the others, and I want them to be alright so they will work well, or he will make all manner of fun because I told him my dream; I am glad I did not tell him that part of the dream that gave me the idea of how to make them!”

That night after supper Si went over to Paul's, and was closeted with him over two hours planning, drawing, inventing different parts, discarding some plans and making others, consulting directories, hunting up advertisements, trying to find out where different things could be bought, and also the best; for you must know the money question, or price did not bother them when they had in view an object to perfect.

They had unlimited facilities at their command, as their parents were well-to-do people, and the pocket money each received to do what he wanted with was really a snug sum, quite as much as some merchants had as capital in their business.

What they had to do was to tell their fathers that they wanted to experiment in some mechanical contrivance, and as that was a hobby of both of the old boys, which neither had time to indulge in, they would be more than pleased to humor their boys in it to their hearts' content, and then have a good laugh over it if it turned out a failure.

Neither of the old people had forgotten the circumstance, that once their boys, after a great deal of secrecy, perfected, as they thought, a milking machine, which when they strapped it on a cow's back caused her to become unmanageable and break out of the stable and run around the barn lot, dragging the rubber hose between her hind legs, making her look as if nature had created her with two caudal appendages instead of one.

This is what they said when they met that morning one hour after it happened, both talking at the same time: Nat! ha! ha! fine thing! Did you see it? Another new invention! milking machine! works fine! ha! ha! Milk maid

played out! all you have to do is to buckle on the machine, the cow will do the rest! famous! I guess the cow is resting now, the way she took it around the lot reminded me of a Spanish bull fight, she did not need prodding.

I tell you our boys will yet make their mark in the scientific world. Such brains in young heads I never heard of, but we will not discourage them, we have had our failures, too, in experimenting.

Do you remember the time when you and I went down to the village smithy, how we tampered with his bellows, and do you remember, when the blame thing popped as if a gun went off, and old Johnson drove us out of his shop and afterwards sent a bill to our dads for ten dollars, saying he had to have a new pair of bellows, claiming that it was our fault they burst?

In this way the two old friends would converse until either the breakfast, dinner or supper bell rung, or a servant came to remind them that everyone was waiting for them at the table.

Well, when Paul and Silas parted that night they had everything arranged, and the next time we see them it is at their country home, near the beach in an open place.

They had an enclosure made about one hundred and fifty feet long by fifty feet wide, with doors to it which they kept locked.

Inside of this enclosure they erected a shed, the outside of which was covered with canvas; inside of this shed they had work benches with all kinds of tools, such as machinists and carpenters would use.

Every day for a certain length of time they would be in there at work, now and then you would hear a knocking and filing and a low conversation.

Now and then there were parcels and boxes brought and left outside of the doors, and when those that brought them had departed the young inventors would lug them in.

This secret work had been kept up for over a month, when one day, to the surprise of the curious, they were seen taking the roof off the shed.

The next thing Paul and his conferee gave notice to their folks that they were invited specially, and everyone else that chose to come, to see the great mystery which was about to be exposed.

The news traveled far and wide, and soon everyone in the surrounding districts had heard it.

Now I want to tell you what they had made before I go further.

What do you think it was? It was a first-class airship, with rudders to steer it, and with an engine that worked by electricity to propel it, and an immense inflated rubber and ^{air} bag to raise it up in the sky; and they had it so arranged that the engine which did the propelling would also manufacture gas for the bag.

The car which was suspended by ropes was so made that fire and water could not damage it, nor the gas bag, which was collapsible at the will of the owner, and could be stowed away in the car.

The car also had a top for it which could be drawn over it for protection when not in use. It was arranged so snug and firmly that if it should happen to drop into the water it would float like a cork.

Attached to the outside of the car was a set of rubber-tired wheels; these were composed of the finest steel spokes

and rims, and so geared that the engine, by reversing levers, would propel the car on land as well as in the air.

The same propeller which speeded the ship in the air would act likewise on the water.

They took the precaution to engage privately a dozen men to act as a guard to keep off the more inquisitive ones, for fear they would cause a failure or hitch in their first trial trip.

Twelve o'clock the following day was the time set for the start, if everything should work satisfactorily.

They contemplated, with the consent of their parents, making a more extended tour at another time.

The places they were to visit were not as yet thought about.

Promptly at the time mentioned there had gathered an immense crowd around the enclosure.

Some of the boys were trying to climb on top of the fence, but the guard, who understood their business, promptly caught them, and threatened that, if they did not behave and keep off the fence, they would be locked up until everything was over; and, consequently, they would not behold the ascension, so beautiful order was kept on the grounds.

Foremost among the spectators could be seen the doctor, Mrs. Womack and all their intimate friends; Silas' father and mother, and all their friends.

Lots of people came from all parts to see the wonderful sight—some by trolley cars and in private conveyances, and some came afoot. All the talk during the two weeks past was speculation as to what it could be?

Some had an idea it was a managerie or circus; others thought it was a steamboat; all sorts of conjectures were made.

The most interested spectators were the fathers of our boys.

The doctor and his crony had previously made several bets on it. One, that it was a submarine boat, the other, a balloon.

But didn't the peoples' eyes open when Paul ordered the fence taken down, which was done in a few minutes, for it was so constructed that it could be unfastened at the top and laid down flat so as not to obstruct the view, and afterwards set up again just as quickly to form an enclosure.

They gazed with all the eyes they had, but there was nothing to be seen but an open kind of boat with wheels on the side and a network of ropes and canvas piled on top of it.

Paul and his chum raised their arms to command silence, and then Paul delivered a short address to the people, thanking them for the interest they took in scientific work, and told them that they must be sure to remain in their places while he and his partner made an ascent.

He cautioned them not to venture past the boards into the space reserved for themselves, as they had a great deal of trouble and incurred not a little expense in fitting out this airship.

He had to stop then for a minute or two, for his father and Silas' father were in an excited argument, which was drowning his speech.

One was persisting that it was a balloon, and the other, protested: Whoever heard of a balloon that wasn't filled with gas? that it required gas for the thing to go up, but that the doctor could have his way if it suited him, not a penny was he going to pay until he saw it go up.



So after they had finished their altercation, Paul finished his address, and then both boys stepped over to the airship, as we shall call it, got into it, and disappeared under the cloth and ropes.

Presently the lot of cloth we spoke of began to bulge up, gradually getting bigger and bigger, then expanded until it reached an immense size.

The ropes that were attached to it now became visible and got taut, and everyone could see the car with our young friends sitting in it.

The people began to cheer, and slowly the airship rose to leave the earth.

Silas could be seen at the stern, with one hand holding a lever and with the other waving the Stars and Stripes.

Paul, who sat at the forward end with a signal cord in one hand and a field glass in the other, keeping a sharp lookout in the direction they were going.

So up and up they went until they appeared to be no larger than pigmies.

Now the ship was seen to go first around in a complete circle, then on a zig-zag course, finally it went away off, and everyone thought it was gone for good, but, after a while, it was seen coming back, getting larger and larger, and lower and lower, and at last it hovered over their heads, then gently settled down on mother earth, in just exactly the same place from which it first started.

You may conclude there was a demonstration, such a whooping and cheering as could be heard for nearly a mile.

Paul and Silas, after packing everything well and snug, drew the cover over the airship went among the visitors, who congratulated them on their success.

Reporters for several newspapers asked them all kinds of questions; wanted to know what they were going to do? When they expected to make another trip? Which way they were going to travel? and lots of other questions that did not concern them, but our young inventors were discreet and gave their questioners no more information than really was necessary.

They asked them kindly not to have sensational items regarding the affair inserted in their papers, for they did not like publicity.

The boys might as well have spoken to the wind, it did not have any more effect.

The very next day, and for a week following, whole columns were devoted to the airship, illustrating it in every conceivable way, both going up and coming down.

They were besieged with the greatest number of visitors every day, until it became monotonous.

They could, if they had wished to, have made a lot of money by charging a fee to view their invention, but they did not need to do this, and they did not want everyone to see it at once, for then the novelty would soon wear off.

Having gotten permission of their parents to make an extended trip of a month's duration in their airship, they began to make preparation by laying in quite a supply of provisions, consisting of bread and meat, canned fruits and vegetables.

They also purchased a couple of first-class magazine guns that would fire ten to twelve times without reloading, and plenty of ammunition.

They also placed on board a powerful searchlight, and numerous other valuable accessories, for which they might find use.

One evening after they had completed everything and were ready to make a start in the morning, should the weather be favorable, Paul advised Silas to spend the night with him so that they would be together in the morning, and having no occasion for delay make the ascension as early as possible, before any of their people were stirring, and so avoid all manner of sentimental demonstrations of a parting that would unnerve them at the last minute.

Silas complied with Paul's request, and that night, after supper, he hastened to his chum.

They once more took notes of everything they had done and what they intended to do and where they intended to go, and promptly at ten o'clock offered up their evening devotion, retired to bed, and were soon in the land of dreams.

CHAPTER THE SECOND

It was in the morning, bright and early, before Old Sol had begun to notify that part of the world that he was going to throw his darts in every direction, that our boys were up and at work, pumping gas into their immense bag of silk and rubber, and by the time the fowls began to be seen in the barnyard, getting ready for their morning meal, and the man of all work bathing the sleep out of his eyes at the pump, our friends were a long way from home.

As for their destination, they concluded that as so many had tried to see how far north they could go, and yet no

one had been able to get to the pole, *that this should be their destination.

Nothing nearer would satisfy them.

Everyone heretofore who traveled north in the Arctic Zone, traveled by land, sea and ice; and couldn't get beyond a certain distance before they were blocked by icebergs and drifting ice, and severe cold weather, and a long dark winter.

The long time taken in traveling caused them to be always almost overtaken by darkness.

Our boys did not have slow motion to contend with for, in the first place, they could make a distance in one day which took months for those who traveled by sea or on ice.

If a windstorm came up they could soar either above or below it.

The same if it rained, they could pick their waves in the sky above, as the captain of a vessel could steer his course at sea.

With compass they could tell which way they were going; so far they had been continually heading due North.

In the course of a day or two it began to get very cold, for they had passed the boundary of Russia and were forging straight ahead.

Silas, who had put on a fur coat, threw another to Paul, remarking, "I tell you Paul, I think we shall soon pass the Arctic Circle, hadn't we better try it a little higher? for the iceburg we just passed over, the top of came near touching

*Since this story was written, a matter of a year or two, it is claimed that Peary had reached the furthest latitude north, and the honor of discovering the North Pole, whether he really did, is not for me to say.

us, we ought to be careful and not run any risk, we should make poor headway home if our car should get demolished."

"You'r right Si! I will let her go up higher, for in my opinion the higher we go, the nearer the Sun we shall be, and, therefore, I judge it will be more pleasant for us.

I think after we get her the right height we will let her go along slow so we can get a bite to eat.

You might put the coffeepot on the gas stove and let it get warm for I am quite chilly, and some warm coffee to drink won't go bad after this cold spell.

Do you feel the difference now?"

"You bet I do!" said Si, "I would not go any higher now for the air smells sulphurous, and it will spoil my breakfast."

After they had partaken of some refreshments it suddenly became very dark, and they could not see each other.

"Turn on the light Si, quick!" Paul said.

"All right! as soon as I can find the button."

It took him some time to find it, and when he did it would not work.

"Great goodness Paul!" Si exclaimed, "what shall we do? this is too bad! I remember now I forgot to connect the wires to the searchlight before we started, and I don't know how I shall be able to do it now in this darkness."

"You wait until I get over there, but first let me fasten this lever so it can't move, it doesn't make much difference for we are travelling due North anyhow, perhaps I can find the end of the wire to connect it.

"I have a pocket battery with a small incandescent light that will help me to find it."

"How nice in you that you thought of so small a thing, I really never thought to carry one," remarked Si.

"I don't deserve your praise," answered his friend, "I happened to have it in my pocket the night before we left home.

"I use it to see what time it is, frequently in the night, for I never sleep in a room with a lamp burning, prefer its being dark; I can sleep better.

"The little gem saves me lots of trouble when looking for anything in the dark, for all I have to do is to press the button and it will do the rest, as the fellow said who wanted to sell me a Kodak."

While Paul was talking, and Si was taking his place at the stern, it began to grow lighter, and by the time Paul had connected the wires, it had gotten bright day again, so there wasn't any use for the light at all right then. "Look! look! Paul! what is that you see?" said Silas, pointing down, for just then the clouds parted beneath them, and on one side they saw a tremendous world of ice; which, as the sun was shining on it, reflected every color of the rainbow; it was so dazzling that it hurt their eyes to look at it, and when they gazed down on the other side they saw an immense body of water, and away off in the distance they beheld what looked to them to be a chain of mountains.

It began now to get a good deal warmer, so they concluded to drop lower, thinking it would be a good thing to settle down on the earth once more to get a wink of sleep, and also lay in a fresh supply of water to drink, for during the last six hours they had been drinking such water as they had been able to catch in the clouds; and they wanted a change anyhow, for sitting still so long was beginning to be tiresome.

Paul, who was navigating the airship, pulled a lever, which let some of the gas out of the bag, and the ship began to settle; and Si, who had his fieldglass in his hand, kept a sharp lookout to see where they should land.

Before them was spread out a beautiful panorama.

Lovely green fields, towering green hills, and here and there could be seen what resembled houses; so they concluded they would not land too near any of these, but rather pick out some open place on one of the hills.

This they did and quietly and gently reached terra-firma.

The first thing they did after landing the ship was to fix everything snug and nice about it; then they got their nautical instruments to see in what part of the world they had landed.

Taking into consideration the course they had been steering, for this was something they had learned at school studying geography, mathematics and all those things, that I don't know anything about; so by figuring quite a while they came to the conclusion that they had gone far beyond the Arctic Circle; further than anyone had ever been; had passed the sea of ice, and knew they had reached the end of the world, or were inside of the North Pole; and that this beautiful country, that looked like an earthly paradise, the air of which was so invigorating and refreshing was the long sought place that so many had lost their lives in trying to reach.

So they sat down on the green grass and viewed their situation and determined what next they should do.

After they had rested quite a while, Silas suggested that they should first take a walk around the hill and see what was visible in the distance, and that as a precaution they

should take their guns along, not knowing what might happen to them or who might attack them in this strange country.

So they walked along side by side to the edge of the hill, a distance of about a quarter of a mile, but nothing could they see but some beautiful flowers like our violets, only about four times as large.

Stooping down Silas picked up something that glistened in the sun, and after examining it, handed it to Paul, who was impressed with the idea that it was a diamond, but he would not be certain until he could test it, and he put it in his pocket for future investigations.

Suddenly a flock of beautiful birds flew around them.

Paul raised his gun to shoot into them but Silas restrained him, begging him to wait a few moments and see what they would do.

The birds began to circle nearer and nearer to them, and presently they hovered over them a moment, then alighted at their feet, just like a lot of chickens, only they were a great deal tamer.

When our boys held out their hands just for fun, they flew on their shoulders, and coo'ed like doves, as much as to say, ain't you going to treat us?

Silas who had some crackers in his pockets, for he never went anywhere without carrying something to eat with him, got out a cracker, crumbled up some, and the birds ate out of his hand.

Our explorers admired the beautiful birds very much; in color they were red, green and golden.

When the birds had been fed they flew away, and the boys watched them to see in what direction they went.

After taking an observation they went back to the ship, but just before getting there they noticed a queer looking animal creeping out of a hole in the ground.

It was about the size of an English rabbit with a head shaped like a pig, and four short legs, not over two inches long.

It had large eyes and a bright red bushy tail.

Paul knocked it over with the butt of his gun and killed it; they afterwards skinned and cleaned it, cut it up and cooked it, and found it fine eating.

It was now getting time for them to prepare a suitable place to sleep, and they decided to use their airship temporarily for their sleeping quarters, as they would feel safer ensconced in that, than to be on the outside, not knowing who might trouble them while in the realms of sleep.

It was well they did so, for, no sooner were their eyes closed in sleep, than hundreds of the before-mentioned birds flew down on them, literally covering the airship, and such a noise they made cooing that our boys were bound to awaken.

At first they did not know what to do, but Silas said, "Just wait, Paul! I'll fix them, this is too much of a good thing; I will do a little shooting now in self-defense."

He reached for his gun and immediately began firing into them, but he was able to kill only one: after the smoke cleared away, only one could be seen.

Before going to sleep again they picked the bird and prepared it for their next meal.

Next day, after they had cooked and eaten their morning repast, they prepared to make a more extended exploration of this new country.

Paul suggested to Silas that they might travel in the ship by land and make use of the wheels attached to the car. But Silas, who just then thought of something that had slipped his memory, told Paul he thought it too venture-some to run the airship, perhaps among a lot of barbarians, and get some of the gearing broken traveling over an unknown land without a beaten road, and consequently not knowing what sort of holes they might get into.

Another thing he had something stowed away in the ship, that he, Paul, had never dreamed about.

While speaking, he rummaged in the bottom of the boat and presently brought out a bundle, which he untied and displayed before Paul.

The bundle, which consisted of two pair of attachable wings, so constructed of fine steel rods, like the ribs of an umbrella and covered with the best white silk of the toughest quality.

They were made to open and shut like a fan at the will of the manipulator.

He showed Paul how to strap on a pair and instructed him fully how to use them, told him not to be too quick until he had learned how to control them, and not to fly too high.

Paul, who was listening and looking, was speechless for the time being; he was so taken by surprise, but, nevertheless, did as Si told him, fastened them on and began to flop them and raise them up and down, and before he knew what he had done he found himself turned upside down, and the next thing Si saw was Paul standing on his head in the grass; he could not refrain from laughing at the sorry

figure Paul presented, but righted him up and gave him several lessons in manipulating them.

Inside of an hour Paul could fly just as well as Silas.

They really found it quite a novelty, such a peculiar sensation; it was so delightful to just work their arms and fly like huge birds.

Being now ready to make a flying trip around the vicinity, after first buckling on a revolver apiece, for they could not carry guns, they being too heavy, they spread their wings and flew down the hill for about a mile in the direction of the houses before spoken of.

In front of one of the houses they perceived a beautiful grove of trees, around which they flew several times, finally alighting near a lovely fountain built of purest marble, with a golden figure of a water-nymph or naiad in the center, holding a trumpet to her mouth, out of which was ejected a fine spray of water that circled over and around the fountain basin.

While they stood there admiring the beautiful work, who should step out of the fountain but two beautiful young maidens, who, without any embarrassment whatever, accosted them in some unknown language, which our boys, try as much as they would, could not comprehend, though the maidens spoke in a clear and distinct bell-like voice.

Finding they were not understood they made signs, pointing at the wings then up to the sky, as much as to ask whether our boys came from there, or if they were Angels come down from above.

But our boys shook their heads, pointed South, and tried to make them understand that they came from that direction.



The two maidens seemed to be puzzled, and held a little conversation between themselves, finally they both advanced and held out their hands, which our heroes both promptly took and kissed.

The gallant act caused the maidens both to blush and feel embarrassed for a time, evidently it did not seem to be the fashion with them to be received in that way.

Now, before we go any further, I want to tell you how these fair maidens were garbed.

Their dress was very simple, consisting of a tight or close, fitting garment, cut low at the neck, short at the arms, and reaching a little below the knees. It was made of the finest spun gold thread, so woven as to give them free use of their limbs, but fitted snugly to their bodies to below the waist, where it hung full like a skirt.

Around the waist they wore a belt made of the same material, clasped with big silver buckles, in the center of which was a large diamond.

Their lower limbs to the knees were bare, with the exception of the soles of their feet, on which sandals were strapped.

They wore their hair hanging loose down the back, clasped at the top with bands of gold.

Paul and Silas could not help admiring them, they looked so innocent, and they wondered what their sisters would say if they were to meet them.

But the maidens did not seem to mind the boys gazing at them, evidently the costume they had on was what they were in the habit of wearing.

So after looking at each other awhile like strange children at school, the maidens beckoned our boys to follow them,

which, nothing loth, they did, but all the while observing the way they went, so that if they should want to return to their ship they would know exactly the route to travel, and not get lost in case anything should happen to their wings, which would compel them to return on foot.

The maidens could not help looking back at them every now and then, to assure themselves that they were following, I suppose.

After leaving the fountain, our heroes were led along a lovely walkway, bordered on each side with shrubs and sweet smelling flowers, the fragrance of which affected their nostrils so pleasantly that they imagined they were in a kind of Paradise.

After they had been walking for about five minutes in a half circle, they came in view of one of those houses that we spoke of a while back.

When they approached the entrance their ears were greeted with the sound of music so entrancingly sweet that they had to stop to listen to it.

Never in all their lives before had they heard anything to compare with it.

So enchanting, so fascinating, such unearthly sweetness; but the maidens beckoned them to come along, of course they went, and finally came to what they thought was the entrance, or what we shall so call it.

The house proper was built of solid square blocks of marble.

The front entrance, as well as the rear, was an immense arch, with grated doors of shining brass.

On each side was a smaller entrance or door, at which a guard was stationed with a large bow and quiver of arrows strapped to his back and holding in his hand a long javeling,

which is a long wooden stick with a metal point like an arrow-head secured to the end, with which to prick any animal that should attempt to pass the gate.

The maidens whispered something to the guards, who bowed to them and to our boys.

They were then conducted through the gateway and entered a long wide passage or hall, which was illuminated with glass globes, filled with a wonderful light.

It was wonderful, for as Paul examined one of these lamps, he couldn't see what caused the brilliant light, as there were no burners, no wicks, only a solid white brilliant ball or globe of glass, without any opening for oil, wick, burner or wire.

All he could see was that it gave a powerful light.

It was what he called a bottled light, a light in a bottle without stopper, to all appearance the light seemed blown into the glass, a curiosity such as the world we live in had never seen.

A mystery to both of them.

When they came to the end of the hall the maidens parted two immense portieres, and they entered a magnificent auditorium, illuminated with hundreds of these globes, which made the room almost as bright as day.

At one end of this room was a raised platform covered with a beautiful carpet of many colors, on which were about twenty-four young girls each playing on a strange instrument somewhat resembling a harp; these, with their voices, made the sweet music our friends heard.

As they entered the music ceased, and they were at once surrounded by a number of young men and women, all dressed alike.

They made all manner of gestures to them which our boys did not understand, so Paul touched one of the young men on the arm and drew him to the platform, which they mounted, so that they were in full view of the rest of the company.

He then informed Silas that he was going to try to talk to them in such a way that they would comprehend.

When he raised his arms every one was silent.

First, he pointed heavenward, then to Silas, then himself, and shook his head, by which he gave them to understand that he was a mortal just as they were.

Then he spent some time touching different things, naming them and asking their names, which he immediately wrote down in a little notebook he carried in his pocket. By these means he got them to comprehend who he and Silas were, what part of the world they came from, and how large that world was, and so forth.

After a little while the young men induced our aeronauts to follow them into another spacious room, where a splendid repast was spread on low tables surrounded by couches and divans, on which they were motioned to recline.

Our young friends nothing loth did as they were bid.

When they were all placed around the table, a large gong which was suspended in the dome was struck, and all bowed their heads, and a murmur was heard throughout the room, as they offered up thanks for the repast, then the gong was struck again, and every one began to eat.

Now I must tell you what their menu consisted of: everything was served in large round bowls, not made of china, glass, or silver, but of the purest gold.

First, there were two kinds of meat—birds and fish.

The fish was roasted or baked whole, and was in the shape of a five-pointed star, it tasted very much like our soft crabs, and the bird was baked in a pie, and was seasoned with some kind of herb, which made them very palatable.

Then there were all kind of fruits and dainties.

Our young friends enjoyed their meal very much, but when they drank some of the water, of which there was plenty in quart mugs of embossed silver, they felt a sudden thrill go all over them that seemed virtually to affect every nerve in them.

This water, of which I will tell you later was all the drink they had; it took the place of tea, coffee, wine and milk.

There were several things our friends noticed, namely: They did not use forks and knives for everything was so tender and nicely cooked that the only thing needed to convey the food to the mouth was a spoon. Those used were of gold.

Each person had his or her allowance put before him, and just enough so as not to leave a waste.

There was perfect silence during the repast, consequently there was no time wasted while eating.

There was another thing they noticed: of all the people they saw, both male and female, not one looked old or sick, everyone appeared young, happy and in good spirits.

Paul and Silas pretty soon felt at home with these people, who never tired of showing their hospitality.

By using signs they began to pick up some of their language, and were surprised to find out that the water they drank was so invigorating, that it had the effect of making them feel younger every day they drank it.

It was the elixer that preserved the people so well, that time had no effect on them.

Some of the men, they were told, who looked no older than our boys, were really over two hundred years old.

The two maidens, whom they first met at the fountain, they found out to be old enough to be their grandmothers.

Another thing I want to tell you about these people is that they were all innocent of any crime in any form, they were, so to speak, innocent as Adam and Eve were when in the garden of Eden.

Marriage was unknown; every one was as brother and sister.

Wives and husbands they never heard of. When our boys became somewhat fluent in their language; they told them of the parents and friends they had left behind, and they did not know what to make of it.

They informed Paul that there were some graves in a certain part of their country, that were believed to contain the bodies of some persons supposed at one time to have been aged and gray-haired, weak and feeble before the breath left their bodies; as for themselves, they never knew what sickness was.

In regard to money, riches and wine, they were in complete ignorance.

Of their origin they could tell nothing; they were always here, and that satisfied them.

Did any of them ever get killed?

Oh! yes! once, they lost a brother by drowning, and once several got burnt up; but since then, ever so many had made their appearance among them, only they did not have wings.

How did they appear, and where?

Oh! at the point of this land, pointing north, they first came in a cloud and had remained with them ever since.

Paul and Silas were mystified by such information, but concluded when they had the opportunity they would certainly try to solve this mystery of perpetual life, and at no distant time.

It was something worth striving for, particularly this never-ending youthful appearance.

They each kept a pocket diary, in which they wrote all that was told them of importance, and were also very careful not to do or say things that would have a tendency perhaps to cause hard feelings in the minds of their new-found friends.

They were treated very much as if they were brothers instead of strangers, nothing was hid from them, secrets were unknown here.

They learned how to play on the golden harps and to sing some of their sweet songs.

They attended their devotional exercises, for these people claimed only one God—their Jehovah, and looked for the time to come when they never more would suffer from hunger, which was the only ailment they ever had, for, of course, they had to till the soil and work to raise food.

As for clothes, they did not need them, except for ornament; that was why each and every one wore only a golden skirt with a belt.

The climate was balmy, frosts were unknown, and excessive heat also; it was more like a perpetual spring.

Our boys enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content.

They showed the people how they could fly with their wings; they exhibited their airship, and all wondered how they could perfect such an invention.

Oh! it was very pleasant to live with these people, who knew no sin, and never heard of Satan and his temptations.

Our boys, like all other boys, or like most boys born in the United States, began now to weary of this monotony; of course they helped all they could in work to pass the time; could kiss and hug any of the girls if they wanted to; but who would want to kiss maidens two hundred years old? even if they did look young and beautiful; the very thought was a horror to them; they were beginning to get homesick; wanted to see their parents and friends once more.

Perhaps if they could have had them there they would have been better satisfied.

The longer they stayed the more they wanted to get away, and one day they mentioned the matter, and the people raised no objection, only were sorry that they wanted to leave them.

Paul proposed that they should stay long enough with them to help them build another airship, in which some of them could accompany them.

The proposition met with approval, but when the list was made out for the things required, no silk and rubber could be found, as these two articles were unknown here.

It required more of that than anything else to make the gas bag.

Brass, gold, silver and wood, were here in abundance, but nothing of the textile order as wool, cotton, silk and rubber.

The truth was they could utilize the skins of such animals as lived here, but that was not sufficient; consequently, they had to abandon the project.

It was a comfort to them that their ship was all right, or they would have been in a bad fix as to ever getting back home again.

But home wasn't just then their object; they wanted first to explore until they reached the extreme northern point of the earth.

Referring to their diary we find them one day, it was Monday, after they had put their airship in perfect order, informing their new friends that they were going to make a short trip through the clouds to find out where their friends who had appeared so suddenly, came from, and did not know from whence they came.

All held up their hands in horror and dismay when they learned the destination our boys contemplated, and declared that if they ventured in that direction they surely would be destroyed by fire.

Every one who came that way said they had to come through fire, but were carried through so fast in an iron cage or shell that the heat had no time to kill them, but that they were nearly strangled and suffocated by the heat and gas; all they could remember was that they were reared in innocence, and were never permitted to see any person but the women who reared them.

After they had attained a certain age and size, one day they were taken and put in the iron receptacle, which was filled with artificial air sufficient to keep them alive a certain length of time, and suddenly they found themselves propelled by some unknown force, and the next thing they

knew they were in this beautiful country, welcomed by these kind people with whom they were contented to live the remainder of their lives.

This roused our boys' curiosity more than ever, and they hesitated no longer, but told them they would go anyhow and see the place.

Now, instead of going in the clouds, they concluded to go by land, and fixed their ship so as to run on wheels.

When everything was ready they entered the ship, waved their friends a farewell, and sped rapidly away.

The country being level and not obstructed by ravines, rocks and other obstacles, they made such rapid progress that after they had traveled about one hundred or one hundred and fifty miles due north the land began to get narrow, or rather they could only perceive clouds on either side of them; what was beyond them they were unable to tell, for ahead of them spread a vast stretch of level country destitute of vegetation.

The air was beginning to get warmer and warmer, and finally it grew so hot that they were afraid to venture further.

Hot steam rising in front of them prevented their seeing anything ahead; nothing but clouds of steam.

So they came to a stop and decided not to venture further, the hot steam might ruin their airship, and they concluded to turn back.

While they were in the act of turning around, something sped by them, "r-s-s-t."

It passed by so quickly that they could only see a round object, like an immense iron ball, forging ahead in the

distance; nothing loth, they gave chase, and in a little while came up to what remained of it.

The ball or shell had burst apart, and in place of it they beheld a beautiful young maiden, who stood wondering where she was.

They accosted her in the language they had lately learned, and for a wonder she understood them.

She told them the story they had already heard of how she was brought up, secluded from the rest of the world and people, and how she was served after reaching a certain age.

They asked her how long she was in getting here?

She told them it took only a few minutes; that she came so fast it nearly took her breath away, and it was, oh! so very hot.

They examined the broken shell, found it made of a metal, like iron, and still quite warm.

After a consultation they decided to take the maiden with them as far as their late friends, who, no doubt, would welcome her and provide for her.

She gladly accepted a seat in the ship.

It was late next day when they returned to their starting point, being no wiser than they were when they set out.

Their late friends bid them welcome just the same, and begged them to stay.

Our boys who now had their minds set on going home, could not be induced to prolong their visit, so their kind friends, finding all their persuasions unavailing, pressed them no longer, but loaded them with presents in the shape of gold and precious stones; seeing our friends valued them more than anything else.



They were carefully stowed away in the bottom of the airship.

They took along a considerable quantity of the life-giving water, also several of the wonderful bottled lights, and provisions, not that they needed the latter for they had quite a lot of the canned goods left, which they had taken along when they left home.

The whole time they stayed in this paradise they did not eat their own food, the victuals of these people was so far superior to their own, that they did not relish canned meats, etc.

What they accepted was merely as a curiosity to show their people when they reached home.

After bidding all an affectionate good-by, they inflated their gas bag, entered their ship, which gently rose upward, and soon the country they had begun to love was left far behind.

Now when they reached a certain height from the earth, they found it quite another matter to steer on a southern course, for they had to go up higher and higher, until they were far above the clouds; finally they struck an air current, that carried them in the right direction, which they kept for some time.

Suddenly it became quite dark, but this time they opened up their searchlight, but could see nothing but clouds, clouds, clouds, and as they kept on, it began to get colder and colder, and they had to put on their fur coats; but onward they went, always due south.

They were sailing along quite a while, both thinking of home, sweet home, when suddenly something struck them a fearful blow, the car they were in turned round and round, and all at once there was a loud explosion.

The gas bag had burst on one side, and they found themselves going down! down! down! finally, with a loud splash, they dropped in water.

They never lost their presence of mind though, and they quickly cut loose the ropes that held the gas bag, which finally collapsed, they then hauled in the wet mass of silk and rubber, and stowed it away in the bottom of the ship. Silas, who was at the helm, told Paul to examine the motor and see if it was all right, remarking, "I call this a narrow shave; don't you think so old boy?"

Paul answered, "I tell you it certainly was; I thought the jig was up." But he very soon had the machinery at work, and they found themselves moving along quite briskly.

Taking an observation they found themselves somewhere on the North Sea, traveling towards the British Isles.

Their mishap was caused by sailing too low, and so coming in contact with the tip of an iceberg, which was floating in the North Sea.

The impact caused the valve rope to break; consequently the gas bag was taking in too much gas, causing it to burst on one side; naturally the ship careened, graduating the escape of the gas, which saved their lives, as it was they came down very fast, but not so rapidly as to crush them on the water.

On land it might have been worse.

The damage they could very easily remedy when they had the opportunity, as for their being on the water, their ship was adapted for that as well as the air, so they were

perfectly safe, only they were a long way from home, and had a much slower way of traveling.

So the best thing for them to do was to make for the shore as quickly as possible, which they tried to do, but after two days' bobbing along on the water they sighted a vessel, which proved to be a whaling ship.

Hastely they put up a signal, and turned on their search-light, for it was beginning to get dark. They were seen; and when they came alongside were hauled aboard.

When the captain of the whale ship had interviewed our boys, he told them pointblank that he believed no such yarn; they might tell that to the marines, he, himself, could not swallow such stuff; his sailors spun those yarns time and again on calm days to amuse themselves.

Nevertheless he was puzzled "by the horn of Gibraltar," to know how two youngsters, that had nary a razor to their face, could get away out here in the middle of the North Sea; right in the passage of whales, in such a cockle shell of a boat with wheels on it.

It took our boys some time to convince him of the truth of their statement.

He had to examine their airship, which was stowed amid-ship, and have it explained to him how it worked.

Gradually he began to comprehend, and complimented our young friends on their wonderful invention.

But he was still more surprised, when Paul told him where they had been, and when he brought out one of the lights and its beams, like sunlight, penetrated every nook and corner of the deck, he was speechless.

Paul told him who his father was, and where their home was, and that neither himself nor Silas wanted a free passage,

that they were not going to try to be a burden on him, that they were fully able and would compensate him well for any trouble or expense they might be to him.

The captain, who was a rough old fellow but kindhearted to the core, could not stand it any longer; but exclaimed! "Now stow that! not another word of remuneration! or shiver my timbers, I'll have you both put in your cockle shell and send you adrift.

"What in greased lightning do you take me for, I'll let you know that Nantucket is the place I hail from.

"There is nothing short about me, only oil, and there'll be blubber enough by and by.

"I want you young men to make yourselves at home on the Sally Ann, for shiver my timbers! not the devil of a pay would he take from any such foine specimens of American gentlemen; with brains enough to stock the whole universe.

"For forty years he had sailed the Sally Ann, which was as good a ship as ever floated on water, but to go beyond these icebergs, he never would, not if he lived to be as old as Mathusally, and not for all the gold in King Solomon's mines."

Just then the gong struck; the watch and the boatswain's whistle was heard for supper, and our boys, who now were the captains' guests, had to go down with him.

But before they went he ordered the boatswain to summon all hands on deck, which he did in a hurry, thinking the ship was on fire, when he saw the bright light our boys hadn't put away after showing it to the captain.

Our boys were then introduced to all the ship's crew, who were told to extend the hospitality of the ship to them,

and treat them the same as if one was the King of England, and the other the President of the United States.

Paul and Silas, after lounging around in the ship for a day or two, began to weary of the monotony of doing nothing, and the following day being calm they thought it would be a good idea to overhaul their gas bag.

With some silk and rubber they had stowed away in a chest they repaired the rent in the bag, and with some rope the captain gave them they spliced the ropes that held it to the car; and after fixing everything good and snug, for it was their intention that on the first opportunity they would give the airship another trial, this mode of sailing in a whaling ship was too slow for them; it would be months before they would reach home.

While the captain was conversing with them one day, the lookout above cried out, "Whale-oh!"

The captain answered, "Where away?"

"Three points off the starboard bow."

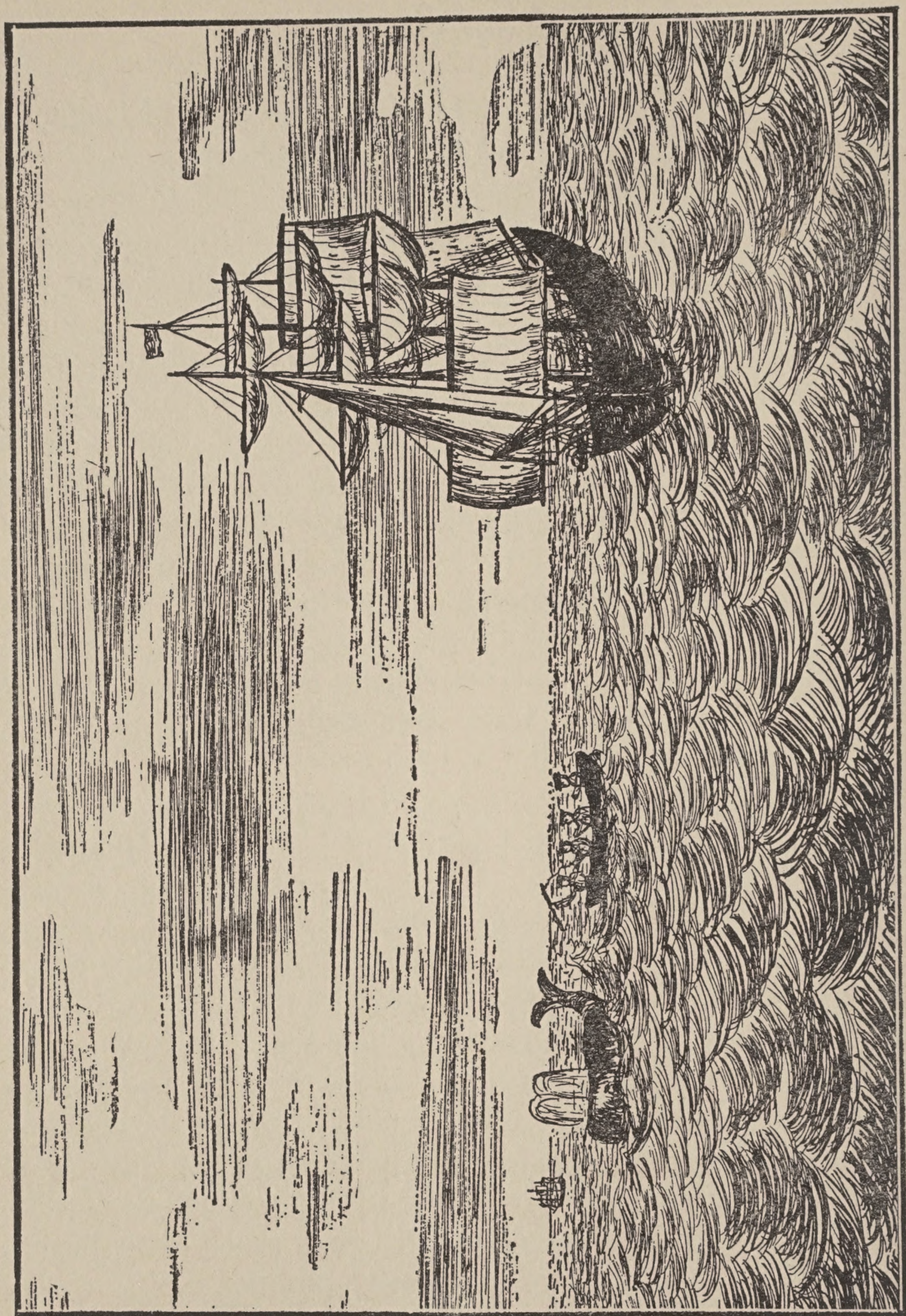
"Make ready! Call the harpooner? Every man to the boats."

Everything was in a bustle at once.

Our boys were filled with excitement, too, for this was a different kind of fishing than they were used to.

Oh! it was exciting when the whale was struck, and the iron entered his body and the blood colored the water; how he struggled in his death agony; how he lashed the water into foam with his tail, and when afterwards he lay a floating mass on the water; how he was hauled alongside the ship, and how the sailors with axes and knives began to cut him up and fill the barrels with blubber.

Our boys did not get lonesome, but enjoyed it immensely.



It was the first time they had seen a whale captured, and it was quite a novelty to them.

The captain informed them after they had finished storing away the blubber that he was going to steer for the shore to lay in a supply of fresh water, which they were glad to hear, for they could not ascend with their ship while on the vessel.

Their idea was, when they reached land to sail in their own ship, and give the sailors an opportunity to witness the ascension; and another thing, the end of their vacation was drawing near, and they had to be at home.

It was not very long before land was sighted, and all hands were glad to stretch their legs on shore once more.

Paul and Silas were not long in getting ready for their flight.

The captain and all his crew gathered around them to see them start, and didn't their eyes open when they saw with what ease our boys inflated the gas bag.

Didn't they cheer—hip! hip! hurrah!

When last our boys saw them they were still looking and wondering.

Paul and Silas were now fairly on their way home, and would if nothing happened to them, get there very soon.

It being nearly three months, they thought, since they slept together that night at Paul's house, and they often thought that they ought not to have left on such short notice.

They were talking about what they were going to do when they reached home, as they did not go back empty handed; in the bottom of the boat was a chest full of valuable jewels, and lumps of purest gold, that were given them by the people of the North Pole, enough to make them independently rich.



Considering their wonderful airship, and their wings, how great they would become; how rich, popular, influential; the whole world would honor them for solving the mystery of the North Pole.

Then the wonderful bottled light, we must not forget that this was the theme of their conversation as they were drifting along rapidly with the wind.

Silas, who had the telescope in his hand and was attending to the motor, suddenly called out, "Paul! Paul! for goodness sake! we're in New York! Look out for the Statue of Liberty! and before the word was out of his mouth, there was a crash and a ripping and tearing, and they found themselves entangled with the net work of ropes around the statue; ever so many hundred of feet in the air.

The car was tilted away on one side, and all they could do was to scream out, help! help! help!

They awoke simultaneously rubbing their eyes.

"My goodness! what a dream I had!" exclaimed Silas, "it beats anything I ever experienced, it was so real."

"You ought to hear mine," said Paul, yawning, "I dreamed we were at the North Pole."

"And I on the Statue of Liberty in the New York harbor crying help, help, help."

Two such foolish looking fellows you never saw; as they were when they told each other their dream.

It was so vivid they couldn't hardly realize that it surely was a dream, and the strangest part of it was, that both dreamed the same dream.

They sat quite a while on their bed talking about it, when they heard the breakfast bell ring, and Paul's sister knocking at the door and asking them what was the matter? that she

wasn't going to ring the bell any longer, advised them hereafter not to sit up half the night talking, and not to be able to get up in time to see what the storm had done last night.

Their shed with its contents, was blown all over the place, and their portable fence was washed clean away.

All their work was demolished.

Here and there, could be found a fragment of their airship.

Even their steam launch was missing, but they found out later that a neighbor had borrowed it to rescue some people who were from the neighborhood and supposed to be lost off shore somewhere.

The storm played such havoc with their inventions that they concluded to cease all such work until they had completed their education, and for the present enjoy their vacation resting, instead of working.

Later on, when their school days were over, they would employ men and means and build another airship, after the model of the one they had made; only larger and stronger, and demonstrate to the world that aerial navigation would be the future means of transportation, even if they never should get as far as the North Pole.

This was only a dream, but people are still trying they may get there yet, and are still making attempts while wide awake.

As it was, our boys were glad it was a dream, for they would rather by far be enjoying a long walk on this beautiful morning in the glorious sunlight at home with their friends, than to be hung up on the Statue of Liberty calling for help! help! help!

The Adventures of Edward Fox; or, The Magic Fiddle and Wax



THE story I am about to relate concerns a boy and his magic fiddle and magic cement. His name was Edward Fox, but I shall call him Ned, for by that name his foster parents called him.

He never knew his real parents, for one day, when he was a wee baby, he was found in a basket at the door step of the Foxes.

Mr. and Mrs. Fox were poor people, and had to work very hard for a mere living.

Mr. Fox was a shoemaker and kept a little shop at the extreme end of one of the principal streets in the then quiet city, the capitol of Virginia.

At the time of Ned's birth, in the year 1867, Richmond was a very quiet city. Electric cars, telephones, phonographs, baseball parks, moving picture exhibitions, roller skating rinks or electric lights were not even thought of.

Once a year a circus would pitch its tent on the old fair grounds, and once a year the State fair was held, to which the country people would come in wagons, buggies and carts.

The old canal boats would bring people from adjacent counties, and the one or two railroads then in existence would help to bring the crowd.

Mr. and Mrs. Fox one morning upon opening their shop door found our little hero on the doorsill squalling lustily for nourishment, and since having no children of their own, they took him in and acted as father and mother to him.

Ned eventually became a good boy and loved his foster parents, and it often worried him while attending school to know what he should do to return their kindness and to lessen their labors.

To be a common cobbler was not what he desired, and a clerkship in a store would not pay enough to earn his board and help them, and to take a course in college required a goodly sum of money.

Ned, being of an obliging disposition, had many friends, not only among the white people but also with the colored people who were thrown on their own resources.

Slavery having been abolished before this time.

He had one good old friend, an old darkey, who had been brought over from Africa when a youth and sold into slavery; he was now free, but alone in the world.

His old master had lost his life in the war, and his master's wife when she received the news died of grief, for she loved her husband devotedly.

Old Uncle Ned loved our boy, and Ned used to confide to him his troubles, and Uncle Ned consoled him time and again by telling him his time would come for prosperity, just to wait and he would taste of the good things of the world.

The time came sooner than Ned expected; old Uncle Ned was taken very ill and sent for him, and told him as his "Uncle Ned's" end was drawing near he would confide to him a secret that no one knew but himself; it was this:

Many years before, when he was a boy in Africa where he came from, there was a place, a piece of dry land about five acres in dimension, situated in the middle of a swamp filled with snakes, alligators and wild beasts.

He remembered once that he and another boy went hunting with their bows and arrows and spears, they waded out in the marsh and saw a beautiful green knoll with something upon it that looked like gold and silver, but when the alligators came with their big mouths opened, they were frightened and fled.

Shortly afterwards, when curiosity led him there again, he was seen and captured by white men who brought him to this country.

He described the place and the shore where they embarked with him so accurately that Ned sketched it on a piece of paper, showing to Uncle Ned the exact place where the ship lay that brought him to this country, that if he ever got the chance, Ned made up his mind he would go there and search for the designated spot.

Uncle Ned also gave him an old fiddle that he made, and a recipe for a curious wax or cement which, when applied, was stronger than steel or iron, and told him whenever he played on the fiddle that whoever heard would be compelled to either dance or cry as the player willed, and if he made the cement according to the recipe, he could depend that any broken article mended with it would never break in the same place again.

Ned thanked him very much, and after bidding him good-bye, carried his treasures home.

The old man did not long survive the attack; the next time Ned went to see him he was dead.



Ned had now attained his fourteenth year, and during the last year or two, he had saved up his pennies until he had accumulated quite a good sum of money, so he had a consultation with his foster parents and advised them of his plans for the future.

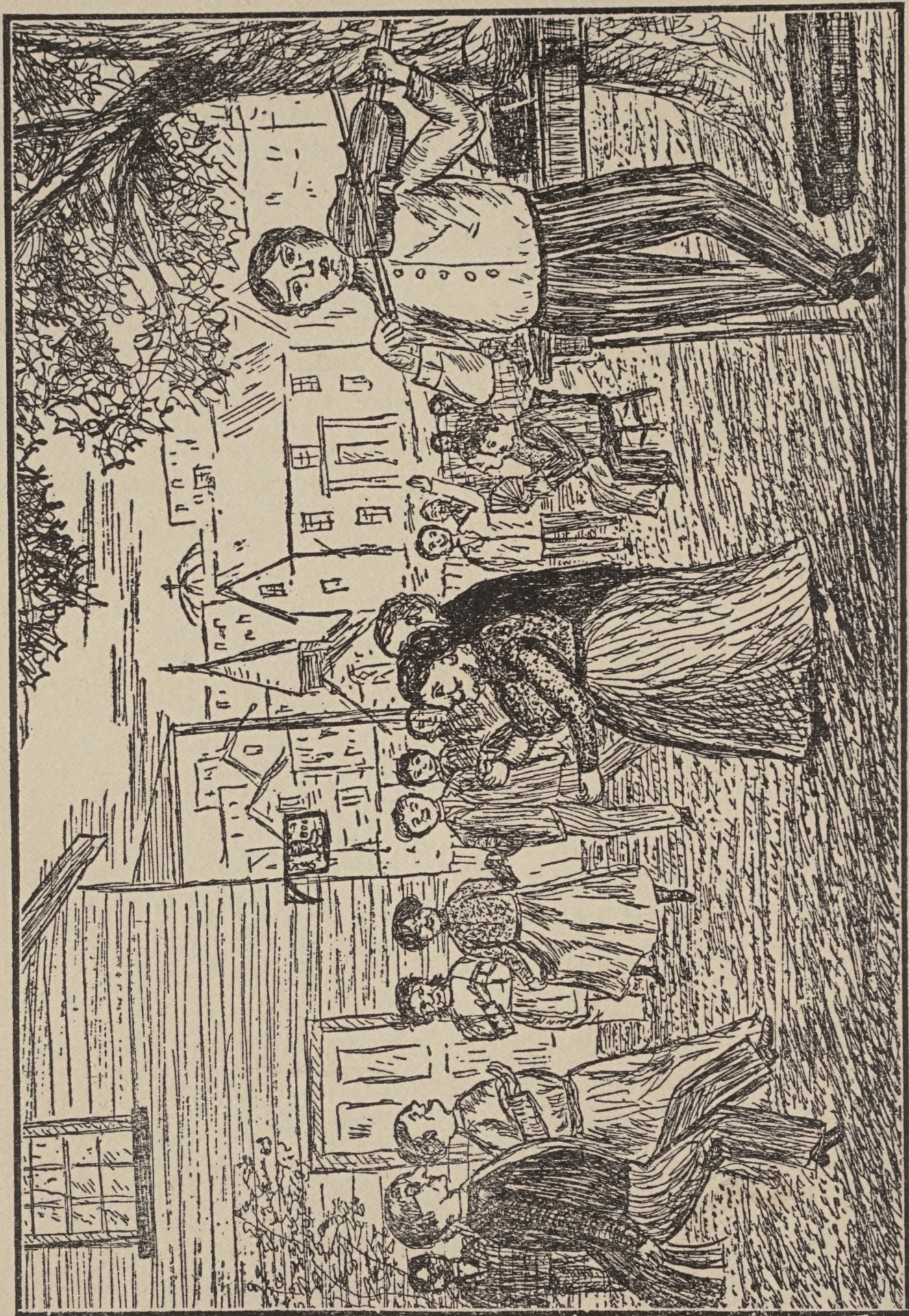
His idea was to fit himself out with a travelling outfit and take a trip around the world, and make use of his fiddle and wax to pay his expenses, and what he made in excess of his needs he was to send home to his parents.

As he was all they had in their old age to place their affections on, they were naturally unwilling to see him depart and Ned, too, hated to leave them, for he sincerely returned their love.

But fate willed it that he should go.

So one day, after he had bought the ingredients according to the recipe, he made a lot of cement in stick shape, and completed his first concoction of it. Mr. Fox was just then putting a pair of soles on shoes with pegs; Ned told him to wait a moment as he wanted to try something, so he put some of his cement on the soles, and some on both of the shoes and pressed them together, and wonderful to relate they adhered at once, and so firmly that no sewing or pegging was required, and all the pulling on them could not loosen them, even water had no effect on it; the cement did the work of pegging and sewing, and made a much better job.

Mr. Fox was very much pleased with the result, and got Ned to make him a lot of it for future use, for now he would not need to do any more sewing and pegging, and the shoes and boots which came to him for repairing would



look much neater than of yore, consequently his custom would increase.

Before Ned left home he invited all of his friends and their sisters to his home, but the rooms being small and the afternoon warm, his parents set a table in their backyard under the shade of a big oak tree, around which all gathered to partake of the good things provided for them.

Some old friends of Mr. and Mrs. Fox were invited, too, among whom was the schoolmaster and his wife.

It was quite a social affair, every one was in good spirits, laughing and talking, all joined in wishing Ned good luck and success.

Later on, Ned told them of the fiddle old Uncle Ned had given him; all said, "bring it out!" "Let's see it!"

Even his schoolmaster asked to see it, perhaps he may play it.

Ned brought it out and handed it to him. The schoolmaster, who was an expert performer on the violin, tuned it and played several popular airs, such as "Dixie," "Home, Sweet Home," etc.

Every one was delighted; finally he passed it back to Ned and told him he should learn to play upon it, as nothing could drive away dull care better than music.

Ned received the fiddle gingerly and just for the fun of it placed the instrument to his shoulder, made an elaborate bow to his audience, as he saw the schoolmaster do, and began to slowly draw the bow across the strings, and all at once, to his utmost surprise his fingers began manipulating the strings, and music such as they had never heard came from the violin, first a beautiful waltz, then a sonata, which finally changed into a beautiful quickstep and reel, where-

upon everyone unconsciously rose to their feet and began dancing, slowly at first, keeping time with the music, then faster and faster, old and young, big and little, everyone danced.

Schoolmaster and children, all tore up the ground with their feet, everyone tried to outdo the other, until Ned saw that if he kept on playing there would be no end to it, so he ceased abruptly.

You ought to have seen them, the perspiration was rolling down all their faces, and some became quite red in the face, but all complimented him on his remarkable playing; said it surpassed anything they had ever heard, and expressed thoughts that there must be magic in the fiddle, for some had never before tried to dance.

Ned could not at first speak for laughing, but later remarked that he hoped they had enjoyed themselves.

He offered to play again, but they begged him not to, for fear they would dance themselves to death and thereby break up the festival.

Finally they all went home, and in bidding him good-by, requested that he keep them informed of his experiences on his journey, which he promised to do.

Next day, Ned packed a small grip with an extra suit of clothes, reserving a space in it for a small quantity of his wonderful cement, and with it in one hand and his violin in a bag thrown over his shoulder he bade his foster parents goodby, and started on his journey a foot.

After walking for three uneventful hours, the road brought him to a river spanned by a bridge, and on drawing near he observed a crowd of people assembled over what seemed to be a wreck.

Right at the commencement of the bridge, which was used by travellers a foot and vehicles, were two heavy wagons locked together with both hind axles broken, and the horses harnessed to each were jumping and tugging at the traces, trying to pull them apart.

The drivers were in distress, knowing the danger, several men were trying to hold the now unmanagable horses, while others were doing their best to get the traces unhooked.

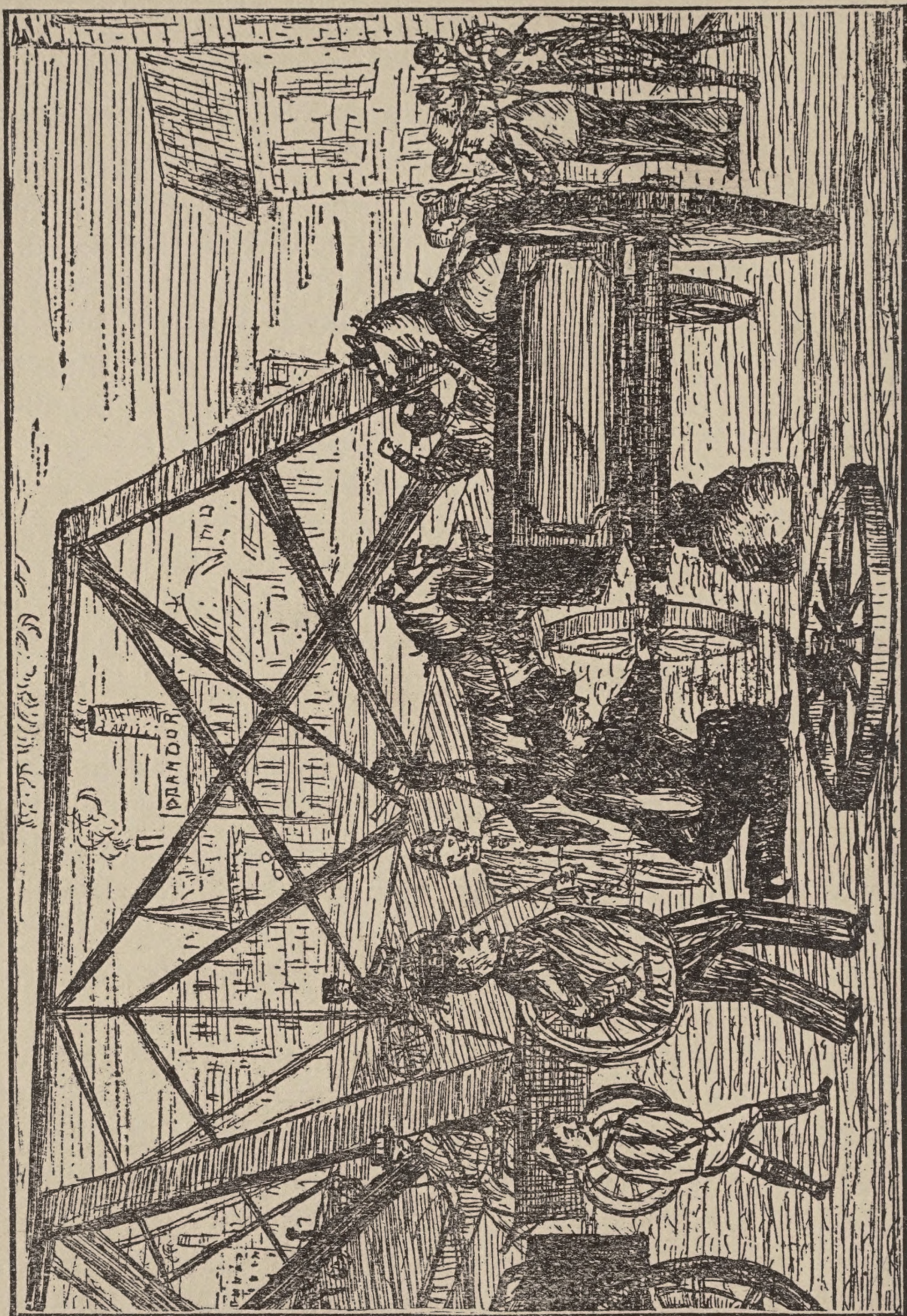
When our hero arrived they had gotten dangerously near the embankment beside the bridge, a few yards more and the animals would go over the edge into the river.

With great presence of mind Ned took it all in with a glance; being young and quick, he got out his pocket knife, which was very sharp, and with a bound he rushed in among the horses, slashed at the leather traces, severing first one then the other which set the horses free, whom the men held by the bridles until they quieted down, then he asked the drivers to get the wagons apart, and that he would repair the damage in a few minutes if they would let him.

One of the drivers told him he would give him five dollars if he could mend his wagon axle sufficiently strong to carry the load away without any more delay, that he was already one hour behind time.

The other man made the same request about his wagon, as for the traces they said they would lash them together until they got home.

Ned bade them wait a moment; he then opened his grip, selected a piece of his cement, made them prop up one axle, and applied some of the cement to the broken parts



and joined them together; sure enough, immediately the ends touched they adhered so firmly that when the prop was knocked from under the axle the jar did not effect it in the least.

The people all wondered and stared, several expressed doubts that the mend would hold, so to demonstrate that the work was perfect, Ned told them to get on the wagon, which with four or five more men they did; proving that the mend was complete.

He then quickly fixed the other wagon the same way, then called for the traces, which he also repaired with the cement in the same manner, collected his ten dollars, and carefully stowing it away in his purse, and with the thanks of the drivers in his ears, took his departure.

When he was seen leaving the place of the accident, some of the crowd that had gathered, recovering from their surprise, followed and overtook him.

Some wanted to buy a portion of his cement, others wanted him to do mending for them.

One man offered him fifty dollars for the recipe, but Ned refused them all, saying he had no time to stop, as it was important for him to be going, he said, if I come back this way I may listen to some of your offers; in the meanwhile he kept on walking, and the crowd which followed him grew larger, and some more troublesome informed him of their intentions to accompany him, no matter where he went.

Ned did not like this, he had no fancy for a rabble following at his heels, and he spoke plainly to that effect; they still persisted, however, and followed until they came to a large railroad station; once there, he had a bright idea, he stopped for a moment, took his fiddle out of the bag, and



quickly tuned it, asking those nearest to him to allow him a little room, that he once read in one of his school books how a hunter had kept a pack of wolves from making a meal of him by charming them with the music of his violin, and that he was going to try the trick on them.

They laughed and told him to go ahead, one red-nosed toper offered to take up a collection for him, no doubt thinking there would be some silver in it for him to get a fresh supply of liquor. Our hero ignored him and struck up a lively twostep, and in a minute or two the crowd began swaying backwards and forwards to the time of the music.

Such an unusual sight soon brought more people who, upon hearing the magical strains, immediately joined in the dance; no one within hearing of his violin could keep their feet still.

Presently Ned changed the tune to something livelier, the crowd responded, their feet went faster.

Now came a preacher, who forgetting his calling and clerical garb in which he was invested, placed his hands beneath his coattails and began tripping the light fantastic.

Several country women with old-fashioned traveling bags, as soon as they came within sight and hearing, began to dance, one or two young clerks from nearby stores also joined in, three young maidens, a prim old maid and one big, fat old colored woman fairly made the dust fly, and in her extacy encircled the reverented brother's waist with her arms, all were jumping and shuffling their feet in the wildest manner.

Finally some officials from the railroad station danced into view, and last, but not least, came two big fat blue-

coated policemen to disperse the rabble, they also were charmed with the music, men women and children, black and white, all danced around the policemen who were vainly endeavoring to stop others from dancing, but could not restrain the impulse to shake their own legs and feet in rythm to the tuneful strains.

Just then the train rolled into the station, and Ned seeing his chance clutched his grip and quickly slipped through the dancing crowd and jumped aboard the train where he found an obscure seat, in which he ensconced himself with his belongings.

In a few minutes it quieted down outside, as the music had stopped.

The people wondered why such fools they had been; the preacher disengaged himself from the old colored sister in disgust, the policemen seized two little boys by the arms, who had been laughing at them, the whistle blew, all aboard! shouted the conductor, the bell rang, the train was in motion, and soon our hero was miles away on his journey.

PART THE SECOND

Our boy was now well on his journey, and the train sped on through Fredericksburg, Washington and Baltimore, nothing worth mentioning occurred, but he delighted in viewing the scenery that passed before him like a panorama.

The beautiful green fields of corn and wheat, ruins of beautiful homes that plainly showed the traces of where a battle was fought.

Remains of breastworks, behind which the blue and gray lay and fought during gruesome years of the war. Years,

that Ned was constantly reminded by the sight of many people that the war had left its disfiguring mark; some with a leg gone and others minus an arm or hand.

Then would flash by an old wagon loaded perhaps with provender or wood, on its way to some nearby village store to trade for household necessities, and once in a while a brickyard plant would be passed.

Every now and then the train would stop at some station or take on a supply of water.

Beginning to feel hungry he ate some lunch he had brought from home, which reminded him of the dear friends he had left behind of how careful they had been in preparing it for him.

At last he reached the great city of New York with all its bustle and confusion, but no one heeded him, as he was only a boy.

He was naturally a little flustered upon getting off the train, and pondered as to where he should spend the night, for it was now quite dark, seeing a policeman, he asked to be directed to some place where he could get reasonable lodging, and the policeman directed him to a lady who kept a boarding house, and gave him a card with written direction, and boarding a car he soon arrived at her door, and in a little while we find him pulling the door bell for admittance.

An old lady came to the door and, after acquainting her of his desire to board, she asked him in and showed him a little room at the head of a flight of stairs, and told him to put his things in there, and he could take a bath, and come down to supper.

Presently the supper bell rang, and Ned, who had washed the dust off his face and hands and combed his hair nicely, walked on down stairs and entered the dining room, where quite a number of persons had already taken seats at the table.

There were several old men and an old lady who wore large spectacles; she gazed at our boy and remarked: "A new boarder, I suppose; what may your name be?"

"Edward Fox, mam," answered Ned, politely.

"You seem to be a nice young man! just as my grandson would be, I suppose, if he was living. Where did you come from, my lad?"

"From Richmond, Virginia, mam."

"You can call me Mrs. Brently; I declare you look so fresh and rosy I thought you came from the country; come, my son, sit down by me," with that she took hold of Ned's arm and led him to a seat next to hers.

Supper was then served, to which Ned did full justice; for he was hungry, and the old lady talked to him all the while, asking him where he intended going and what business he would like to follow? Did he have a father and mother? and why did he leave them? and how long was he going to stay in New York?

Ned answered all her questions, and told her he was only waiting until he could get money enough to pay for a trip on one of the large vessels that would carry him across the ocean, meanwhile he was going to look around, perhaps he could find some mending to do tomorrow, as he had a cement that would mend anything on earth.

A lady artist who sat opposite him, asked if he could mend an easel for her; one of her most valuable pictures had

fallen from the wall the other day and struck the easel on which she had a picture mounted, it would inconvenience her very much, she said, to stop painting to have it fixed, it would also cost her double, for loss of time and the expense of repairing.

Ned told her he could fix it right away; so after supper he went up to her room and mended her easel, and also the picture frame and glass that covered it.

One of the men boarders who wanted to go hunting and who had a gun with a broken stock got him to repair it, he did it all in less than an hour.

Several dollars were added to his funds, and more work promised him for the next day by three others.

It now being sometime after supper, and our hero now having time for leisure, sat down and wrote a long letter to his foster parents, then went up to his room and, to amuse himself, began to play on his wonderful fiddle, never once thinking that the music would be heard outside of his room while the door was closed.

Now the rooms on either side of him were occupied by the two old men whom he had seen at the supper table.

One was a performer in one of the bands that New York was famous for, the other a professor and instructor of music, and organist for one of the largest churches in the city.

Both happened to be at home this night.

Now and then they would catch a note or two which aroused their curiosity, consequently they opened their doors and the music became more cognizant, finally Professor Long, the professor, called to Mr. Schultz.

"Brother Schultz! can you tell me who is playing that violin?"

"Don't know professor, it must be the young man in the room between us."

"I don't doubt it, for the sounds come from there; but who is the fellow?"

"How should I know," responded Mr. Shultz, "I can see him no better than yourself, but he certainly understands the handling of that instrument."

"I believe he excels you at that; let's ask him out!"

"You would likely be snubbed for your curiosity."

"Listen at that! That was good!" as Ned finished one of Mozart's most difficult pieces.

"I'll risk being snubbed," said Mr. Long, and forthwith he tapped at Ned's door, who immediately opened it.

"What can I do for you, sir?" said Ned.

"Were you playing on that instrument?" asked the professor, indicating the fiddle which Ned held in his hand.

"Young man," he continued when Ned had answered in the affirmative, "you play pretty well, being so young; I must compliment you; would you mind favoring us with a few of your selections in the parlor down stairs? My friend here, introducing Mr. Schultz, who, like myself, is also a musician, would be very much pleased as no doubt the other people would be to listen to your music."

Ned told them he was afraid to play in public, that if he did everyone who heard would dance.

They laughed heartily. "Come, we will see you through," they said, "we don't think the few old maids and married women who assemble in the parlor every night could hurt anyone by dancing, as they are all staunch hard-shell Baptists who consider it almost a crime to dance; we are

willing to forfeit twenty dollars that not one had ever danced in twenty years."

So Ned let them persuade him to accompany them below, where they were welcomed by all present.

Some were reading, some doing fancy work, old Mrs. Brently was telling another lady about her grandson she had been seeking for over fourteen years.

"Ladies!" said Mr. Long, "let me introduce to you a young man, Mr. Fox, who has consented to give us a little music on his violin; he expressed fears that you would dance, which, of course, would ruin this beautiful parlor carpet, and our landlady would give us all moving orders; so I promised him that nothing of the kind would occur here, have I your promise?" he laughed.

"Certainly! certainly! Why Mr. Long! you must think we forget our duty, our sacred duty! rest assured! Mr. Fox, there is not the slightest danger."

Ned then sat down by Mrs. Brently, when all was quiet he began to play.

Such music they never heard in all their lives, it was exquisite; at one time like a flute, then like an organ away off in the distance, then gradually nearer, nearer, music which made them forget everything, who and what they were and where they were. Their feet began to move to the time of the music. It wasn't very long before one of the old ladies rose, excused herself and skipped to the door, now another one left her seat and made for the door, right into the professor's arms, who was walking back and forwards by the door, out into the hall they went; and you could hear a sliding and shuffling when all at once the rest of them rose in a body, and there would have been some big

dancing if Ned had not suddenly stopped playing, when all dropped back into their seats confused.

Mrs. Brently and Ned laughed heartily. Mr. Schultz exclaimed, "say boy! play another one! I will give you five dollars to play another one like it."

"Mr. Long! let me congratulate you on your infinite pleasure; how I envy you! this is what I call fun; there must be witchcraft in it, that music would make an elephant dance.

"Play, Mr. Fox! we will be the geese, only don't carry us off and eat us."

Ned then struck up another tune, this time he played something so sad that it had an entirely different effect.

Every one listened with bowed heads as he played, he could hear sobs, presently one or two ejaculated a wailing "oh!" and when he stopped the tears were running down the faces of the three old maids, and the eyes of the two men looked watery.

So after he completed another short piece he played America, when all joined in singing it, he then excused himself and went upstairs to bed.

Next morning, bright and early, he got up, bathed and dressed, and, after thanking the Lord for taking care of him, he took a stroll out on the street; it was something new for him to see so many people already on the streets; working men going to their daily labor.

Car after car crowded with men, women and children on their way to work.

Milk, butcher and bread wagons, now and then a grocery wagon hurrying by to deliver the early needs that had been ordered.

After walking about for an hour he went back and ate a hearty breakfast, then he took a stroll around town to see the sights, and thinking that he might find some use for his cement, he put a supply into his pockets.

He did not have very far to go before he found use for it.

As he was walking along the street, he noticed a man ahead of him carrying a large glass globe that he was to deliver; of a sudden he slipped over some obstruction on the pavement, down he fell striking the globe against the curbing.

A large piece was broken off.

Ned stopped to look at the poor man who was in a dilemma bemoaning the accident, knowing well that it would take the best part of his weeks wages to pay for another globe; he kept fitting the piece to the globe but that did not help him, when Ned offered to cement it back so the break would not be visible, he didn't know what to make of it.

But Ned did not wait for him to think; it did not take him two minutes to mend it, and the man was so well pleased that he gave our hero a bright silver dollar.

It is not necessary to tell you how much money Ned made while he was in New York, not alone with his cement but with his violin, which was all the rage.

After he had accumulated quite a snug sum of money he thought it time to start on his way to where he originally intended going, so one day, after he had breakfasted, he gathered his traps, paid for his keep, and sauntered down to the wharfs, where he saw vessel after vessel anchored to the docks.



Walking along the river front he passed by large sailing vessels, steamers and tugs, looking first at one then another, undecided what to do.

His object was to find a way to get to the place in Africa, and find the spot old Uncle Ned had told him of, but he did not know just how to make a start.

Should he ask some of the sailors would they take him along? but then he didn't know who to ask, as vessels left there for every part of the world.

While he was deciding whom he should accost for information he noticed that the sailors of a big steamer becoming active in the work of putting their vessel in order for departure.

The captain was giving orders to clear the deck of obstructions, and he could see that they were making everything snug and comfortable, apparently for a long trip; an old gentleman accompanied by a little girl passed Ned and started to cross the gangplank leading to the vessel.

Ned saw his chance to find out where the steamer was bound for, so he hurried after the old gentleman and touched him on the arm and excused himself, saying: "If you please, sir, would you mind telling me where this ship is going?"

"What do you want to know for? surely that cannot interest you," answered the man.

"Yes sir! if you please! I want to go to Africa, and if this vessel goes that way I would like to go along."

"Go away boy! you had better stay in the United States, this is a foreign vessel and goes in that direction, but I don't think the captain would be bothered with a boy,

and besides it takes money to travel to Africa, certainly every bit of fifty dollars, more I think than you could afford. What do you want to do in Africa? Have you relatives there, or do you want to hunt wild animals?"

"Neither sir, quite something else, but its only a venture; I can't tell you, but I have fifty dollars, please sir! see the captain for me I want to go along. I don't know when I will have the chance again."

"Oh! Grandpa!" said the little girl, "do let's ask the captain, he would be such nice company for us. See! he has a music box too? and I believe he can make it play, and you see, Grandpa, he looks so nice, and he can help me tend to you when you are sick."

"Now just listen to the little chatterbox! first you wanted me to take your pony along, then old Fido, our dog, now this strange young boy, but I won't disappoint you this time, so come along Bob, young man."

"Ned, sir, is my name."

"Well come along Ned, perhaps we can make the arrangement, but we must hurry up for they are most ready to pull in the gangplank."

Just then the steamer's whistle blew a loud blast, and while it was blowing they went on deck to see the captain, who after listening to the old gentleman, asked Ned where he was from, who his parents were and how old he was, and if he wanted to go as a passenger or work his way?

Ned told him if he would be so kind to take him along that he had money enough to pay his fare, and did not intend to be a burden to anyone.

So the captain said, "all right," and the old gentleman, whose name was Mr. Browning, said he would look after him.

Lilly, that was the name of the little girl, Mr. Browning's granddaughter, clapped her hands for joy; as she now would have someone near her age for company on the long journey.

Sea voyages at that time took longer than they do now, and it would be weeks, yes, perhaps months before they reached their destination, as the steamer was not a passenger steamer but a freighter, loaded heavily with flour and such like necessities which were shipped to some place on the African coast; in return they would bring back different things, such as roots and barks for medical purposes.

Ned ascertained that the boat after reaching its destination would have to lay over a month or two to wait for freight from the interior; that just suited Ned, as it would give him time to make the investigations he came for.

A few words now, before going further in Ned's adventures, as to Mr. Browning.

He was at one time a wealthy man; while captain of a big whaling vessel. Having saved considerable money he invested it in fishing boats, a number of which brought him in a good income, and he enjoyed prosperity until the war between the States arose and left him impoverished; he also lost his only son; whose wife died shortly afterwards from grief and other ailments, leaving their daughter, Lilly, in her grandfather's care; naturally she came to be his idol.

Every comfort that he could bestow upon her he did, and when he saw that her health was none of the best he consulted an eminent physician, who advised a trip abroad to build up her constitution; being accustomed to water it suited him perfectly to accompany her, so he selected this

freight steamer, as the captain was an old friend of his who had once served him as first mate in the whaling service, therefore he felt quite at home; they were the only passengers on the boat with the exception of Ned.

"All aboard!" shouted the captain,

"Haul in the gangplank! cast loose the bowline!" 'Ker-chuck! ker-chuck! ricker! ricker! ricker! the engines started up, and the big steamer began to throb and slowly turn her bow towards the opening sea.

All the sailors on deck were busy putting ropes and other fastenings into their respective places, and soon the shore was left far behind.

Our three passengers soon got tired of standing around and went below to put their belongings in their staterooms, and oh! how snug and nice everything was arranged for their comfort, almost as nice as on one of the regular liner.

There was the captain's cabin, a saloon, and numerous other rooms for the mates and steward, and quite a number of staterooms for passengers.

Soon the gong struck for dinner, for it was now the noon hour.

Ned, who had enjoyed the trip so far, now began to experience a strange feeling in his stomach, and when he went to dinner he did not relish eating in the least, still he felt hungry and, strange to say, Lilly felt the same way.

Mr. Browning noticed and began to smile, it wasn't very long before both thought they had swallowed a fly, certainly they did their best to eject one; after a while they conquered the nauseous feeling, and oh! my! how they stowed away meal after meal.

After several days they managed to get their sea legs; that is they could run about the ship without staggering, and became acquainted with the officers and sailors, became quite favorites, and among whom they were known as the pair of kids.

One day one of the big links to the rudder chains snapped apart, which caused quite a commotion and disarranged the steering apparatus; the ship's smith was called to remedy the matter.

Ned who happened to be near and saw the break, told the smith he thought he could fix it without fire or trouble, that he had a cement in his grip he knew would make it as solid as ever.

They laughed and told him that this was not a matter of glue but blacksmith muscle, but Ned insisted on trying before they removed the chain, so to humor him, they told him to go ahead.

Ned then hastily got a stick of his cement and applied it to the broken parts, and no sooner they were put together, adhered so firmly that every one was surprised.

The captain was dumbfounded. "Boy!" says he, "you have saved me twenty-five dollars, let me see the stuff?"

"All right!" said Ned, "but be careful how you handle it; if you hold the stuff in your hand and press it on any foreign substance it will adhere at once and so firmly that the parts will have to be cut apart."

Now among the hands on deck there was a young darkey who acted in the capacity of an allround man.

He worked on deck, carried messages, helped the cook, made up the bunks or beds of the sailors, but was very slow in his movements.



Ned noticed this on several occasions, and wondered how they had the patience to put up with him.

But he was so good-natured, that a kick, or a punch or push now and then did not bother him in the least; the more you hurried him the slower he went; at the present time he had been told to fetch a pail of water; instead of going at once he sat the bucket down on the floor, bottom up, and stood by the captain, arms akimbo, with his mouth wide open, grinning at the surprise of everyone present.

When Ned handed the stick of cement to the captain, which, in some way, it slipped out of his hands and fell on top of the inverted pail; one of the men at this time gave Monk, the darkey, a push, which caused him to slip, and unluckily he sat right down on the cement and stuck.

“Get up you black rascal!” the captain cried.

Monk got up, so did the pail, and the more he tried to pull it off the tighter it stuck.

Everybody laughed. Monk ran all over the deck, and finally went below to presently emerge minus a part of his trousers.

One day Ned and Lilly sat on deck, it was a lovely day, the sky was a beautiful blue, the sun was shining bright, which did not bother our young people much as they were protected from the rays by an awning stretched over their heads.

You may imagine how pleasant it is, how invigorating to inhale the good salt air as the steamer glided on through the quiet waters, nothing to be heard but the measured beat of the engines, the throb of which you could feel to make you know that if everything was quiet around you, there still was life under and above you, for when you cast

your eyes above you, now and then you would see one of those large birds called albatross skimming in the sky, and if you look down, you see the vast expanse of water rising and falling, with now and then some sea monster keeping alongside the ship as if he enjoyed the company of the vessel in his onward progress through the waves.

Such is sailors' life who sings the old song: "A life on the ocean wave, a home on the rolling deep, where scattered waters rave, and the winds their revels keep."

Suddenly there came a call from the lookout overhead, notifying the captain that they were about to pass another vessel, which proved to be one of Uncle Sam's men of war.

It was not long before a voice was heard calling, "steamer ahoy!" "Aye! aye! sir!" the captain responded; and in a few minutes the steamer slowed down and rested quietly on the water.

Everyone crowded on deck, and presently a sprightly young officer in uniform met the captain, who extended him the hospitalities of the ship.

After the necessary papers were made out, as is generally the case of a meeting of this sort, the young officer took his departure taking with him numerous letters intrusted to him for delivery to the postal authorities, who would thence forward them to their destination.

Our hero was bright enough to avail himself of the opportunity, and saw his letter safely on its way to the old folks at home, so that they would know that he was allright so far.

They had been under way quite a number of weeks, when one day, soon after breakfast, they were attracted by a commotion on deck caused by the sight of land.

The captain could be heard giving orders preparatory to landing. "All on deck!" he shouted, "make ready the bowline!" and sundry other commands.

Everyone became actively busy, and when the beautiful shore was approached all gave three cheers, knowing that the long trip one way was nearly ended, and all were safe and sound and free to have a good time while waiting for the cargo to be unloaded and a fresh one stored aboard.

Monk was about the last one to crawl on deck, he had just been aroused by the noise and had been eating his breakfast, for he was the last one to eat.

In his hand he clutched a ham bone on which he had been gnawing.

His face was black and greasy and his mouth stretched from ear to ear with a beautiful grin, showing two rows of white teeth.

"Lor! Massa Ned, ain't you glad you is most on de land agin? I certainy is; I'se been awful tired bein on dis boat all dis yere time, doing noddin but work, work all de time. I jes feel like I would like to run two miles to git de supple-ness out ob my bones."

"You'l run fast enough I bet if some of your forefathers get after you," replied Ned. "By-the-way Monk, how would you like to go with me into the interior? Perhaps you can get a look at a cannibal if you have never seen one."

"Gee! I would'nt mind it, as for a cannon ball I done seed dem in New York, dat ain't noddin to look at."

"I mean a cannibal or nigger that eats people, such as you and I, but I don't think he would eat you as you are black, white people are what they like to feast on. I have heard that near here a missionary was devoured."

“Wharefore you want to go dar Massa Ned? Ain’t you’s fraid dey will eat you?”

“Not much, Monk, for I wouldn’t give them the chance; I’d run away.”

By this time the steamer began to near the shore.

Presently the steamers whistle blew three loud blast, the engines stopped working, the vessel came to a stop.

“Cast out the anchor,” shouted the captain; which order was quickly obeyed.

It was still quite a little distance to the shore, where could be seen a number of natives.

The captain ordered a signal to be run up; and presently a boat was seen coming, manned by six natives and two white men.

Here and there the water was dotted by swimming Kanakes. These were black savages, people quite naked, and they were such fast swimmers that some arrived to the steamer’s side sometime before the boat.

The sailors threw ropes overboard which they caught, and were seen coming up the sides like monkeys, and such a sight they were, strip stark naked the water dripping from their black shiny skin.

Some had short aprons fastened around their waist, made of some kind of platted grass; others had a short fringed skirt, fastened likewise around the waist.

There were no less than a dozen of them.

What did they want, you will ask? It was this; they came to trade with the sailors; some had gold, some had diamonds and other precious articles that they did not know the value of, and would exchange them for strings of glass beads, ribbons and other trifling trinkets.

The sailors were prepared for them and did a good business, some made more money after selling what they had when they reached home than all the pay they received as sailors.

When they left the vessel the Kanakas dove into the sea, to be seen presently swimming towards the shore.

Our hero made preparation now to leave the ship, for he was going to accompany the men in their boat when they went ashore.

He told Lilly not to be uneasy that he would be back again before the vessel would start on her homeward trip. She cautioned him to be very particular and not to go into too much danger, as she heard there were lions, tigers and snakes plentiful in Africa.

Ned told her not to fear, that he went fully prepared to take care of himself.

Getting the consent of the captain, Ned took Monk with him. Who was more than pleased to accompany him.

You could see by the bulging pockets of his coat and trousers that he was well prepared with ammunition to sustain the inner man, besides he had a haversack and a frying pan and a gun strapped to his back.

Ned had his precious fiddle and grip, and a short sharp cutlass or sword one of the sailors gave him.

They entered the boat and were soon carried to the shore.

Arriving there they immediately struck inland, not caring who they met, and as they went along they entered a dense body of wood.

After traveling for some time, Ned made a halt to consider the course he should pursue; so he got out his map,



and before going further, took his bearings; then onward they went again, and so they traveled until it became dusk, and they were just on the point of picking out a suitable place to camp for the night when their ears were assailed by a terrible whooping and chattering, and all at once there rushed out of the bushes about fifteen to twenty savages almost nude.

They immediately surrounded our friends and pointed their javalins or long spear-pointed poles at them, as if they intended to pierce them through.

Our hero was at first surprised and a little frightened, Monk fell on his knees and began to pray; "Oh! Lordy! hab mercy on dis poor nigger, I ain't done noddin'. Ouch!" as one of the spears slightly pricked him. Ned made signs to them, and getting out his fiddle commenced to play, when strange to relate the savages began to dance; first slow, than faster and faster until the sweat rolled down their naked skins, and when our hero stopped everyone kneeled down to him mumbling some such word as Gulla la! gulla la! and all held out their hands and beckoned them to follow them, whereupon Ned and Monk who had lost some of his fear, fell in line, and so they marched single file down a path that, as they went along, seemed to lead them into some underground passage.

Finally it grew quite dark making it impossible for them to see anything.

Now and then they could hear the trickling of water, which told them they were evidently in some large cavern.

Suddenly the savages snatched up something as they went along, it looked like a big club, from the end of which

there shot forth a powerful light that illuminated the cavern; 'twas a beautiful sight that met their gaze.

The interior, as far as you could see, had the appearance of glittering diamonds, and as the light shone on the walls they reflected thousands of beautiful colored rays.

On one side a gentle stream gurgled onward, in a moving panorama of silver and gold.

On and on they went, the savages in the lead, when finally they emerged into an open space surrounded on all sides with dome shaped huts.

In front of the largest they halted, when from every direction could be seen women and children coming; curiosity prompting them to see what was up.

Out of the largest hut stepped a powerful man.

He did not in the least resemble the rest of them, who were a brownish black color, but this man was not white, yellow, red, brown or black, his face was green, green as grass, and so also were his hands and feet, which were bare.

He had on a large yellow cloak that reached down to his ankles, a girdle or belt around his waist made of the skin of some large snake.

His hair was curly and ornamented with every kind of feather, and around his neck he wore a long chain, on the end of which was a metal cross.

No doubt, he was the ruler, for when he spoke to them in a language strange to Ned, they all bowed with one accord, and not one ventured in close proximity to him, as if they were afraid of him, and he knew it.

After jabbering for awhile they pointed to Ned and Monk.

When he perceived our hero he beckoned to him with a short club, which he held in one hand; it was literally covered with gold nuggets so heavy that it was a weight to carry.

Ned went up to him, and he led him into the hut before mentioned.

Ned was surprised to find the interior comfortably furnished; a rude table, settee and chairs, made of vines, twisted into such a shape that showed an adept at that kind of artistic work.

In the further corner was a curtain made of skins, and on the floor were scattered skins to keep off the dampness.

He told Ned in good English to take a seat on one of the chairs, but to be particular not to come into contact with the wall, as that was powerfully charged with electricity to protect himself when he laid down to sleep, and requested him not to heed the color of his skin as that was dyed to fool the natives.

He also carried a powerful electric battery with him in the belt around his waist, connected with gloves, and if he chose to touch anyone on the bare skin he could almost paralyze him; he said the natives took him to be a fire demon; as he frequently gave exhibitions of fire eating, the secret of which they had never learned as yet.

He enquired of our hero what brought him here; and Ned told him that he was in search of a hidden treasure supposed to be located in the near vicinity, and that the secret was given to him by an old darkey who recently died.

He then told him who and how he happened to come here, also informed him about his fiddle and cement, which

seemed to interest the strange man more than everything else; and when Ned got through, the man put his hand on Ned's shoulder and said: "good boy! good boy! your'e a brave lad, and I am going to help you.

"I am only waiting to get the chance to get away from here myself, and could get away all right, but before I leave here I want to take enough of gold along to make me independent for life.

"I have already quite a nice little pile, but I know there is so much here, such a lot that it would take two good horses and a strong wagon to remove it in one load."

Then he related to Ned that he had been with the savages quite a number of years, that they worshiped him as a God.

Some time back a fever had broken out among them, that all would have perished if it hadn't been for him, for he cured them with herbs and roots that grew in abundance nearby, and to further mystify and restrain some who proving unruly, he used electricity to punish them.

For protection he had it so arranged that anyone attempting to enter the hut would be shocked.

While he was talking and immense lion emerged from behind the curtain.

Ned clung to the man for protection, who told him not to be afraid that he was perfectly tame; and as the lion walked up to Ned he opened his big mouth and gaped, then commenced to lick Ned's hands; and for once, certainly Ned's heart began to throb; for he knew that great big beast could make short work of him if he felt so disposed; but when the man said down, Leo! he quietly laid down in front of them like a large dog, perfectly contented.

The man then went on to tell Ned how he managed to be in such an out-of-the-way place amongst a lot of man-eating savages, who would make no more ado about eating him than he would to kill a rabbit and eat it.

Many years ago he had lived in Virginia, owning a pretty place; how a terrible fire destroyed everything he had, and at the risk of his life he managed to get his wife and baby out of the burning building. His wife overcome by the flames died soon after, and being without funds he took the baby and left it with some good people; his intention being to send money for the care of it; and that he embarked on a vessel which was wrecked; and he was the only one saved, for by clinging to some of the wreckage was picked up by another vessel which was captured by pirates; and he being a doctor and much needed by the pirates, who kept him a prisoner for years, but he finally escaped and hid himself in a cavern, and there was captured by the savages, and by his works among them in physic, they came to the conclusion that he was something supernatural.

Anyhow he could do just as he liked among them; but now things should be different; he knew where the place was Ned spoke of, but it would require a good deal of nerve and courage to reach it, and called for good planning to accomplish the undertaking.

In the first place a complete rubber suit for both would be necessary, for their skin should not be exposed on account of wading through the electric marsh.

Then they would have to form some plan to shun the snakes and crocodiles.

After partaking of a meal consisting of something Ned never had eaten before; meat and bread it was to all appearance.

The bread was very coarse, but nutritious; tasted very much like corn bread, and the meat was dried snake meat, smoked.

They talked over what they intended to do until a late hour, and then retired to rest.

And where was Monk all this time, you will ask?

He was so tired from his long walk that he dropped right down in front of the hut, frying pan and all, and was fast asleep.

He didn't suffer, for he was well packed with food outside, and when he got hungry he soon put it inside.

Next day Ned and the strange man, whose name was King, rose bright and early and told Ned to call in Monk; but be sure and not let him touch the walls of the hut on account of the electricity.

Ned went out and woke Monk, who followed him in rubbing his eyes.

Ned soon put him to work getting breakfast, and while he was at it, Mr. King and Ned sallied forth and entered a body of woods which surrounded the marsh or swamp, they wanted to get a look at the electric marsh to see if it compared with Ned's map.

Now Monk, soon as he thought he was alone in the hut, began to make preparation for cooking the breakfast.

Unloading his frying pan and other cooking utensils, he started to build a fire in the crude fireplace in the center of the hut; he was on his knees blowing up the flame, when he felt something sniffing him and rubbing on him near his

trousers pockets; and slowly turning around to see what caused it, he beheld the big lion standing over him.

To say that he was frightened is not the word, his face turned an ashen color, he was afraid to get up, all he could say was Lordy! Lordy!

When the lion put one of his big paws on Monk's shoulder, the poor darkey collapsed and fell over backwards, and lay his full length on the floor.

Leo, the lion, then sniffed him all over; finally found out where Monk kept some of his food, and with his teeth brought the supply forth; finally when no more could be found, he began licking Monk, every now and then punching him with his nose to get up, which Monk gradually managed to do, whereupon he bolted for the entrance of the hut; but the lion barred his way; and so they stood for fully ten minutes.

The lion finding it monotonous laid down by the entrance, and with his back to Monk went to sleep.

Monk in time regained his composure, and finding the lion would not molest him, went on with getting the breakfast, but keeping one eye on Leo the whole while, and not until Ned and Mr. King returned did he feel at ease in the lion's company.

Meanwhile, Mr. King, conversing with Ned, told him to be careful and never attempt to wade out any distance in the marsh, for it would be sure death, as ever so many natives lost their lives in trying to cross to that beautiful knoll that glistened in the sunlight.

While they stood and talked, Mr. King noticed one of the trees shedding its bark; and on close examination and feeling the bark found it quite pliable; very much like rubber.



Mr. King took some of it along with him, and when they got back to the hut and had eaten breakfast, he tried to see what power electricity had on it, and found out that the bark was virtually rubber or very much like it; and he came to the conclusion that it would answer in the same place of rubber.

At the first opportunity they went back to the trees and peeled off a lot of it and carried it home, and by cutting it into square pieces and heating the edges they managed to melt them together until they had quite a large piece of rubber cloth, or what would answer in the place of that article, and by cutting it into shape they contrived to make themselves each a suit that was perfectly waterproof.

With these suits on they could wade out into the marsh and be protected both from the water and electricity.

It took them some time to perfect their equipments, but one day they were ready, and decided to cross over to the glittering knoll.

Monk accompanied them as far as the edge.

Both carried a large hunting knife, fastened within reach, to defend themselves from any animals they might encounter.

Monk was instructed to stay near the shore, with quite a number of natives who looked on the undertaking with awe, as none of them dared to venture into the marsh knowing that sure death awaited them there.

Mr. King took the lead and Ned followed him.

At first they did not experience any difficulty, but occasionally they sank down below their knees in the mire, and managed in this way to get out about three hundred yards; when all at once! the ground, as they thought, which

they were standing upon, began to move, round and round in a circle; when lo! and behold! the head of an immense crocodile rose out of the water and opened his big jaws, and turned them around to see what was on his back.

To say that our hero and Mr. King were surprised would not describe their feelings, they were horror struck, and at first were inclined to jump off, but they knew if they did that it would be the last of them.

They did not know what to do, so on the spur of the moment they drew their long knives and sought to plunge them into the back of the reptile, but without avail; as the hide was so tough the blades would not penetrate, but it was the means of so enraging the crocodile, that without any warning, he took a straight course around the island; at first slowly, then faster that Ned and the man had to hold on to each other to keep from being thrown off; finally he made a straight shoot for the island, up and on which he ran; consequently our two hero's quickly leaped off his back and took to their heels as fast as they could inland, and what was their surprise after covering about a quarter of a mile going up hill as they thought to behold the very spot described to Ned by the old darkey in Virginia.

The beautiful green grass; and right on top in the center, what seemed to them a shining mass of gold.

Gold! gold! gold! a glistening mass of the shining precious metal; lumps of all sizes, some as large as hen eggs, and piles of it like pebbles and sand; wherever they put their feet they touched the precious stuff.

Loads of it; so much of it that they could have loaded a vessel and have plenty left to buy several cities with it.

To say that they were awed at such an immense quantity of the precious metal, you should have seen their faces, Mr. King looked from it to Ned, and our hero did the same; they could not imagine how so much gold could be deposited in such an out-of-the-way place, and could be seen from a distance and not taken away.

PART THE THIRD

They sat down on a large rock to consider how to remove the gold into the civilized part of the world.

To accomplish that presented a problem that required some thinking.

Every scheme suggested proved unfavorable.

Several I will mention.

Ned suggested that they should make a number of strong baskets and line them inside with the rubber cloth they could make out of the bark from the trees, and fill about eight or ten of them with the gold; then construct a raft, with revolving rollers that they could propel over the marsh, and in that manner could carry a quantity to the natives who were waiting who then could shoulder the baskets and carry them to their village; from there they could plan another way to get it to the steamer.

Mr. King's idea was to build a tramway across the swamp, by driving stakes down and building a road on them; then construct some kind of a wagon, and get the natives to help pull it, loaded with the gold.

As neither plan would work, Mr. King suggested another one, as follows:

"How would it do to construct a balloon large and strong enough to raise a ton, and in that way carry away

about five hundred pounds at a time, and trust to Providence to land them at some place inside of the civilized world."

"That would be all right," said Ned, "but how would we make the balloon? How would we be able to fasten the parts together? and where would we get the silk and the rubber to make the bag?"

Then a bright idea struck Mr. King; he thought of the bark from the trees, the same they had made their waterproof suits of.

"Fine!" said Ned, "just the thing to make the bag, and I can cement it together with my cement.

"But how about the ropes for the balloon?"

While they were talking they heard a fearful hissing, and a tremendous serpent crawled from behind the rock they were sitting on.

He was a fearful monster, nearly twenty feet long, and as large in diameter as Ned's body.

He had his mouth open wide, his forklike tongue protruding out nearly a foot, spitting out his venom right and left.

Ned and Mr. King were so frightened that they jumped off the rock as if stung by hornets and took to their heels, the monster driving all the thought of gold out of their heads for the time.

They managed to elude the reptile and reached the edge of the island, and without further incidents waded back to where they had left Monk and the natives, who were greatly surprised to see them come back safe and sound.

They demonstrated their joy by dancing around them, and feeling them to see if they were really alive.

They returned to the hut after a refreshing rest, and on the following day they began to put some of their plans into execution.

First they cut down some trees, and with them constructed a raft; with a series of rollers for wheels, so it could be propelled over the swamp by long poles or paddles.

With the help of some of the natives they gathered a great quantity of bark from the rubber trees, and Mr. King thinking they might have to contend with the serpent took with him his big lion and several sharp hunting knives.

It was decided that Monk should accompany them this time, as he was needed to help propel the raft, which was loaded with all things necessary for the work they had to do.

By good luck they managed to get to the island without any mishap, only I have to tell you that Monk, during the trip across, began to get lazy and instead of pushing on his pole rested on it, when Leo, the lion, who was behind him, uttered a roar, which so startled Monk that he came very near jumping off the raft, and would have done so if the lion hadn't grabbed him with one of his paws, as it was he held on to his trousers, and saved him from a terrible fate.

What made the lion roar, he had seen the big head of a crocodile with jaws wide open as they passed by in the raft.

Monk was more frightened than hurt, for if it had not been for the lion holding him he would have jumped into the crocodile's jaws.

However, when they arrived on the island the first thing they did was to build a hut to live in, as it would take them sometime to make a balloon large enough to carry all three of them with over half of a ton of gold.



So they cut down a lot of brush and cane that grew near the waters' edge, and by interlacing it and plastering it with mud, they managed to construct quite a comfortable place to sleep in; and by building a fire inside of it, soon had it nice and dry.

During the night the lion slept at the opening to keep off the vermin that might intrude on them. For several days they steadily worked on the balloon, which now began to assume gigantic proportions, and one day about noon as they were sitting down partaking of some refreshments and talking, when all at once Leo began to roar, they heard the same hissing sound that they remembered so well, soon the same monstrous snake made its appearance crawling towards them.

They knew there would be something doing soon, so they quickly armed themselves with their long knives and stood at bay.

As soon as the snake came within Leo's reach, with one bound he was upon it and sank his teeth into its neck, and by exerting all his power held the monster down, while Mr. King and Ned rushed in and severed the head from the body, keeping well out of the reach of the terrible fangs.

In a little while the snake desisted from lashing its tail on the ground, and lay perfectly still.

While they were looking at its immense length, it reminded them that they had quite forgotten what they would do for ropes for the balloon, for rope made out of sea weed would not be smooth enough or strong enough to risk their lives with to suspend them in mid-air; when a bright idea struck Ned, who was feeling the skin or hide of the serpent.

He suggested how would it do to skin this snake and cut it up into long strips, and make a lot of rope out of it?

"I think it ought to be equal in strength to rawhide, certainly it would not be amiss to make a trial of it," replied Mr. King, "we might twist the strips while they are in a green state and stretch them out in the sun to dry, and afterwards oil them with the fat from the snake, and then test the rope to see if it would be strong enough to answer our purpose."

"Get to work Monk," said Ned, "we will leave that job to you, but be sure and cut them straight, and don't fall asleep while you are doing it."

"I guess I better skin de snake fust, Massa Ned? Does you think he am dead by now? case he might bite me if he was'nt."

"You donkey! how could the snake bite you with his head cut off? You don't need to skin it, you can cut the strips better the way the serpent is lying, be careful now and cut lengthwise and don't let your knife slip and cut your skin by mistake."

"I'se gwine to be berry careful, you can rest assured on dat," said Monk, with that he commenced his task.

Meanwhile Ned and Mr. King went back to work on the balloon.

Everything turned out well.

It was now three weeks and everything was ready, the balloon was complete and the basket that was to carry them was about done; they took the precaution to make it water tight, so if they should fall into the water they would not sink.

The snake ropes turned out a complete success, so now all that remained for them to do was put in what gold they could carry, some of which they would have to use for ballast, and something to eat, and drink, for they did not know where they might land.

Now when everything was ready, they happened to look towards the water where their raft was tied, and lo! and behold! it was away out in the water, and looking further they noticed the water considerable closer to them.

It was a fact which could not be contested, the island was surely sinking, it would only be a matter of time before they all would be submerged.

They hastily filled the basket with gold and such things they needed, and at once began to inflate the balloon with gas, which Mr. King, being a chemist, manufactured through a process only known by himself.

"Less give three cheers cause we is gwine to leabe dis place," said Monk.

"Rather let us get down on our knees and thank the Almighty that he gave us the means," said Mr. King.

"I agree with you," acknowledged Ned, with that they offered up a silent prayer.

Mr. King said, "amen," then they all got in the basket; when the island began to shake and tremble as if some convulsion of nature was on the eve of casting it adrift.

Leo, the lion, made for the water to swim to the opposite shore, the balloon began to rise. Up! up! higher and higher! Oh! it was grand! high up in the air; and when they looked down they could see that the island had entirely disappeared; what had once been an island, was now but a body of water, from which steam and fog arose

in dense volumes. Oh! it was fine, soaring along, and leaving such an out-of-the-way place, and getting near familiar ground where they would soon be with those they left behind.

The balloon now rose higher and higher, then began to settle, and finally began to drift with the wind.

Suddenly Ned, who had Mr. King's telescope in his hand, exclaimed, "I see the coast!" and sure enough the blue water of the sea hove in sight; and now he spied a ship at anchor.

"Hello! its our boat."

"Golly! you is right Massa Ned! how is we gwine to git down dar?" exclaimed Monk.

About this time Mr. King pulled the valve ropes, and let out a lot of gas and the balloon began to descend, at first slow, then faster and faster, then slow again, finally settled gently down on the beach near the water's edge.

Ned immediately sent Monk to the ship with a note to the captain, telling him to send for them, but not by land, and send the largest boat so they could bring all their belongings to the ship and stow them away in safety.

He did not mention what they had; but the captain, first mate, Mr. Browning and Lilly were already on the way, for they saw the balloon when it first landed, and glory! glory! glory! how glad they were to see our boy.

Lilly for joy, actually put her arms around him and kissed him, which was embarrassing but nice, Ned thought.

When he informed his friends about the treasure and introduced them to his new friend Mr. King, they wondered at Ned's good luck, such a jolly crowd it was, and the

captain told Ned they were ready to start on their homeward trip.

Monk was then sent to the vessel to tell the second mate to send men and a boat, in which to transfer them immediately to the steamer; which was only waiting for them to make a start for home.

It wasn't very long before the steamer blew her whistle, and the anchor was raised, and they were far out on the sea heading for the good old place called home, sweet home.

PART THE FOURTH

The homeward trip proved very pleasant, for they had beautiful weather and everything went along smoothly.

A jolly time they had with Ned playing on his fiddle. Story telling by the sailors, and antics cut up by Monk created amusement in plenty.

Monk, now and then would get into trouble. Once he fell overboard, but was saved from drowning by Ned.

It happened this way: Ned had gotten a long rope, and at the end of it he fastened a bait, and instead of a hook he substituted a piece of his remarkable cement.

He was on deck by the gunwale, waiting for the sight of a fish, the bait and cement and end of the rope was lying on top of the railing.

The sailors had a mascot on board of the vessel, which happened to be a large billy-goat.

Now this billy-goat did not have a bit of use for Monk. because he was the only black person on the ship.

Every time Monk came near him he would butt him, and take very good care that Monk did not see him.

By some misfortune, Billy happened to be untied and wandered around the vessel in search of something dainty to eat, naturally his route took him near the cook's department, and prowling around there whom should he espie but Monk, down on his knees with a big pot on the floor in front of him, sopping out the remnants of a pot-pie, with his head nearly in the pot.

It was the opportunity of a lifetime; Billy took deliberate aim, with his head well down, and horns at right angle at Monk, he went like a battering ram.

Monk slid ahead about six feet, rolled over the pot, and took to his heels thinking he was hit by a cannon-ball.

Around the deck he ran with Billy after him until he got where Ned was.

To get out of the way of the goat, when he reached the railing, he sat right down on the cement and bait Ned had prepared, but no sooner had he gotten seated, when Ned cried: "Look out Monk!" The vessel gave a lurch; overboard went Monk with the rope uncoiling itself on deck.

Ned immediately hollowed, "Man overboard!" when one or two sailors, who saw the whole occurrence came running, but by this time Monk was in the water being dragged along by the steamer.

Ned had tied the other end of the rope to the gunwale, and the sailors now began to haul up, and at last the big black fish, Monk, was landed on deck.

He had swallowed so much salt water that the men had to turn him upside down and use every means to bring him to life again, and to get the bait and cement off his trousers.

You will ask? what became of the goat? Oh! yes! one of the men led him back to his quarters without any trouble.

I suppose he thought as Monk fell into the water, it might perhaps wash all the black off of him, and he would become white like the others.

Lots of fun they had at Monk's expense, but he was such a good-natured darkey, nothing could ruffle his temper.

At last they reached New York harbor, and when they were permitted to enter the city, Mr. King, on their arrival, insisted on Ned going with him to a quiet boarding place; our hero suggested that they stop at the same place where he was so kindly treated on his arrival six months before.

That night, when they were all assembled at supper, and old Mrs. Brently came in and saw Ned, she hugged and kissed him; but when Ned introduced Mr. King to her, she nearly fainted, but quickly recovered, and Mr. King's countenance changed suddenly, and it wasn't a minute before they were in each other arms.

"My dear son, where have you been all these years? I had given you up for dead.

"Oh! what a blessing that God has at last seen fit to cause one of mine to be returned to me to make me happy for the remaining days I have here on earth.

"Now if we only had the baby. Bell, my daughter, I know is in heaven, and I suppose the baby is too."

"Hold on!" said Mr. King, "Providence does wonderful things sometimes, perhaps there is hope yet; I remember I left the child in the care of people in Richmond, Va., and feel sure they took good care of the child; perhaps my boy is living yet, we will certainly go there for I have plenty of

money, more than we shall ever need, as also has my young friend here who I would like to call my son."

Turning to Ned, "How would you like to take a trip to Richmond, the city of seven hills?"

"Fine!" Ned replied, "for there I suppose I was born, but really don't know, my foster parents never gave me to understand that I was born elsewhere."

"Oh! how glorious it would be if you would turn out to be my son."

Well to draw this story to a close; they all three, Monk included, after remaining in New York about a week and seeing the sights and then called on the Brownings, who were making preparations to move to the same city our friends were bound for; they then took the train for the South, Ned's birthplace.

When Mr. King was shown the clothes Ned had on when a child, he knew that Ned was his son.

Oh! what a happy time they had.

Mr. King bought a beautiful home on one of the hills of Richmond, and furnished it up in grand style. What a fine time they had, what sweet music, singing and dancing.

Lilly and Mr. Browning called on them, and later, when Ned grew up to be a man, he and Lilly were married.

In later years, many an evening Ned with his little ones could be seen around the fireside, he with his magic fiddle entertaining them all with his sweet music.

Mr. and Mrs. Fox, who were so kind to Ned when a child, and who still loved their foster son were there to constitute the family circle; and in the corner could be seen Ned's grandmother, now a great-grandmother, and Ned's father, Mr. King, enjoying the company of each other.

“Massa Ned, I done all you tole me; does you care if I come into hear you play dat fiddle? I does so lub to hear it, it makes me feel good all ober?”

“Yes, you can come in, you black rascal, but don’t you dare to dance in the house, for your missus scolds me everytime about the dust you raise.”

And so we leave them in their happiness.

Rosalind



HERE was once a little girl who, through accident caused by carelessness, was horridly disfigured, and consequently she presented an ugly appearance, or, as one would say, awfully ugly and, sad to say, all the other little girls who knew her would not play with her.

When she was a little bit of a child, her nurse, dozing, let her roll out of her lap on the hearth by an open fire, which burnt her dreadfully, and left an ugly scar on her face; and where the fire burnt her head on one side the hair would never grow out again.

She had lots of brothers and sisters who never let her accompany them when going out to play with other children, and the only one who did not see her disfigurement and who loved her very dearly was her father.

He never failed to bring her something nice when he went to town shopping. Poor Rosa! she had a beautiful name, but her face looked awful. Many a good cry she had when she looked at herself in the glass. "Oh! if I could only be beautiful, I would give anything in the world to be beautiful, so that everybody would love me," she would say.

One day, when she was all alone in the garden among the roses, lillies and violets, she kept on saying, "If I were only as beautiful as these flowers, which are so sweet to look upon." When she happened to glance at one of the lillies which was larger than all the rest, and peeping into the flower she saw the tiniest little Fairy that ever was.

On her head was a little crown of gold, and in her hand she held a tiny wand with which she beckoned to Rosa to come nearer, she wanted to tell her something.

Rosa stooped down when the little Fairy said: "My dear little girl! I heard what you said and I am going to give you a chance to become beautiful as you desire, but you must do exactly what I tell you.

Every morning when you arise, which must be very early, before the sun rises, you must go down to the little brook behind the barn and bathe your face and hands, and while you bathe you must repeat to the brook these words:

"Pepper and salt, sugar and spice,
Grant me a wish, that's good and nice."

"You must do this every day for twenty-five consecutive days, and if you do not fail once you will be told at the end of that time what to do next; this is all I am allowed to tell you, so don't forget!" and immediately the flower closed up and the Fairy disappeared.

Next morning Rosa got up bright and early, went to the little brook to bathe; every one was surprised to see her out so early, but when she did so next day and next, and so on for a week, her brothers and sisters had a curiosity to see where Rosa went every morning, so several rose before she did and watched her, and when they saw what she did and said, they burst out laughing and told her she was going crazy.

But Rosa did not mind them she still kept on going to the brook to bathe her hands and face, and kept on saying: Pepper and salt, sugar and spice, grant me a wish that's good and nice.

CHAPTER THE SECOND

Now not very far from where Rosa lived there resided a young man whose parents were very rich, they had a fine mansion, kept a lot of servants, owned fine horses and carriages and an automobile.

They really were considered the wealthiest people in that section of the country with their fine park and grounds.

This young man, whose name was Alfred, was very handsome, well known and popular, and all the girls were setting their caps for him, but he did not care for any of them, it did not matter how pretty they were, for when anyone said to him, "Did you notice how Miss Belle, or Miss Mable looked at you?" he said, "Oh! don't bother me with your pretty girls, for beauty is'nt but skin deep, the girl I fancy must be as good as she is fair."

Now Alfred happened one day to take a walk, and not thinking he came up to this little brook, it was morning and very early, and what should he see but little Rosa bathing her hands and face, but that did not surprise him so much, but when she kept on repeating, "Pepper and salt, sugar and spice, grant me a wish that's good and nice," he was horror struck; could it be possible that the young girl was demented? "No, it could not, it could not be," he would wait and see what she would do.

But Rosa, after she bathed, went hurridly back to the house.

Alfred was very much puzzled, so after she was out of sight he came out from where he was concealed and went over to the place where Rosa bathed; but he could not see anything or anyone to whom she could have spoken.

When looking down he saw the ground suddenly open and a little old man step out of the hole.

He was so small that the top of his head hardly reached Alfred's knee. His face was covered with a long white beard that nearly touched the ground, he looked up to Alfred and said: "Young man! I have a message for you, take this silver flask, it contains a liquid, suitable only for the girl you saw bathing her face.

"She has to come here twenty-five times, and in a week from today will make her last visit to this spot, then, and not until then, I desire you to be here, but concealed, and when you hear her repeating the words she was instructed to say, tender her the flask, and tell her to bathe her face with the liquid, but first putting a pinch of salt on her tongue and a grain of pepper into the flask and she will become beautiful, but under no circumstances must she look at herself in a mirror or into anything that would give her reflection, for the potion would then have no effect, the charm would be broken, and all her trouble would have been in vain; and, furthermore, my young friend, do not try to see her again until the time arrives to give her this flask, and after that for one year.

"For it will take a year, a week and a day,
For her ugliness to pass away.
If you see her within that time,
Her star of death would surely shine.
So beware! take heed! lest her doom you seal;
Thoughtlessness wounds her, but love will heal."

Saying which, the little old man stepped back into the hole in the ground which immediately closed over him.

and do what Alfred would he could find no place now where the ground was even disturbed.

At first he thought he was bewitched, but the flask he held in his hand convinced him to the contrary, so he carefully put it in his pocket and went home, and when he arrived, breakfast was ready, and the whole time he was eating he could not help thinking of the little old man and the message he gave him to deliver; nevertheless, when he had finished his meal he went up to his room and carefully secreted the flask, his mind made up to carry out the instructions.

Next morning, forgetting the warning he had received, curiosity got the better of him, so he betook himself on the way to his hiding place to see Rosa; and when he arrived within about a hundred yards of the spot a tremendous snake uncoiled itself in his path and threatened to attack him, so he, not having anything to defend himself with, had to turn back and give up the idea of seeing Rosa that day.

But the next morning he provided himself with a big stick, and again ventured forth on the way to the little brook; this time he took another route which led through a little body of woods, which he had barely entered, when from behind the trees there appeared three big powerful black dogs who assailed him, barking and snapping at him, one actually leaped on him and tore his stick away; and again he had no way to defend himself and concluded that discretion is the better part of valor, and fled home as fast as he could, the dogs chasing him for quite a distance before leaving him.

Then he bethought himself of the warning he received from the little old man, and abstained from visiting the coveted rendezvous until the allotted time.

Rosa meanwhile still continued with her morning ablutions, faithful to the instructions she received from the Fairy; every day she went to school, in which she excelled in her lessons, and every evening she would help her mother, and at every spare moment she would tend her little garden.

She kept it in a high state of cultivation, for she dearly loved flowers, and had the greatest abundance and the nicest of any, far and near.

It only wanted three days now to complete the twenty-five trips to the little brook, and she had the greatest curiosity to see how she would get her wish fulfilled, for she had but the one wish, and that was to get rid of that horrible scar on her face; not once did she glance in the mirror, for it made her sad every time she saw her face, knowing full well the disfigurement was there.

After she got through with her tasks and lessons that night, she quietly went up to her little room to retire.

The moon was shining bright, and from her window she could see the beautiful clouds in the sky that looked like far off mountains, and the moon like a big ball of fire moving in and out amongst them, now and then disappearing behind one of them and appearing again, making the night almost as bright as day.

While looking out of the window viewing the beautiful landscape, she suddenly heard a fluttering as of many wings, and now she could see a flock of wild geese soaring by, some so close to her window that she could almost



touch them with her hands, when lo! and behold! one large bird, pure white, almost four times as large as any of the others, flew up and alighted on her window sill.

In its beak it held a little card which it let fall on the sill and flew away.

Rosa drew back frightened on beholding the big bird so close to her, but regained her presence of mind on its departure, and possessed herself of the card which had fallen on the floor, when she looked at it, she saw written on it these words: "Little girl put on your cloak and come down in your garden now,"—signed "Your Fairy Queen."

To receive such a message in the quiet of night after everyone had gone to rest, and by the queen of fairies took Rosa by surprise, but not thinking she would be missed, she hastily donned her cloak and silently tip-toed down stairs out into her garden.

When she reached the far end of it there stood a beautiful lady all dressed in white with sparkling jewels all over her that glistened in the moonlight; she had on her head a beautiful crown of gold that was filled with precious gems, in her hand she held a wand, and when Rosa came to her she put her arms around her and said: "My dear child, I am going to make you very happy, for I have arranged that your wish shall be granted, but first I shall take you with me to give you a view of our wonderful world, for every mortal we befriend we let them see just once the reward of those who are good and true," so she stretched forth her wand and four of those big birds like the one that left the card alighted at their feet.

She then touched the ground with her wand, and immediately the little old man who gave Alfred the flask

appeared, but this time he gave the lady a large net with a ring in each corner.

He slipped the rings over the birds necks, then the lady stepped on the net, which was lined with something very soft like down, and pulled Rosa alongside of her and both sat down, the lady waved her wand, the birds rose and commenced to fly, each one holding a corner of the net.

High up into the sky they flew, Rosa, at first, was very much frightened, but the queen reassured her, telling her there was no danger whatever; and higher, still higher, away up above the clouds they went.

Rosa then happened to look up, and instead of birds holding the net, she saw that they had changed into beautiful angels with great white wings.

When she looked at the queen, she noticed that she had wings, too.

Oh! it was so nice floating along in the air, when all at once, the clouds above them opened and the queen told Rosa to look.

Oh! what a sight met her gaze. A beautiful city came into view, the streets were of gold, and the houses, which were all open of pure spotless white marble and furnished with everything that was comfortable.

In the center of the city was a beautiful garden, with every kind of fruit, and lovely fountains, in which hundreds of angel-fairies were bathing.

The queen now directed to be set down in the garden, and there described to Rosa the beautiful place they were in; she told Rosa if she would prove a good girl and live a good life in her world, and follow the teachings of the good book, that after she left the world for good, this would be

her home forever and ever; no one gets sick here, no pain or trouble; no work, nothing but blissful peace, content and happiness.

"Why can't I stay here now?" asked Rosa.

"Because," answered the Queen, "first, you must become beautiful and fulfill your destiny on earth, before you can make this your home.

"Many years ago I was just like you, but I trusted and hoped and did what good I could do, finally I was called, and then I was brought here, and because I have done my best, they crowned me Queen; but only for a year, then some one else will take my place.

"The Queen has the privilege to bring one mortal to see this place, and I selected you, to get a glimpse of this paradise, so now that you have seen it, I will have to carry you back." She then waved her wand, and once more they were floating in space, and in a very little while they were again amongst the clouds coming down, and when Rosa looked again, she saw they were back in her garden, and the Queen told her never to forget, no matter what she was tempted to do, to always be sure she was right before she did it, and once more she raised her wand, and Rosa could see the four birds fly away, with the Queen standing in the middle of the net, and gradually they disappeared entirely.

So she went up stairs to her little room and made up her mind that come what might, never once would she lose her temper, her aim should be to be always loving and good to everyone as long as she lived.

As usual, next morning she went to the little brooklet to bathe, and when she returned to the house her father called her and told her that he was going to town, and

asked what he should bring her on his return, for day after to-morrow would be her birthday and he wanted to give his little girl something nice; what should it be? "A ring?"

"No."

"Well! a bracelet?"

"No."

"What about a new dress?"

"No."

"Well! well! well! what is it my little Rosa would like to have?"

"Papa! I want you to get me some needles and thread, a pair of scissors and thimble; I want to learn how to sew, for then I can help mamma to sew, as well as to cook."

"You good little darling! I don't know what I would do without you, for you are the only one of all my daughters who truly loves her parents. All right! you shall have what you want."

The next day Rosa found in her room a beautiful sewing casket with everything needful, and also a nice new dress and hat to match.

Next morning when she rose, she knew the day had come on which she would hear more in regard to her wish, so she hastened to the little brooklet, and again while bathing her hand and face repeated the same little rhyme:

"Pepper and salt, sugar and spice,
Grant me a wish that's good and nice."

Now Alfred, who was in hiding in the bushes near by, heard her, so without showing himself, answered: "Speak your wish, it shall be granted."

"Oh! Fairy. I do so want to be pretty like the rest of the girls."

Then Alfred stepped into view saying, Miss Rosa, I am not a Fairy, but I have what will make you beautiful, and gave her the flask instructing her how to use the contents.

Rosa blushed when he spoke to her, and remarked, "And you are not to see me for a whole year? and I am not to look at myself for the same length of time? quite a task, the latter, I mean; and oh! I am so much obliged to you."

She was then about to leave, but Alfred detained her, and told her the worst of the task was his: "For don't you know," he said, "I can't help thinking of you."

"Let me look at your face just once, real good before we part; so I won't forget it and he turned her around, and before she knew it he had kissed her on the scarred cheek, and with one bound he broke through the bushes and disappeared.

Meanwhile Rosa went home somewhat sadly, knowing full well that she would have to use her best power of self control not to look into a mirror, and not let Alfred see her for one year, for that was a long time for a young girl to keep from looking at her face.

Do you think you could do it?

Nevertheless, she went home to her duties which she performed faithfully, for Rosa was a good girl, did not give her parents any trouble whatever; really, she was the most help her mother had.

When night came she asked her mother for some pepper and salt, and before retiring she commenced using the liquid according to directions, dropping a grain of pepper in the flask and putting a pinch of salt on her tongue, then poured some of the liquid in the palm of her hand, bathed her face, and immediately went to bed.

She kept this up every night.

After a week had passed, her father seeing her one day, remarked, "Look here little, girl! it seems to me you are changing in your looks; I do believe you are beginning to get pretty."

"Do you really think so, father?"

"Go and look at yourself, and look well; but, mother! dont you know the child has not even a glass in her room to look at herself; I think I shall have to buy her a looking-glass, for I can't see how a young girl can fix her hair. I venture to say, that her sisters don't lack for a mirror."

The temptation was very great just then for Rosa to step into the next room and look in the mirror, but no! it would not do, she remembered the warning and heeded.

She told her father not to bother about a glass, for she could comb her hair in the dark, and the less she saw of her face the better she liked it.

It was awful hard not to look into the mirror when dusting the rooms, and still more so when her sisters saw the improvement in her face and tried every means to get her to look at herself; placed hand mirrors in her hand and on her cabinet and washstand, even held them to her face, but she would shut her eyes and not look; then they taunted her, saying she thought herself too good looking to admire herself; but Rosa persisted, nothing could make her violate the instructions.

So every day she became prettier; the scar on her face had long since disappeared; her face became round and plump, her eyes large and beautiful with large lashes, and changed from a light gray to a deep blue, her hair became long and wavy, and her skin became very fair, all the

freckles had left, and with lovely red lips and dimples in her cheeks.

Any one having seen her six months before would not have known her.

Her sisters and brothers now and then noticed how much she had improved, but they did not bother her now, as she never went out, consequently they did not annoy her.

About this time, as the winter had set in, all the young people in the country were having social gatherings in the form of parties, and to the surprise of Rosa she began to receive invitations to quite a number of them, but she was really afraid to go, for fear Alfred might see her before the year was up, she knew full well that he now would not recognize her, but she feared some one would tell him who she was.

She had no way to disguise herself, and the girls would begin to envy her; she inferred from being told that she was becoming more beautiful than they were.

Oh! the temptation was certainly great to look at herself just once; but no! no! no! so with many a heart pang she remained at home?

Now it was rumored that there was going to be a big party at Alfred's house, and she did so want to go and see his home, and him only once, without his knowing who she was.

One night, after she had bathed her face with some of the contents of the flask which, strange to say, always seemed to remain nearly full no matter how much she used; she addressed the flask: "You wonderful elixer, you must indeed be making me beautiful," she said, and unconsciously she rubbed the flask, when immediately the room

was filled with a fog or vapor; and when it cleared away there stood the little old man with the long white beard.

"What do you want, fair maiden?" he said.

"Oh! oh!" said Rosa; "I did not summon you."

"Did you not rub the flask?" he demanded; "did you not know that by rubbing the flask I would appear? and while I am here, state your desire; I know that you want to go to Alfred's party, and you don't know how to accomplish it without ruining everything. You are in a dilemma, and want to know how you can disguise yourself so that you will not be known; is it not so? I can help you; so command! and I will obey!"

"Yes," said Rosa, "I would like to go to the party and be known only as a stranger, and under no circumstances do I want to be recognized by a certain young man."

"Alfred, you mean," said the little old man. "I know exactly what you want to do, and I will tell you how you may go and enjoy yourself at the party, be known, and yet be thought to be at home.

"Now sit down and write a letter to your young friend, tell him how sorry you are not to be able to come to his entertainment, but that he is not to see you until the expiration of the year; and to treat kindly the messenger you send, the same as if it had been yourself.

"After all your sisters and brothers have gone to the party, wait a little while, until you are sure they are on their way, then don these clothes;" and here he gave her a bundle; "and steal out unbeknown to anyone; carry him the letter, and tell him you are a stranger to him, and came only to deliver him the message.

"If he asks your name, tell him you are a stranger to him, and came only to deliver him the message. If he persists on your name, tell him Rosalind; for that is the name you must bear when introduced to the company.

"Now have a good time, for your own sisters will not know you, dressed in those clothes, but be careful not to look into the mirrors that adorn the walls, for then the charm would be broken, you would be changed instantly, every one would know you, and your good looks would be gone never more to return!" with the last words the room filled again with a mist and the little old man was gone.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

Rosa undid the bundle and was amazed to see a lovely suit of clothes, all pure white, with a shiny necklace of pearls to match.

Oh! wont I look nice, she thought, and won't every one stare when they see my fine clothes, and won't Alfred be surprised; but I am afraid he will forget all about his Rosa, when he sees Rosalind; but then I don't want him to know me, and I am so glad now that I can go to the party and have a good time.

When she tried on the clothes, they fitted beautifully, and again the desire came to her to view herself in a mirror, and again she bethought herself of the warning and abandoned the idea.

The next evening her sisters and brothers told her to be sure and get ready and go with them, but she shook her head and told them to go on and leave her at home.

"I do think it really disgraceful," one of her sisters remarked, "that Rosa should be so stubborn as not to accept

the invitation and go. Sometime ago, when she was ugly, and failed to get invitations and all of us did, she cried with mortification; and now, when she is getting so good-looking, she turns her nose up when anyone wants her to go with them.

“But never mind, if she stays at home we will have a better chance to catch a beaux ourselves.”

So at last all of them left her and started on their way to the frolic, and as soon as all were gone Rosa went up to her room and dressed herself very carefully, and over all she put on a long cloak, and then silently stole out of the rear of the house and pursued a different route from that the others had taken; first making sure she had the letter, so that as a messenger from herself, she could gain admittance to the big fete.

Now when she came in view of the fine mansion, Alfred's home, and heard the music, her heart gave a great throb, for this really was her first attendance at a large gathering; she was almost frightened for fear that she might not conduct herself properly in such a large company.

It puzzled her to know what she must say after she got inside, but a little voice told her not to be embarrassed, but just go ahead and do and say as her heart dictated.

She first took a good look and waited her opportunity.

After all the others had gone in she tripped lightly up the stone steps, and told one of the ushers that she had a message for Mr. Alfred, but would only deliver it into his hands personally, so the usher asked her into the waiting room to be seated.

It was not very long before Alfred came himself; he politely bowed and asked whom he had the honor to address?

She replied "that her name was Rosalind, and that she brought a letter from a friend of his," with that she gave him the letter, but his eyes did not leave her face; he stood as one entranced.

"I beg your pardon!" said he, "any messenger from Rosa is welcome here; let me help you to remove your cloak and hat; you must by all means stay to the party. You are the very one I shall choose to open the entertainment; you must not say no, for I would be awfully disappointed."

Rosa felt at first a little embarrassed in such strange surroundings and a little afraid he would recognize her, but after he spoke to her she felt confident that he never would think she was the ugly girl he kissed at the brook; so she consented to stay a while, but said that if she left suddenly he should not be uneasy, as she would be on her way home.

Such a sensation there was, when they walked in amongst the guests; every one gazed at her, and she heard remarks, such as "Is'nt she lovely!" I wonder who she is? and where does she live?" The boys, particularly, they all crowded around her to be introduced, but Alfred told them to just wait, he would give them a chance to become acquainted later on, as the young lady was as yet almost a stranger to him, and it would only be courtesy to give her time to become accustomed to the scene.

Rosa had a fine time playing games and enjoying the splendid feast prepared for them.

When midnight drew near, she bethought herself that now was her time to hasten back before the others, so, excusing herself, unperceived, she stole quietly out of the

room to find her hat and cloak, and before anyone was aware of it she was in the path on her way home.

When she was passing the little brooklet, who should be standing there but the little old man, who clapped his hands and told her he hoped she had had a good time, but to be sure and bundle up the clothes and place them on the outside of her window sill, from whence he could get them and keep them for her future use, as everyone would be looking for Rosalind to-morrow, and if they found them in her room she would stand convicted.

Rosa promised him she would do as he requested, and so she did as soon as she arrived at home.

Next day there was no other talk but Rosalind, "how pretty she was," "what lovely clothes she wore," and "the beautiful Pearl necklace, which was worth a fortune itself," and that all at once she was gone, no one knew where she went, and where she came from, everybody was inquiring about her.

Rosa laughed when they told her, if they only knew, she thought; but that was her secret, and she was enjoying it to her heart's content.

The mysterious Rosalind caused such a sensation that all those who had failed to see her, and had heard about her wondrous beauty, had their curiosity aroused to such an extent that everyone was ready to give a big party, specially to invite her.

But where was she? Where did she reside?

Everyone enquired her whereabouts; no one had ever seen her before; all they knew was that her name was Rosalind; that's all.

The young men, when they visited their sweethearts, the first question after the usual formalities was, have you found out where Miss Rosalind lives? until the girls were really vexed; it looked as if every one had gone crazy about Rosalind, and, to cap the climax, the editor of the county newspaper was so taken with the Rosalind fever that he inserted an editorial which read like this:

“Be it known, both near and far, that on a certain night, at a certain gathering of young folks, a most beautiful and fair young maiden made her appearance and captivated not only the Prince but all his followers, and as she appeared suddenly, so suddenly she disappeared.

“Wherefore, be it understood! if these lines aforesaid! should meet the eyes of anyone knowing her whereabouts! most gratefully would such tidings be received by the numerous friends she made that eve”—The editor.

Of course Rosa read this, and it pleased her very much to find that she was thought to be so pretty, for remember she had not looked at her features for nearly a year, and when she last saw how she looked, she remembered she was quite ugly with a big scar on her face.

She had gotten quite used to not seeing herself in a glass, and not being able to see her beauty, she was not vain or conceited, and that made her disposition lovely, which enhanced her beauty, for as the old saying will remind you, “beauty is that beauty does.”

About a month after she went to the party, there was a revival going on in the big Methodist church not far from where Rosa lived.

Everybody that could go attended the big meetings, and, of course, her brothers and sisters and really the whole

family went every night, even Rosa had been once or twice, and sat with the family.

Influenced by the editorial, she thought she would attend one night in disguise, so directly after she finished her evening repast she went up stairs to her room, and after locking her door and opening her window, she took her flask and began rubbing it, and there on the window sill sat the little old man.

“What is it you want now?” he questioned her.

“I would dearly love to go to the revival tonight and not be known as Rosa, can you bring me suitable clothes?”

“I have them here, for I knew what you wanted; it is not every girl that would lose the chance to be admired, but you must be careful and not let them see you leave your home or return to it when you wear them, and you had better take the flask with you so that if you should need me you can rub it and I will attend you;” saying which, he he leaped off the window sill and was gone.

“Rosa, are you going with us to-night?” called her mother.

“No! I am not ready yet, you go on ahead I may be there later.”

So she began to dress, this time she had entirely different clothes, instead of white she was dressed in black velvet that fitted her to perfection, a beautiful hat with a big plume of ostrich feathers and a lovely set of furs.

After she was dressed she unlocked her door and peeped down stairs, and as everything was quiet she relocked her door and silently betook herself to the church.

When she arrived the meeting was in full swing, all were singing.

After entering she walked up the aisle and took a seat well up in front near the side doors, so that if she wanted to leave hurriedly no one could well stop her.

No sooner was she seated than several tendered her hymn books, one of which she accepted, and when she glanced from the minister, she saw all eyes turned towards her, evidently she was creating another sensation.

As she was recognized by some who whispered to others: "There's Rosalind! do you see her?"

"Where?"

"Over there in front!"

"My! ain't she pretty!" and the strangest part of it was that the seat she selected was that part of the church sometimes called the Amen corner, mostly frequented by real old men and women who could not see or hear very well, the seats very seldom were filled.

Tonight there were a good many vacant, but it was not ten minutes before all the seats were taken, and the newcomers could not keep their eyes off her, and no doubt they would have spoken to her, but during service that would not have been proper, so all they could do was, on every opportunity to look at her, even the preacher happened to glance her way, and observed her and was fascinated.

Now Rosa, like any other girl, liked to be admired, but so many eyes continually fixed on her began to worry her, so she concluded that as soon as the sermon was over she would take her leave, but fate willed it otherwise, for at the close of the sermon, after giving out a hymn of invitation, the preacher deliberately walked over to her to extend her an invitation in behalf of the church, introducing himself,



and asking the favor of her name, telling her how pleased they would be to have her as a co-worker in the army of the Lord.

Rosa told him he could call her Rosalind, and that her heart was in full sympathy with the good work, and that in the near future she would become one of his flock.

"Why not now?" said he, and went on quoting scripture, to show that she ought not to put it off, as delay was dangerous; now was the accepted time, and so forth.

But Rosa thought, not now, the time was not ripe yet, she knew when she would be ready to unite herself to a church, for at present she was still under the religious control of her parents.

When he left her, she rose and was going out of one of the side doors, when who should be in her way but Alfred, who begged her to let him see her home; or if not home part of the way at least.

She told him "no!" but he persisted so, that she concluded to let him accompany her a little way, planning all the time how she could get home unobserved and in her room before the others got there.

So she led him along the path that passed the little brooklet, and he put every manner of questions to her, where she lived, and who her father was, but she evaded them by asking him when he heard from Rosa, and if he ever thought about her?

Oh yes! he always thought of her, he only trusted that the charm she was trying would prove successful, and she would turn out to be as fair as Rosalind.

"Suppose she failed, would it change your regard for her?" she asked, and he told her that it would not.

"I see you are good and true to your lady love, so I will leave you, all I can tell you as a messenger from her, is that she is the same Rosa you saw nearly a year ago; and when your birthday fete comes off she will be there to claim you as her own; but beware that fickle fancy does not betray you." While talking, she put her hand in her bosom and began rubbing the flask, when a large tree toppled over in their path, dividing them, and Rosa in stepping backwards sunk down into the ground, and lo! and behold! the little old man caught her hand to keep her from falling, led her into a subteranian passage, and before she realized it she was standing in her garden at home.

"Hurry now! fair maiden! to your room and change your garments, for I shall have to carry back the clothes I brought you, and remember when next you summon me your year will have expired, and after then you will need me no more."

Rosa hastily did as he told her, and none too soon, as quite a crowd of people were coming to the house, and for what she could not conjecture.

She had no sooner changed her clothes and put those she had worn to the church, on the outside of the window sill, than there was heard a knock at her door, and her mother called to her: "Rosa, dear! are you up?"

"Yes! mother, what do you want?"

"Nothing child, but there are a lot of people down stairs who want to know if you are at home; and I had to see first, before I could answer them."

"What do they want, mother? Do they want to see me? if so, I can go down and let them look at me."

So she hastily unlocked her door and went down with her mother, and would you believe it, there were over

fifty persons down stairs and all were looking for Rosalind.

When Rosa met them and spoke to them, they looked very foolish; some asked her for curiosity's sake whether she ever saw Rosalind, and, of course, Rosa told them she had seen her nearly a year ago.

"What did she look like?"

"Oh! when she saw her she was quite an ugly girl, with a face full of freckles, and whom hardly anyone noticed."

"That could not have been the one we saw, for our Rosalind is pretty as a picture; never had there been one seen to compete with her in looks."

"Quite interesting no doubt," said Rosa, "I would certainly like to see her myself; the one I saw was as ugly as myself, and by no means handsome enough for such a crowd to be clamoring to see."

"Though, as you called me down, I will tell you all when you will be able to see her again, not once, but at any time you call on her."

"How do you know? and when will it be?"

"It will be on Christmas Eve at the home of the young man known to you all as Alfred."

"He is coming now, for we hear his voice outside," several replied.

"He was with Rosalind when she disappeared, we all thought she was crushed under a tree which toppled over, and we have been looking in every direction for her but don't know what became of her; it was the same as if the earth had swallowed her up, no trace of her have we been able to find."

"Well rest assured what I told you will happen, for my good fairy told me that;" said Rosa, "but you must excuse me now, mother can talk to you now."

And Rosa went back up stairs, for she did not want Alfred to see her until the allotted time.

Christmas was now drawing nigh, and every one was preparing to celebrate that great event.

We all may be thankful we are living in a Christian country, where the birth of our Savior is never forgotten.

One day before Christmas, Rosa had gone out walking with some of her girl friends; a fine carriage was seen coming to her home, it stopped, a young man and an elderly gentleman alighted, and enquired for Rosa's parents.

The young man introduced himself as Alfred and the other gentleman as his father, and after being made welcome, Alfred's father made himself the spokesman, and told them he came in behalf of his son, who would not give him any peace until he promised him he would speak to them in regard to their daughter.

"My son here says that there is not anyone in the world that he could care for more than your daughter, and that no matter how much he wanted to see her, fate always willed that he should not, no matter how he had tried, he had not been able so much as to get a glimpse of her; now, I don't know what it can be, infatuation, love or a foolish whim, but I came to ask you to allow the young folks to meet.

"We are going to have a big fete Christmas Eve, Alfred's birthday, and all the young people we know are going to be invited, and we do not want to miss one of your family

under any circumstances, no not one, and we want you to see that they all be present."

"We are sure you are doing us a great honor," said Rosa's father, "heretofore, I think we always availed ourselves of your kind invitations to be all present."

"All except Rosa," interrupted Alfred.

"That's so," continued Rosa's father, "we could not get her to go; I think her excuse was, as they say in slang, she was'nt going to be the only ugly one in the bunch, but I shall make it my duty this time to see that she attends.

"I am sure we have no objection to your son's calling on her, if she is willing, for I feel confident I can trust my daughter with anyone with whom she keeps company, and no doubt you place the same confidence in your son."

"Yes, I can trust Alfred always to be honorable and follow the teachings of his father."

So after conversing awhile they took their leave.

As soon as Rosa came home her parents told her who had been there, and she was really glad she happened to be away, for she was not to let Alfred see her yet.

Now understand Rosa's parents were not rich people by any means.

Her father was a thrifty farmer, but with a large family to support; it took all he made to have things comfortable at home and all nicely dressed.

When it came to any extra expense in dress for particular occasions, sometimes they had to study a great deal of economy to fit them out, so when Rosa told them not to worry on her account her good fairy would send her all the clothes she needed they did not know what to make of it.

But Rosa had a plan of her own which she put in effect the following night.

After all had retired she rubbed her flask, after bathing her face with the liquid, and the little old man appeared.

“What now, my young lady?” he asked.

And Rosa spoke: “My dear friend, as this is the last time I can summon you, I wish you to have sent to me a trunk full of clothes, and whatever is needful, and as you have made me the Lady beautiful, let me also be the Lady bountiful.”

“It shall be as you say,” he answered, “but as your flask is empty restore it to me, so that the Queen Fairy can make some one else happy and beautiful; use well what is sent to you, and you will never want, for what you give away in a good deed, will pay you back a hundred fold, for you had:

“Pepper and salt, and sugar and spice,
May your wish come true, be it ever so nice.”

With that he leaped out of the window, and Rosa saw him no more.

The next day a tremendous big trunk was delivered by the expressman, billed to Rosa, from a person unknown, and when she opened it she found it full of beautiful clothes and the wonderful necklace, a fine gold watch, rings and bracelets.

In the bottom of the trunk was a casket filled with precious jewels and gold, each jewel being worth a small fortune.

To say that Rosa was entranced, was not the expression for it, and as for her parents, when they saw the great fortune in Rosa’s possession, it would be impossible for me

to tell you of their feelings, when Rosa took out a handful of gold and gave it to her father to buy dresses and things needful for the others, he said, "It seems your good fairy was not a myth after all; this is surely pure gold, but not as precious as my Rosa."

The night of the fete came, Rosa was all dressed when an automobile came to the door, sent by Alfred for her.

When Rosa entered the sitting room, and the light shone on her face, every one exclaimed, "Rosalind!" Surely this is not our Rosa!"

"Yes! I am Rosa, but in future, Rosalind; for that is the name I must be called by in future, by the will of the donor of the gift of beauty; for if I am pretty I can't help it now any more than I could help being ugly in the past."

And she was right, for beauty comes from within.

Come now, as we are all ready, let's get into the auto, and away to the fete.

This time when she arrived there were hundreds to meet her.

"Rosalind! Rosalind! hurrah! for Rosalind! and when Rosa and Alfred stood under the mistletoe, which hung high above their heads, a mist enveloped them, which presently rose, and in the midst of it could be seen a vision of a beautiful lady with wings, pointing a wand at them; then the air was filled with pepper, which caused all in the room to sneeze; then came a shower of salt, which covered the floor and resembled snow; then the windows opened of their own accord, and everyone was surprised again to see thrown into the room, sugar in every conceivable form, and when the shower ended everyone inhaled the smell of

sweet spices, after which from above was let down by cords an immense mirror, in which Rosa saw herself for the first time as Rosalind; the most wonderful, the fairest of maidens, meeting the enraptured gaze of her beloved Alfred.

It is unnecessary to tell you that they lived happily afterwards, as in all good fairy stories, so ends this tale and book.

THE END



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